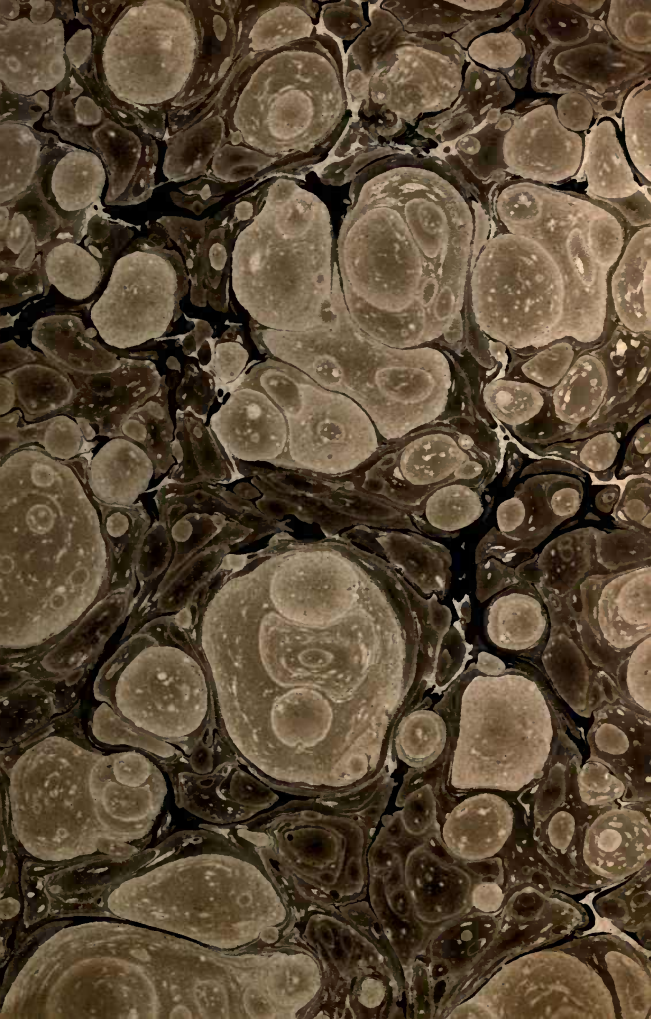






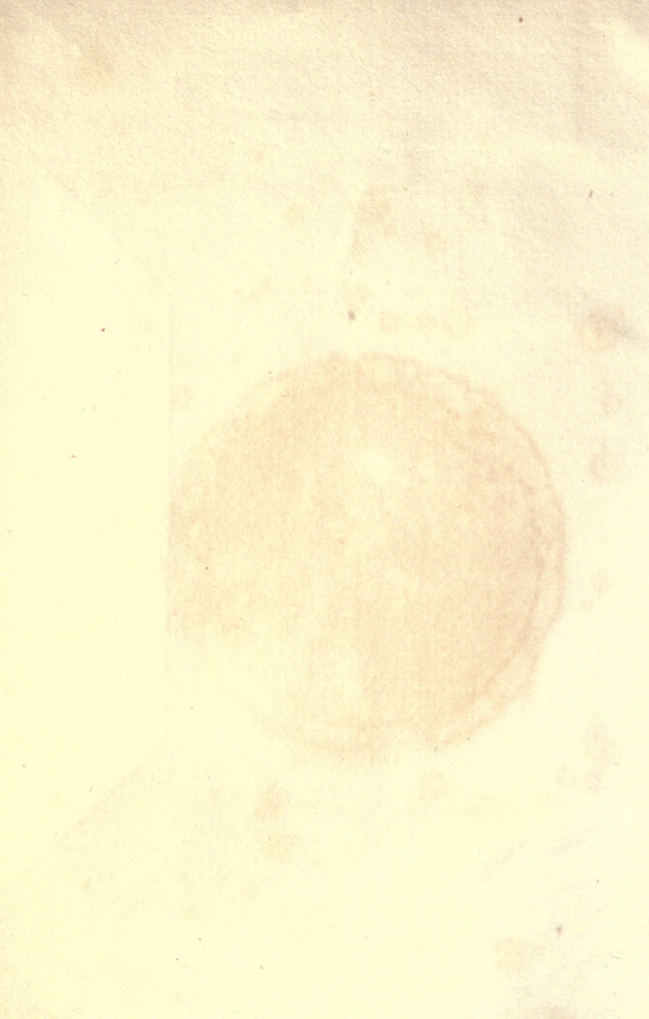
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THE CRISTIAN WEEK

WILLIAM W. C. L. D.

ADVOCATE OF THE COMMONS;

JUDGE OF THE COURT OF COMMONS IN CHIEF;

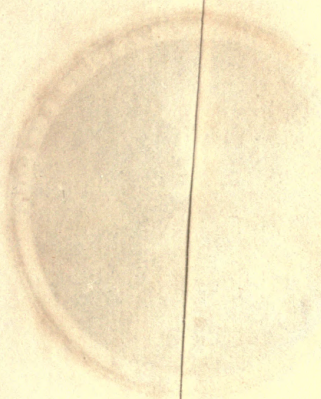
AND MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS;

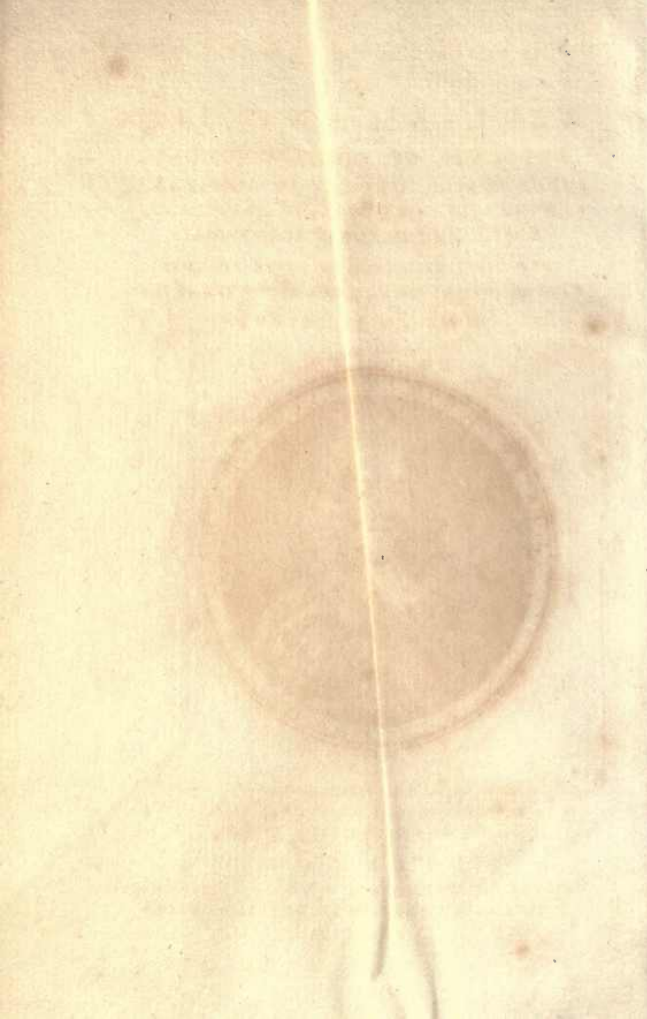
AND VICE CHIEF OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS;

AND VICE CHIEF OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS;

AND VICE CHIEF OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS;

AND VICE CHIEF OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS;







THE ORIGINAL WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM KING, LL.D.

ADVOCATE OF DOCTORS COMMONS;  
JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT OF ADMIRALTY  
AND KEEPER OF THE RECORDS IN IRELAND,  
AND VICAR GENERAL TO THE LORD PRIMATE.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED INTO THREE VOLUMES:  
WITH HISTORICAL NOTES, AND MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR.

VOLUME THE SECOND.



Certes he was a most engaging wight,  
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen;  
Turning the night to day, and day to night.

L O N D O N,  
PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR; AND SOLD BY N. CONANT,  
SUCCESSOR TO MR. WHISTON, IN FLEET-STREET.

MDCCLXXVI.



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Restricted

Use

# THE TRANSACTIONEER;

With some of his

## PHILOSOPHICAL FANCIES:

## IN TWO DIALOGUES.

First printed in the Year 1700.

*"Οὐδὲν ἄγαν μυστήρια.*

Adag. ap. Erasmi.

*"Nugis addere pondus."*

HOR. Ep. I. xix. 42.

"Nothing wounds so much as jest: and when men once become  
"ridiculous, their labours will be slighted." WOTTON,

VOL. II.

B

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“ Since the world abounds in the noblest fields of speculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little genius, to be wholly conversant among insects, reptiles, animalcules, and those trifling rarities that furnish out the apartment of a Virtuoso. There are some men whose heads are so oddly turned this way, that, though they are utter strangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to discover the sex of a cockle, or describe the generation of a mite, in all its circumstances. They are so little versed in the world, that they scarcely know a horse from an ox; but, at the same time, will tell you, with a great deal of gravity, that a flea is a rhinoceros, and a snail an hermaphrodite. I have known one of these whimsical Philosophers, who has set a greater value upon a collection of spiders than he would upon a flock of sheep, and have sold his coat off his back to purchase a tarantula.— I would not have a scholar wholly unacquainted with these secrets and curiosities of Nature; but certainly the mind of man, that is capable of so much higher contemplation, should not be altogether fixed upon such mean and disproportionate objects. Observations of this kind are apt to alienate us too much from the knowledge of the world, and to make us serious upon trifles; by which means they expose Philosophy to the ridicule of the witty, and contempt of the ignorant.”

TATLER, N<sup>o</sup> 216,

## P R E F A C E.

**B**Y the following Dialogues it is apparent, that by industry alone a man may get so much reputation, almost in any profession, as shall be sufficient to amuse the world, though he has neither parts nor learning to support it. The person who makes the chief figure in them has certainly nothing but a bustling temper to recommend him; and yet has gained so much upon many people, that they will scarce believe the evidence of their own senses; but it is probable that those who are not past cure may now be undeceived.

I have treated him under two characters: as an Author and an Editor<sup>a</sup>. In the former I have considered his own personal

<sup>a</sup> Dr. Hans Sloane was the Editor of the "Philosophical Transactions," from Nov. 30, 1693, when he entered on the office of Secretary, to Nov. 30, 1712, when he was succeeded by Dr. Halley; and the volumes which were published in that period (though some particular treatises might justly furnish a fund of ridicule to a Humourist) are monuments of his industry and ingenuity, many of the pieces being written by himself. In the same period he published his famous "Catalogus Plantarum," which proved another source of pleasantry in the hands of Dr. King.—Dr. Sloane, it is universally allowed, was a great Physician and Naturalist, and possessed many amiable qualities; it is on the score only of *credulity* and *vanity*, that our Author has leveled his attack.—He was born, April 16, 1660, at Killileagh in Ireland: but a desire of perfecting himself in Physick led him early to London, where he studied Botany at the famous garden at Chelsea, and closely attended the public lectures of Anatomy and Physick. After four years hard study, he went to Paris, and spent a considerable time in the same laudable pursuits. He returned to London in 1684, to settle in his profession; and was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society in January following, and of the College of Physicians in 1687. The same year he attended the duke of Albemarle to Jamaica, where he made his most astonishing collection in the short space of fifteen months. He



personal capacity : in the other, his judgement in the choise of his friends, and of the discourses that he publishes.

I know it may be said, he writes in a hurry, and has not time to correct and finish it. But then who obliges him to write at all? what occasion is there for it? or what is the use of it? Besides, he publishes notes forsooth, and pieces of no more than five, six, or perhaps eight lines; and what time can there be required for the composal of such? It is plain a man that is himself once possessed of any subject can express it to another, if he has but language. If his head be clear, and the things rightly digested in it, there can be no difficulty in the conveying of them thence. But where a man has no real parts, and is master of only scraps picked up from one and from another, or collected out of this book or that, and these all in confusion in his head, it is obvious what a Writer he must needs make. No, our Trans-actioneer should have kept to his old way of bustling, vying with Dr. Salmon <sup>b</sup> at auctions, mustering up books for a shew, and

was Secretary to the Royal Society, as we have said, from 1693 to 1712; and was frequently consulted as a physician by Queen Anne. He was created a baronet, April 3, 1716; and appointed physician general to the army. He was chosen President of the College of Physicians, Sept. 30, 1719. In 1721, he settled the Chelsea garden on the company of Apothecaries, on condition only of their presenting, yearly, fifty new plants to the Royal Society, till the number should amount to two thousand. In 1727, he was appointed physician in ordinary to king George II; and the same year succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as President of the Royal Society; the duties of which respectable office he performed till 1740, when, at the age of fourscore, he determined to retire to Chelsea; where he died, Jan. 11, 1752. His valuable cabinet of rarities he bequeathed to the publick, on condition of twenty thousand pounds being made good to his family, though the full cost of it exceeded fifty thousand. The parliament, accepting the legacy, fulfilled the conditions, by an act passed in 1753; and thus laid the foundation of that invaluable repository the British Museum.

<sup>b</sup> William Salmon was an early pretender to physick; which he practised, with various success, for a long course of years. He published a considerable number of medical books, the principal of which were his "Sepiasium;" "The Complete Physician;"

and of acting by signs, scrapes, and wriggles. Half-sentences and broken phrases, with these assistances, passed pretty well upon some. But he must appear in print, stript of them, and now all is out; the world having got at length the true measure of his abilities.

Perhaps it may seem strange, that I, who am no Member of the Royal Society, should deal so freely with the person and some correspondents of one who is slipped into the post of Secretary to that illustrious Body. But I am moved by the respect I have for Natural Studies, and a fear lest those men who have made such great advances in it, and thereby gained the applause of all the learned world, should lose any part of it by the trifling and shallow management of one who wants every qualification that is requisite for such a post. All who read his "Transactions," either in England or beyond the seas, cry out, "That the subjects which he writes on are generally so ridiculous and mean; and he treats of them so emptily, and in a style so confused and unintelligible, that it is plain he is so far from any useful knowledge, that he wants even common grammar." This is so notorious from every line he has published, that his own words will be the best proof of what I say: and I have been so careful in producing them, that I defy him to shew he is once misrepresented. Nay, there is so little need of that, that I challenge any man, with all his art, to imitate the bulls and blunders which he so naturally pours forth.

"fician;" a large "Herbal" in folio; and "Polygraphice." He had a great library, which was *far more copious than valuable*; and the same may be said of his compilations. He was a great *vender of nostrums*, which was, and is still, a much better trade than that of book-making. He died, wealthy, in the middle of December, 1712; and his great library was sold by auction, by T. Ballard, in November, 1713. Dr. Garth plainly hints at this Author in his Dispensary:

"Cowslips and poppies o'er his eyes he spread,  
"And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head."

See Granger, vol. IV. p. 25.

His correspondents are most of them so like himself for learning and understanding, that a man may almost swear they were cast in the same mould: indeed he has had a very lucky hit in the choice of them.

I am sorry to see that excellent Society in any hazard of being eclipsed by the wretched gambols of these people. Learned men abroad have ever very justly had a vast esteem for the English Society: but I find that now like to decline; they having no other way of judging of it but by the "Philosophical Transactions." The world every where looks on them as a kind of Journal of the Royal Society, though there is no ground for that opinion; for they were begun by Mr. Oldenburg<sup>c</sup>, who all along declared the Royal Society were not concerned in those Transactions, but that they were a work of his own and some friends. At that time they were carried on in such a manner, that they met every where with approbation, and were of real use. But, since this new Secretaryship, all agree a more useless paper no where appears; and I was concerned that such a one should pass for a work of the Royal Society.

It is their vindication that has drawn me to undertake this; and if I can but disabuse the world by it, I have my end. I can truly say, that I have no personal prejudice to the present Transactioneer or any of his friends; for I am but little known to any of them: and if they now think I have no design to recommend myself to their acquaintance, I fancy the Reader will not believe they are mistaken.

<sup>c</sup> This learned German philosopher was born at Bremen; and, settling at Oxford, was one of the first Fellows of the Royal Society; he was chosen Assistant Secretary to Dr. Wilkins, and began the publication of their Transactions, which he continued till N<sup>o</sup> 36. He died in February, 1678. The Transactions were continued by his successor Mr. Grew.

## D I A L O G U E I.

B E T W E E N

## A GENTLEMAN and a VIRTUOSO.

VIRT. **P**RAY, Sir, what philosophical news have you heard of late amongst our friends? and what new discoveries or improvements have they made?

GENT. Truly, Sir, I have scarce enquired after philosophical news, since Dr. Plot<sup>d</sup> and Mr. Oldenburg<sup>e</sup> were taken from amongst us; not but that there are a great many men of learning and merit still remaining, who bear not only the titles of Virtuosi, but really deserve them.

VIRT. And are not the improvements they make worth enquiring after?

GENT. Yes, Sir. But, those are only communicated to friends; and, since they have thought fit to conceal them, I know not whether I may take the liberty of divulging what is kept as secret by the Authors.

VIRT. Nay, whatever hath been communicated as a secret, I shall not desire you to divulge; though methinks it is a pity any thing should be kept private, that might be of public use, and promote natural knowledge. But may I take the liberty to ask you why they are unwilling to publish them?

GENT. Since you desire me to tell you the reasons, I shall acquaint you with them as far as I am able.

VIRT. Sir, I shall esteem it a singular favour.

GENT. Then you must know, Sir, these Gentlemen have that vast opinion of the present "Philosophical Transactions," and the papers communicated therein, that they are unwilling to publish their poor discoveries or improvements amongst subjects so noble in themselves, and so accurately written.

<sup>d</sup> He was born in 1641; was elected one of the Secretaries to the Royal Society in 1682, and published their Transactions from No 145 to 166 inclusive. He died April 3, 1696.

<sup>e</sup> See above, p. 6.

VIRT. Truly their caution is but requisite: for, in the late Transactions, most of the subjects are indeed most prodigiously sublime, and penned too in a wondrous manner: so that it is a hard matter for the generality of Virtuosi, who imitate Bacon, Boyle, or men of that character, to write in the language observable in most of those papers; for there the expressions are suitable to the sublimity of the subjects, and consequently mighty mysterious, and above the reach of these Gentlemen.

GENT. Yes, Sir. The sublimity of the style makes it inaccessible to those that are not accustomed to such flights.

VIRT. Why, it is no wonder; for you must know the "Philosophical Transactions" come through the hands of one, who takes care that every thing be nobly and clearly expressed, and by his own writings, which so plentifully adorn those papers, one may see, is abundantly qualified for the task he has taken upon him.

GENT. Pray are not the "Philosophical Transactions" then published by direction of the Royal Society?

VIRT. No, no, Sir; far from it: that lies all upon one man's head; and it is happy he has so good a head-piece.

GENT. May one be so bold as to ask the Compiler's name?

VIRT. I suppose you cannot but have heard of one who is so famous, and keeps correspondence with so many learned men: his name is sufficiently known amongst the Learned.

GENT. If I guess right at the man, I must needs say, I have heard a great many mighty things said of him—very fine things indeed—and much to his renown!

VIRT. O, Sir, he is a great man: for, besides his wonderful skill in physick and philosophy, he has a strange talent at *style*: his knack at that is admirable. To convince you of this, I shall refer you to the "Philosophical Transactions," No 252. p. 188; where you will find the following "representation of a lime-stone marble found in Wales, when polished;" so his Intelligencer phrases it.

GENT. Admirable indeed!

VIRT. Why! there lies the rarity of the thing: for an ordinary Reader would think it was polished before it was found. But, Sir, the Transactioneer himself far outstrips him, in his Note upon this remarkable piece; take it in his own words: "This stone is a sort of coral, and the *Lapidis Astroïtidis, sive stellaris*  
" *primum*



"*primum genus*, Boet de Boadt; or *Astroites*, Worm. Mus. It grows in the seas adjoining to Jamaica; it is frequently found fossil in England. I have some of it found here that will polish as well as agat, which was many years since found out by Mr. Beaumont. There are many other things growing in the seas adjoining to Jamaica, and not to be found in these parts, which are frequently dug up in the inland parts of England, and elsewhere, where they do not naturally grow."

GENT. Pray, Sir, let me desire you to give the meaning of what you have related in plain English; for the sublimity of this way of expression is above my mean capacity.

VIRT. The dignity of the subject will by no means admit of it. Besides, it will be an injustice and lessening of the Author's performance.

GENT. However, for discourse sake, pray let me ask you, what he means by that proposition this "stone is a coral?"

VIRT. O, Sir, his meaning is very apparent. It is as much as if one should say, "this elephant is an apple-tree." Now I hope it is plain! There are some tattling people likewise that say, they cannot tell what he means by *Astroïdis* neither. They say, there is no precedent of any such word; but, if they look into the Jamaican Catalogue, they will find thousands of like kind. Why a person of his figure may make precedents, man! For what follows, one poor simple fellow that read it thought it had been a charm.

GENT. Very like! But pray, Sir, how are we to interpret him, when he says, the "lime-stone marble," that was "found in Wales," and was "a coral," and the "Lapis," and the Lord knows what, "grew in the seas adjoining to Jamaica?" Besides, what he has about its being "found" and "found again" has almost confounded me, I must confess. His Intelligencer says, it was "found in Wales." He, that it "grows in the seas of Jamaica:" that "it is frequently found fossil" (mark the phrase) "in England;" that he "has some of it found here, which was many years since found out by Mr. Beaumont; that there are many things found in the seas of Jamaica, not to be found in these parts (i. e. in England), which are frequently to be dug up in the inland parts of England, where yet, after all, they do not grow." This, in my sense, is, to say it was "found in Wales," but "grew in Jamaica." It was "frequently

“quently found in England;” and, by way of reinforcement, it was “found here,” and “many years since found;” and that “there are many things growing in those seas, not found in these parts of England, which are frequently dug up (or found) in the inland parts of England, where yet they do not grow, or are not found.” This to a man of ordinary understanding is pretty odd! What would the drift of this be, did the Author put it into English?

VIRT. I see, Sir, you are altogether a stranger to the language of our Author’s writings, and the present “Philosophical Transactions;” otherwise you would easily have known the meaning of all this. Had you read them as often as I, our way of expressing ourselves would have been a little more familiar to you: therefore have but recourse to them, and your difficulties will vanish. Mean while, to proceed to other instances of the excellency and perfections of our Author’s style. N<sup>o</sup> 237, p. 52, we are informed, that “the herb taken by Dampier to be Jew’s-ear is the *Lichen terrestris cinereus* described by Mr. Ray; and grows in most barren places about London, and all over England.”

GENT. I thought barren places had not been so well stocked with herbs!

VIRT. Strange! what it is to be unacquainted with a modern style! You altogether misapprehend the Author’s peculiar way of expressing himself.

GENT. I must confess, I do not well understand it; for I thought that, since they grew in barren places and all over England, the Author had thought all England barren.

VIRT. No, by no means: all England is not barren. But I shall leave the Author to explain himself. I shall rather proceed to other instances of our Transaction-writer’s great abilities. I suppose you have heard of Jamaica pepper. See “Transactions,” N<sup>o</sup> 192, p. 464.

GENT. Yes, Sir; every kitchen-girl about the town knows Jamaica pepper. But why do you ask me that question?

VIRT. Because, if you had not heard of it, I should have given you a fuller account of it. But, since you know it already, I shall entertain you with a copy of verses upon it, written by our Author:

“Myrtus

“Myrtus arborea foliis laurinis aromatica; five

“Pimenta, Jamaica Pepper, or All-spice-tree.

“This tree hath a trunk as thick as one’s thigh,

“Rising freight for about 30 foot high.”

GENT. Most excellent Poetry indeed!

VIRT. Yes, Sir; it is a mixture of designed Poetry and accidental Poetry.

GENT. Pray what distinction do you make betwixt designed and accidental Poetry?

VIRT. Why, the two first verses were designed for verses; but the third and fourth were written for prose; and happened to be poetical—according to our Author’s genius.

GENT. In what parts of Jamaica does this tree grow?

VIRT. “It grows on the hilly parts of the Island of Jamaica, but chiefly on the North side thereof; and wheresoever these trees grow, they are generally left standing when others are felled; or they are sometimes planted where they never grew, because of the great profit from the cured fruit.”

GENT. The truth of the matter is, these gardeners are generally politicians in their way; for, if I misremember not, the same measures are generally taken in England: for apple and cherry-trees are generally left standing, and planted sometimes where they never grew, though other sort of trees are felled down and burnt, and not otherwise regarded.” But now you talk of gardening; if I remember right, I have heard that this same learned gentleman is a great Botanist.

VIRT. An extraordinary one! No 192, he gives the following just account of the *Arbor baccifera, laurifolia, aromatica, fructu viridi calyculato ramoso*. “The bark consists of two parts, one outward, and another inward.”

GENT. That is common to all Barks; for I know none but what hath an out-side and an in-side.

VIRT. But you misapprehend; this bark is different from all others, for it is two Barks; our Author uses *parts* and *barks* as synonymous terms.

GENT. But how will your Author make “the bark” TWO BARKS?

VIRT. This he does by dividing the word *bark* in two parts, and then calling each of those parts a bark; for, says he, “the outward bark is as thin as a milled shilling, the inward bark being

“as

"as thick as a milled crown-piece." Mark the aptness of the similes. But the excellence of our Author in describing plants will be much more evident if we look upon what follows: for a little after he adds, "The ends of the twigs are branched into "bunches of flowers, standing something like Umbels, each of "which hath a foot-stalk, on the top of which is a Calyx, made "up of some Foliola, in which stand five purple Petala, within "which is a large Stylus."

GENT. Pray where lies the excellence of all this? The style is so lofty, I am not able to discern it.

VIRT. The excellence! Where should it lie, but in the Umbels, the Calyx, the Foliola, and the purple Petala; these are high-flowing words, and not common English. But to proceed: "To these follow so many calyculated berries."

GENT. Pray what is the meaning of "calyculated berries?"

VIRT. It is only a term of our Author's.

GENT. And is the phrase "to these follow" your Author's too?

VIRT. Yes, yes; a peculiar phrase of his own.

GENT. Indeed he is a happy man, in forming new phrases, and in coining of words.

VIRT. Our friend Mr. Ray<sup>f</sup>, Sir, is every whit as happy at invention; for, N<sup>o</sup> 221, in his account of our Author's "Catalogue of Jamaica Plants," he not only tells us, that the Doctor "resolves many doubts and difficulties in it" relating to the "Toddy-tree," the "Sower-fop," the "Bonavists," and the "Dildoe;" but, to make it more useful and entertaining, has added this very learned note of his own: "Cæterum Dildoe nonnullis "Priapum fictitium significat, quo effrænis lascivæ mulierculæ "abuti solent, ad nefariæ quoddam libidinis genus seu coïtum

<sup>f</sup> Mr. John Ray was born at Braintree in Essex, Nov. 29, 1628; and educated in that town: whence he was sent to Catharine Hall, Cambridge, and afterward removed to Trinity College. In 1651, he was chosen Greek lecturer to the college; in 1653, mathematical lecturer; and in 1655, humanity reader. In 1660, he published "A Catalogue of the "Cambridge Plants;" and was ordained Dec. 23, that year. His writings after this period, particularly those on Natural History, are very numerous and valuable; and it is with pleasure we are able to say, the curious may soon expect to see a complete collection of them.

"umbratilem



“*umbratilem exercendum &c.*” But why do I insist so much upon our Author’s skill in coining of words, and in Botanicks, since his skill in Physick alone would be enough to establish a lasting reputation for him; for, N<sup>o</sup> 238, he hath, by his great sagacity and skill in that art, not only discovered Ipecacuanha to be “harmless and helpful,” but—

GENT. O dear Sir, you need insist no longer on that topick: he must be a man of a wonderful sagacity and skill, to discover that a “helpful” medicine was “harmless.”

VIRT. I profess, it argues much clearness of judgement, and insight into the fabrick and constitution of a human body. But, for a farther confirmation of his profound judgement, I shall add a caution he hath seasonably given to the world, relating to the use of Cynocrambe, or rats-bane (see N<sup>o</sup> 203); for, “Matthews and his wife and three children having been lately very ill and like to die by eating too much of it,” our learned Annotator gives the following advice: “Whether the quality or quantity of this herb were the cause of its effects, I know not; but I think that every body will do well to be cautious and wary in the use of it in such quantities, after such a warning.”

GENT. Truly, I think, the Author has done extraordinary well to caution the world; for, if it had such dreadful effects upon Matthews and his wife, it would have been a great reflection upon the prudence of such people as, through indiscretion, should have suffered by it, “after so fair a warning,” for want of this caution.

VIRT. The Doctor could have no other end in it, besides the good of mankind and his own reputation. Which considerations have induced him to publish much more for the benefit of mankind; for, after he hath informed us, N<sup>o</sup> 255, that “there are many people who are of opinion, that the swallowing of stones or pebbles is very beneficial to the health, because they see birds languish unless they swallow gravel or small stones;” he adds, “I was consulted; but was always against this practice in men, for I knew one that died by the use of them.” Now what a vast insight into the effects of non-naturals upon human bodies must a man have, to be thus aware of them: “I was always

g. Improbable and improper as it must appear, this sagacious remark of Mr. Ray is actually to be found in the “Transactions.”

“against



"against the use of them," says he, "because I knew one who suffered by them."

GENT. Every body must own, he is a great man in his way.

VIRT. In his way! He is a great man in every thing; he is universally qualified: a great Botanist, a great Physician, a great Philosopher, a great Man, and a great Naturalist.

GENT. Pray, what hath he done in that way?

VIRT. Done, Sir! He hath exceeded the age in every thing; he hath been so curious that nothing almost has passed him.

GENT. What are the most considerable passages in Natural History, which he hath taken notice of?

VIRT. The first piece I shall mention is, an account of a China cabinet. This, Sir, is a rarity that few people have thought worth their while to write Dissertations about, or indeed worth their notice; but, I can assure you, our Virtuoso, who is indeed the wonder of his age, values it at a high rate, and hath taken care to adorn several of the Transactions with an account of its contents, and hath engraven them curiously upon copper-plates; see "Transactions," N<sup>o</sup> 246.

GENT. O dear! a great deal of curiosity must needs lye in those things: and the curiosity of the Doctor, as well as his humility in stooping to take notice of such trifles, is very commendable.

VIRT. Sir, he hath not so much as neglected an ear-picker or a rusty razor; for he values any thing that come from The Indies or China at a high rate; for, were it but a pebble or a cockle-shell from thence, he would soon write a comment upon it, and perpetuate its memory upon a copper-plate.

GENT. Pray do you remember whose picture that is, that is engraven among the razors and tooth-pickers? what, is it the Author's?

VIRT. Fie! No. It is "a Chinese figure, whercin is represented one of that nation, using one of these instruments (that is an ear-picker), and expressing great satisfaction therein." See "Transactions," N<sup>o</sup> 246.

GENT. A great deal of satisfaction, indeed. for a man to stand picking his ears! But pray of what use are the China ear-pickers, in the way of knowledge?

VIRT. Why, the learned Author hath made this useful comment upon it: "Whatever pleasure the Chinese may take in thus  
 2 "picking

"picking their ears; I am certain, most people in these parts, who have had their hearing impaired, have had such misfortunes first come to them by picking their ears too much."

GENT. Why then were they brought into these parts, if they be of such mischievous consequence?

VIRT. The chief design was, to entertain the Philosophical Secretary; for he took as much satisfaction in looking upon the ear-picker, as the Chinese could do in picking his ears. And truly, I think, that learned Naturalist is obliged in gratitude to make some suitable return of our English rarities to the Chinese. And I hope in time to see, in the "Philosophical Transactions," not only the pictures and descriptions of all the old razors and ill-shapen knives in China; but it is to be hoped that the rarities of our own country will be taken into consideration, and likewise their pictures curiously engraven upon copper.

GENT. Yes, by all means; especially since they may be purchased at so cheap a rate; for any cobbler about the town will be willing to communicate an odd-figured knife to a curious person, if it may any way contribute to the advancement of natural knowledge.

VIRT. Contribute to the advancement of natural knowledge! There is no doubt of it, or any thing of less moment; for there is not an odd-coloured or an ill-shapen pebble in the kingdom, but the Secretary will manage it so as to make it contribute to the general heap of Transactions. He makes it his peculiar business; and of late he is become one of the most compleat, I had almost said a most accomplished, Naturalist.

GENT. Truly any body in his senses would think so; for he is a man of prodigious qualifications, and wondrous natural parts. But pray what other rarities hath he received from China?

VIRT. N<sup>o</sup> 247, this learned person gives an account of a kind of "down, of a dark yellowish snuff colour, shining like silk, some of it a quarter of an inch long;" and that which makes it more remarkable is, not only its being like snuff and like silk, but it also resembles the "Lanugo of scandent and tree ferns, and some of our capillaries" at the same time.

GENT. I am afraid, it resembles so many different things at the same time, that it can scarce be like itself. But what use do they make of it?

VIRT.

VIRT. "It is pretended, that some of the small down may, "by being swallowed, easily slip into the wind-pipe, without "choaking the person."

GENT. That is an odd quality indeed. But what other rarities are described in this China cabinet?

VIRT. Page 462, "Eight several instruments made for paring "the nails, at which in China the people are very curious and "dextrous;" as also "an instrument much like a horse curry-comb," with which "they curry the natives, as we do horses." But, besides these, our learned Author tell us, it contained "a "sea-horse tooth, a pair of brass tweezers, a purse made of straw, "one wide-toothed comb, one strait-toothed comb, an instrument "to clean the combs, a sheet of brown paper from China, a black "Scarabæus, a scarlet butterfly, an ash-coloured Capricorn, a "locust and a Phalæna all to pieces, a painter's brush, &c."

GENT. These things must needs be of great use, especially the brass tweezers and the combs!

VIRT. Of extraordinary use! and "it were to be wished," says our curious Annotator, "that other travellers into foreign parts "would make such enquiries into such instruments and materials "that are any manner of way for the benefit or innocent delight "of mankind," as tooth-pickers, razors, ear-pickers, &c.

GENT. I profess, we are much obliged to the Doctor. He is a great promoter of philosophical and innocent mirth; for there is scarce any thing that is comical and diverting, but he takes care to place it in the "Philosophical Transactions."

VIRT. But these are not all the rarities we are obliged to the Doctor for, from beyond seas; for, says he, N<sup>o</sup> 232, "A fellow "of the College of Physicians and Royal Society did me the "favour, some time since, to shew me a considerable number of "fossile bones and shells of several sorts, he had lately come to "his hands from Maryland. One of these fossils I had the favour "to carry home with me, to compare with the tongue of a fish "I had observed in Jamaica; and, comparing them, we found a "perfect agreement of the tongue that was dug up in Maryland, "and that taken from the *Pastinaca marina*, frequent in the seas "of Jamaica. A part of one of the joints of this tongue was dug "up in England."

GENT. Pray what does this contribute to the advancement of natural knowledge?

VIRT.

VIRT. You mistake the design: it was never intended to advance Natural knowledge; for who is the wiser for knowing that the bones of a dead fish have been dug up, or where? No, the true use of the story is to amuse the ignorant; for, if they talk of things that are out of the way, we presently make an harangue about "the Mandibulum of a *Pastinaca Marina* found fossile in Maryland;" and then they "are silenced at an instant."

[GENT. By this, I perceive, your Secretary is a politician.

VIRT. Yes, and a Virtuoso too, of a new sort; for he hath honoured several persons of his own kidney with the titles of Virtuoso's; and it is to be hoped, they will contribute their mites in a little time: but, alas! most of these of his creation are meer Beuxes; they are afraid of discomposing their intellectuals by studying.

GENT. Nothing is to be expected from them as yet. Besides, the Secretary wants not materials for the "Transactions."

VIRT. No, no; he hath materials enough, from his country Correspondents; and, if he should not he can substitute historical relations picked up by his own industry. As for example, N<sup>o</sup> 240, he gives us account of one Edmund Melleon, born at Port Leicefter. "He was seven foot six inches high; the length of his span fourteen inches; of his cubit two foot two inches; of his arm three foot two inches and a half; from the shoulder to the crown of his head eleven and three fourths; his name "Edmund Melleon." How long his depending parts were, I did not inquire; nor whether he was pot-bellied.

GENT. What was his father's name, and of what stature?

VIRT. What is that to Edmund Melleon, what his father's name was?

GENT. Altogether as necessary as to know that Melleon's name was Edmund. But I do not urge it further. Pray proceed to set forth the excellence of the Doctor.

VIRT. That sets forth itself: but, if you please, I shall proceed to give you an account of another remarkable passage taken notice of in the "Philosophical Transactions," N<sup>o</sup> 242; for which we are obliged to him: "In Pall-Mall, at London, lived one Joseph Clark, who was called the Posture-master, that had such an absolute command of his muscles and joints, that he can (i. e. *could*) dis-joint almost all his whole body. He was a well-grown fellow; yet he would appear in all the deformities that

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"can be imagined, as hunch-backed, pot-bellied, sharp-breasted. He dis-jointed his arms, shoulders, legs, and thighs, that he will (instead of *would*) appear as great an object of pity as any man; and he has often imposed on the same company where he hath been just before, to give him money as a cripple h. He turns his face into all shapes; so that by himself he acts "all the uncouth faces"—of a Transactioneer pausing over a China ear-picker,

GENT. How came this man to act the part of a conjurer so naturally? what is the Secretary's opinion of it?

VIRT. He is of opinion, that it depended upon "bringing his body to it, by using himself to it."

GENT. Ah! doubtless, if he had never been used to it, he could never have done it.

VIRT. It is an old saying, that "Custom makes perfect."

GENT. Yes, Sir; and therefore your learned Author is so perfect in the points you have mentioned. But, I suppose, you have more of his discoveries to produce yet: they are so diverting, I would scarce wish them at an end.

VIRT. Never fear that: they are not at an end; but I am almost weary of repeating them. However, I shall give you an account of two, or three things more, worth your observation. Have you any skill in navigation?

GENT. Very little.

VIRT. But do you think you could guide a ship from Jamaica to Scotland or Ireland?

GENT. I believe not.

VIRT. Alas! You understand very little then indeed; for our Secretary gives us an account of four silly *beans*, that could steer that course, though they never understood the least navigation.

GENT. What beans are those, pray?

VIRT. They are frequently run ashore on the Orkney Islands, N<sup>o</sup> 222. "They are thrown up pretty frequently in great numbers, and are no otherwise regarded than as they serve to make

h He frequently made himself merry with the taylor; whom he employed to take measure of him in one posture, which he changed for another when his cloaths were brought home. When they were altered, he was in a third shape; and, by this wandering tumour, he puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. See Guardian, N<sup>o</sup> 102.



"snuff-boxes." Yet they shew them much more favour than we do our beans; for they are devoured by horses and hogs.

GENT. These are strange beans indeed.

VIRT. Yes, Sir, says he, "I have had a great desire to see what these beans were," they talked so much of them, thinking they might be something more than beans.

GENT. And did he get a sight of them at the last?

VIRT. Yes, and discovered, that "Three of them grew in Jamaica. The first is called *Cocoons*, by me *Phaseolus maximus perennis, folio decomposito, lobo maximo contorto*. It is well figured by the name *Perim Kakuvalli* in the *Hortus Malabricus*," and ill figured in another place;" and ill described in this place.—"The second sort of bean is called the Horse-eye bean, for its resemblance to the eye of that beast, by reason of a Hilus almost surrounding it.—The third kind of bean is called the ash-coloured Nickar, as being very like a Nickar.—The fourth kind of bean is well described and ill figured by Clusius."—But now I come to the navigation; for "How these several beans should come to the Scotch Isles, and one of them to Ireland, seems very hard to determine." Yet our Author says too, "It is easy to conceive."

GENT. How can that be? "Hard to determine," and easy to be determined too!

VIRT. If you will have patience, you will see it is hard to determine; for they might be tossed with storms, and driven out of the most obvious road; but "it is easy to conceive that, growing in Jamaica in the woods, they may either fall from the trees into the rivers, or be any other way conveyed by them into the seas. It is likewise very easy to conceive that, being got to the sea, and floating in it," and the neighbourhood denying them the liberty of landing in their own country, they may take a resolution of transplanting themselves into another country; "and, meeting with a stop on the main continent of America, is forced (mark the Grammar, *they is* forced) through the Gulph of Florida, or Canal of Bahama, going there constantly East, and into the North America Sea. But how they should come the rest of their voyage, I cannot tell" (for they could give no account of themselves)—"except the beans, being brought North by the current of the Gulph of Florida, are put in the Westerly wind's way, and may be supposed by his means

"at last to arrive in Scotland;" little thinking that, after so long and difficult a voyage, instead of propagating their species, "they should be turned into snuff-boxes, and no otherwise regarded."

GENT. This it is to come into a strange country, without being able to give an account of one's self!

VIRT. Phoo! There was no need of giving an account of themselves; there was one in England, who had given them a visit in Jamaica, was able to do that sure.

GENT. Yes, indeed; he is a most accomplished gentleman.

VIRT. Gentleman! He is a Doctor of Physick, and understands the structure of a man's body so well, that not the least accident can happen in any part of it, but he presently gives you the *rationale* of it. To confirm what I have said in this respect, I need alledge no more than what he has offered concerning suffocation; for, when the point was debated at Hertford Assizes about Mrs. Stout's being drowned, he very learnedly delivered his opinion of drowning in the following words, and says, "Water swallowed by the gullet will not drown!"

GENT. And does he prove it too?

VIRT. Prove it? There is no need of proving it; it is self-evident. Nevertheless, to convince those who do not use to swallow by the gullet, he adds, "Drunkards who swallow freely a great deal of liquor, and those who are forced by the civil-law to drink a great quantity of water have no suffocation or drowning upon them."

GENT. Truly those are two instances sufficient to convince any reasonable man, that he may be drunk, or drink water, without being drowned. But what is this learned man's definition of drowning?

VIRT. He says, "He takes drowning, in a great measure, to be thus, viz. That though it is very likely, when one struggles, he may (to save himself from being choaked) swallow some quantity of water: yet that is not the cause of his death; but that which goes into the wind-pipe and lungs."

GENT. If "swallowing water" is not "the cause of his death;" how does that which goes into the wind-pipe cause it? Does

<sup>i</sup> See Mr. Cowper's Trial, printed, with other pamphlets on that subject, in the "State Trials." This Gentleman was at that time at the bar, and some years afterward was advanced to be one of the judges of the Common Pleas; in which station he died, December 10, 1728. He was brother to Lord Chancellor Cowper.

not the person swallow that? or does he swallow it "to save himself from being choaked?"

VIRT. Swallow it to prevent choaking? By no means; he does not swallow it at all. "It goes into the wind-pipe." And though water swallowed will not choak, yet when it goes into the lungs it will; which this learned Physician thus demonstrates: "In prescriptions, when people are very weak, or forced to take medicines, I have observed some spoonfuls in that condition (if it went the wrong way) to have choaked or suffocated the person;" whence it appears, that choaking is not caused by swallowing water, but by its entrance "the wrong way." In which case, it may be said "to go into the lungs."

GENT. But what is this to the question first debated?

VIRT. Why, the question being put, whether the woman was strangled, and so *suffocated*; or whether she was drowned? Our learned evidence only offers to shew, that, if she was suffocated or *choaked* by water, it must get into her lungs; whereas, in those that are *choaked*, or *strangled*, nothing at all gets into them: so that the sum of our Doctor's evidence proves that, if she was strangled or choaked before she was thrown into the water, she could not be *choaked* again in the water, except "water went the wrong way, as in prescriptions, &c." And thus much might be sufficient to shew our Doctor's great skill in the mechanism of a body; one of the main points necessary in an accomplished Physician. But, as a further instance of his great knowledge, I shall add another passage of his evidence, which is, "That without force, after death, little water will get into the stomach; because, for that it should, swallowing is necessary, which after death cannot be done." In which passage, the phrases not only come very naturally from the Doctor (as "for that it should," &c.); but he very judiciously tells us, that men cannot swallow after death; and therefore those who would put water into a dead man must use force to get it in. Which, I think, is a demonstration of the Doctor's great skill in Anatomy.

GENT. Yes, indeed; and, if all you have said of him be true, he is not only a great Physician, but a Botanist, and a Naturalist, and every thing. Pray where does he live, and what are his hours? I have something to communicate to him, which perhaps may be acceptable.

VIRT. His hour in an afternoon is betwixt six and seven; any body will tell you where to find him. Pray, if you light of him, give my service to him.

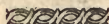
GENT. I will certainly do that.

VIRT. He is a very modest civil gentleman. You must be sure to compliment him, and he will take it very kindly: for the envious world so seldom does it, he will be both surprized and mightily pleased at it.

GENT. I shall take care to compliment as well as I can; and I do not know well how I can fail: for I can think of none of his performances, but I must either hold my tongue, or compliment.

VIRT. I am glad you have so good an opinion of him.

GENT. Sir, I have no other opinion of him but what he deserves; and how good it is, I shall leave to his friends to judge, Sir, your servant.



## D I A L O G U E II.

BETWEEN

A GENTLEMAN and a TRANSACTIONER.

GENT. **S**IR, I am very glad I have the happiness to meet with you so opportunely. I have been just now talking with a friend of yours concerning some passages in the "Philosophical Transactions." And the great character he hath given you, and the learned passages of your own Writings which he hath collected together to justify that character, have made me uneasy till I had the happiness to pay my humble respects to you.

TRANS. Indeed I am very much obliged both to him and you.

GENT. Sir, the chief end of my visit now, next to paying my respects to you, is to communicate some philosophical matters; which, if you think fit to publish them in your "Philosophical Transactions," are at your service.

TRANS. Pray what may they be?

GENT. Sir, at present I shall only offer you a definition of a Shell and a Crust.

TRANS. I desire a sight of it.

GENT,



GENT. Here it is, Sir.

TRANS. "A Shell properly is such a hard substance as covers an entire animal, as an Oyster-shell. A Crust is such a hard substance as covers only one particular joint of the included animal." No 219. Sir, I am your servant. If you light of any thing of this nature, you will oblige me very much in communicating it, and do the world a great deal of service.

GENT. I shall be glad if any thing I can offer may oblige one the world has such an opinion of.

TRANS. Truly I am obliged to the world, for their opinion of me. And if any thing I can do to promote natural knowledge may be of service to them, I shall not spare my labour.

GENT. O, Sir, you have taken a great deal of pains already; for the compiling so many Philosophical Volumes in Quarto must take up a great deal of time; nor could they be made so polite and correct, without as great application.

TRANS. It is indeed a laborious work; for, besides compiling of so many Volumes, the great correspondence which I am obliged to keep is no small trouble.

GENT. It cannot chuse but be troublesome: but your happy choice and the philosophical returns they make you recompense the trouble.

TRANS. If it were not for that, it would be a mere piece of slavery; but, as you say, the discoveries and improvements which are communicated by my Correspondents make me value the trouble much less; for, I think, for weight, usefulness, and other circumstances, the papers I have published in the "Transactions" are not inconsiderable.

GENT. Inconsiderable! You have quite out-done Mr. Oldenburg: for the world never thought he published enough; but you heap philosophical relations together at such a prodigious rate, that you publish "Transactions" as fast again as they desire you. The world is quite over-powered with them.

TRANS. Why, truly, I have used my utmost diligence and care, that not the least thing in nature should escape my notice. And I am infinitely obliged to my Correspondents for their industry.

GENT. Truly they are to be commended. But, methinks, it would be of great use to the world, if the most considerable passages in those papers were collected together, and published for the use of the Learned.



TRANS. I have done that already; and, if you please, I will give you an account of those which I have a more peculiar relish for, and value at the highest rate.

GENT. Sir, it will be a very great favour; and I shall be very much obliged to you.

TRANS. I can never be to seek where to begin then, as long as there is such a personage as Mr. James Pettiver<sup>k</sup> in the philosophical world. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society indeed! I made him so. It is my way of rewarding my friends and benefactors. We now begin to call it "Our Royal Society," Mus. Pet. c. 5. One would never think it that looks upon him—but he is certainly the darling of the Temple coffee-house club.

GENT. Pray what is that?

TRANS. Oh, la! why, do not you know? Where can you have lived? Why you must be an utter stranger to philosophy and all *pretty things*! Never heard of the Temple Club? Oh, for shame; let us see you there a Friday night. I am President there; and I will assure you there are many *odd things*. And Mr. Pettiver is—Gad! he is every thing. He is the very musti, the oracle of our club. For my part, I never saw any thing like him exactly.

GENT. No, I believe not.

TRANS. Oh, then, I perceive you know Mr. James——

GENT. No indeed, not I.

TRANS. No, I wonder at that: you ought to be acquainted with him. I will be the instrument of bringing it about. Sir, he and I are all one. You must know we club notions, laying them up in a kind of joint-stock, and have all things in common. Sometimes he draws, and sometimes I, as we have occasion. But he pays in most plentifully. By my good-will, I would never be without him. I call him the Philosophic Sancho, and he me Don. I own, I have learnt more of him than ever I did at Orange or any where else.

GENT. Orange, Sir?

TRANS. Yes, I knew it was quicker and cheaper than at Leyden or Padua; so I was dubbed Doctor there *en passant*, whip and away. But for Mr. Pettiver, he is an Author, and has treated on the same topicks that I have. Have you read the "Museum "Pettiverianum," or his treatises in my "Transactions?"

<sup>k</sup> Of great eminence in his profession, as an Apothecary.

GENT.

GENT. No, really; but, I observe, all people smile when they mention him: I believe he is mighty diverting.

TRANS. The most of any thing in nature. But how should a man of his parts be otherwise? Oh, "the specimens of modern magnificence and improvement," he has given the learned world! Transf. N<sup>o</sup> 236. "His first century consists of several animals and plants wholly new." Transf. N<sup>o</sup> 224. And pray mark how considerable they are; and how much mankind are indebted to his labour and study. The Animals are Snails and Beetles, Caterpillars, Spiders, and others of the like sort; the Plants, Rushes, Thistles, Mosses, with abundance more of equal worth. But, above all, Butterflies are his main delight. He gives them strange cramp names, and values himself for being the first catcher. "Papilos Leucomelanos," says he, "is not yet clearly described by any Author," Transf. N<sup>o</sup> 224; and perhaps had never been *described* (woe the day!) had it not been for this Author. He looks as big upon his Botanic acquisitions. Says he, "Be it known, that I have this year (besides several before) received near Twenty Volumes in Folio, with fair and perfect Specimens of Trees." Mus. Pet. But he is most lucky in the assigning the reasons of the names of his rarities. He has "Shells, called BLACKMOORS TEETH; I suppose," says he, "from their WHITENESS." Transf. N<sup>o</sup> 224. Now we are on this subject, I ought to acquaint you, he values nothing that has not as many titles and names as the King of Persia. He will find in one Author or other twenty names for the same thing; and thinks it impossible "to enumerate the many advantages that will occur from thus synonymizing of Authors;" and elsewhere he speaks very big of the English, that is, himself and me, "as to their critical methods in their discoveries of non-descript species, and their judicious references to the synonymous names of various writers, whereby the terrible vices of confusion and multiplicity have been much corrected." Transf. N<sup>o</sup> 236. There is my style too exactly; only a little more clear. He is as successful in his descriptions as in his synonymizing. Take an instance in his tortoise. He says, "It is guarded along the back with a round edge. (Do you mark?) His head about the bigness of a horse-bean; the orbits of his eyes very large."

GENT.

GENT. How? The head no bigger than a "small bean," and yet "his eyes very large!" Why, sure, his eyes are not in his head.

TRANS. Pray let me go on. "His snout like a parrot's bill, his upper jaw including the under. (Is not that pretty?) Each foot has four sharp claws like a mouse."

GENT. Claws like a mouse?

TRANS. Ay, and "his tail taper, and about half an inch long." Transf. No 246. Is not this admirable? But he is not inferior as to Physick. He has "an African *Materia Medica*, "whose innocent practice consists of no more art than composition." Transf. No 232. My own phrase again! it is as much as to say, "harmless and helpful." But hear this African Doctor—He has *Aclorwa*, good for crocoes or itch; *Bumbunny*, boiled and drunk, causeth to vomit; *Affuncna*, boiled and drunk, causeth a stool; *Ambetuway*, causeth an appetite to any sick person; *Attrumaphio*, boiled and drunk, causeth the great sort of pox to skin and dry, and is good against the phrenzy; *Mening* is good for the stoppage of the head; *Apputtasy* is good for the scurvy in the mouth. Of the two last he and I have taken abundance, but without effect. Nor is Mr. Pettiver's physick beyond his breeding. Really he is a person of singular address. "It is," says he to me, "my great ambition to approve myself your obliged humble servant." See my "Transactions," No 232. He styles mine "a most excellent Catalogue of Jamaica plants," Ibid. Nay, he says, I have "been pleased to shew such an admirable skill and talent this way, as will hardly be matched, either in past, present, or future ages." And this I have taken care to print in my "Transactions," No 236.

GENT. Truly, you are mighty happy in the applause of a person of his judgement. And, give you your due, ye vouch heartily for one another. Sure that is the reason so few others speak well of you.

TRANS. Oh, no; it is envy, mere envy. The invidious world cannot bear the lustre we cast. Mr. Pettiver concludes his "Museum" with a catalogue of "his kind friends." I will read them.

GENT. Indeed I will save you the labour. Let them stand as they do. Nobody sure will disturb or envy them the honour of

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 13.

being in that Catalogue. And for collections of rarities, they must needs be in mighty renown and credit, since Mr. Pettiver "has been pleased to shew such an admirable skill and talent "that way." But pray, Sir, proceed in the account of your "Transactions."

TRANS. The next thing I take notice of, as very considerable, and of extraordinary use to the curious, is, the great skill in Botanicks observable in my other Correspondents; for, you must know, my peculiar genius is most inclined to Botanicks.

And, first, as for the virtues of Medicines; it hath not only been discovered by Dr. Mullen, that "Irish Mackenboy root may "be carried in the pocket three days without purging;" but what hath been observed of the strange effects of *Papaver corniculatum* is very remarkable; for N<sup>o</sup> 242, we have the following account. "In my Itinerary from London to Margaret Island (mark the "elegance of the word Itinerary), and thence most by the sea-shore to the Lands-end, to observe what plants each part produced. Between Penzance and Macketjew, lived one Charles "Worth, an Apothecary, who, causing a pie to be made of the "said poppy, and eating of the said poppy-pie whilst hot, was "presently taken with such a kind of a delirium, as made him "fancy that most that he saw was gold, and, calling for a chamber-pot, being a white earthen one, after having purged by stool into "it, he broke it into pieces; and bad the by-standers to save "them, for they were all gold."

GENT. Methinks your Correspondent is very circumstantial, in relating the circumstances and symptoms of the delirium.

TRANS. O dear Sir! there was an absolute necessity to be exact in particulars; for, had he only told us, that the herb purged, and caused a delirium, how must we have known that he made use of an earthen chamber-pot, that he purged into it, and then broke it?

GENT. Truly, as you say, we should have been altogether at a loss there; and, to speak truth, the most diverting circumstances would have been wanting.

TRANS. Yes, the pleasant circumstances set off the story; for people purge into chamber-pots, and are delirious, that never took *Papaver corniculatum*.

GENT. But, pray, what does this contribute to the advancement of natural knowledge?

TRANS.



TRANS. If it encreases knowledge, it certainly advances it. And pray, does not a man know more, that knows the chamber-pot was broken, than he that hears of a delirium and purging? But these were not all the effects of *Papaver corniculatum*; for, "the man and maid servants, having also eaten of the same pie, "stripped themselves quite naked, so danced one against another "a long time."

GENT. Truly they had more satisfaction in their delirium, than the master could have in breaking a dirty chamber-pot, one would think. But did not the master and the maid "dance one "against another?"

TRANS. If they had, it would have been *Papaver corniculatum* indeed; but I cannot tell that: only "the mistress, who "was gone to market, coming home, and saying, "How now? "what is here to do?" The maid turned her breech against her, "and, purging stoutly, said, "There, mistress, is gold for you!"

GENT. This *Papaver corniculatum* is a very strange kind of an herb.

TRANS. There is scarce another in nature, except *Cynocrambe*\*, that can cause such symptoms.

GENT. Say you so, Sir?

TRANS. Yes; for, in N<sup>o</sup> 203, "Will Matthews, his wife "and three children, have been lately ill, and like to die. The "manner of their sickness was very odd; and therefore I shall "give you a particular account of it."

GENT. Pray do, Sir.

TRANS. "About three weeks ago, the woman went into the "fields to gather some herbs, and (having first boiled them) "fried them with bacon for her own and her family's supper."

GENT. A very fine piece of cookery indeed, and very requisite the world should be acquainted with it—especially the Philosophical part; they are much obliged to your Correspondent.

TRANS. If I had not thought it useful to Philosophers, I had not taken notice of it. But pray let me go on with my story.

GENT. I beg your pardon, for interrupting you.

TRANS. "After they had been about two hours in bed, one "of the children fell very sick; and so did the other two presently after: which obliged the man and his wife to rise, and

\* See above, p. 13.



"take the children to the fire, where they spewed and sh—t, and  
 "within half an hour fell fast asleep."

GENT. Truly, I think this Cynocrambe is as bad as Papaver  
 corniculatum; for those that took that, had some sort of pleasure  
 in its operation.

TRANS. Indeed, upon second thoughts, I think it is worse;  
 for "they took the children to bed as they were asleep, and they  
 "themselves went to bed too, and fell faster asleep too than ever  
 "they had done before. The man waked next morning about  
 "three hours after his usual time, went to his labour at Mr.  
 "Newport's; but, he says, he thought his chin had been all the  
 "day in a fire; and was forced to keep his hat full of water by  
 "him all the day long, and frequently dipped his chin in it as he  
 "was at work."

GENT. Pray, Sir, expatiate no more upon this account; for I  
 think it no great matter, whether his hat was full of water or not.

TRANS. What? would you have me give an account of a  
 Philosophical Transaction, and not be exact in relating matter  
 of fact?

GENT. O, good Sir, pardon me; be as circumstantial as you  
 please. It is a very Philosophical Transaction indeed. A woman  
 boiled herbs and bacon for supper; the children purged; the  
 good man slept longer than ordinary; went to work at Mr.  
 Newport's; filled his hat full of water, and was so discerning as  
 to think his chin was all the day in the fire, though he dipped  
 it often in water. A very Philosophical relation, I must needs  
 say; and very fine circumstances to be particular in!

TRANS. Truly, Sir, we ought to be particular in the circum-  
 stances of things so remarkable: for this herb "is described and  
 "figured in several Authors;" and therefore we ought to take  
 notice of "its effects."

GENT. But pray, what inferences, or what consequential use,  
 do you make of this observation?

TRANS. Why, from the effects of this plant, I draw this in-  
 ference, "That, whether the quantity or quality of this herb  
 "were the cause of its effects, I know not; but think that every  
 "body will do well to be cautious and wary in the use of it,  
 "in such quantities, after such a warning." For, if the man and  
 his wife had purged as well as the children, they would have  
 been in a most dreadful nasty pickle.

GENT.

GENT. Truly, the caution you give and the reasons alledged for it are equally weighty. But, pray, are these all the new discoveries made by your Correspondents relating to the virtues of plants?

TRANS. No, Sir. N<sup>o</sup> 231, we are informed, "that a certain woman, eating by mistake some roots of common hemlock amongst parsnips, was immediately seized with raving and madness, talked obscenely, and could not forbear dancing; on which exercise she was so intent, that she would have given her cow for a bag-pipe."

GENT. Poor woman! it is a pity she should have wanted company. Why did they not give somebody a dose of *Papaver corniculatum*, to dance against her?

TRANS. I suppose, they were in too much concern, to see her so obscene, and so foolishly merry. But, not to insist too long on one subject, I shall proceed to give you a fuller account of the products of my Correspondents; and, as soon as I have given you a couple of instances of the etymology of words, and their skill in Logick, I shall proceed to their Medicinal and Chirurgical observations.

GENT. Pray, Sir, use what method you please. It is no great matter how they are ranged.

TRANS. Then the first thing I shall offer is, an account of the etymology of Ambergrise Ben's name. The whole story runs thus, N<sup>o</sup> 232. "I shall at the present let you know the account I received from Ambergrise Ben; for so the man is called, from the vast quantity of that valuable commodity he found two years ago near Ambergrise Point." Now who could ever have guessed at the reason of this man's name, had it not been accounted for in the "Philosophical Transactions?"

GENT. Indeed, I believe they would have been at a loss. But pray proceed to the Logick.

TRANS. Yes, Sir, I was longing to let you hear that: for you must know, N<sup>o</sup> 221, my Correspondent hath been able, by close arguing, to tell that old Jenkins was older than old Parr.

GENT. Pray how does he prove that?

TRANS. Thus, "Henry Jenkins departed this life the tenth day of December, 1670.—The battle of Flowdenfield was fought upon the ninth day of September, in the year of our Lord 1513.—Henry Jenkins was 12 years old when Flow-

denfield

“denfield was fought: so he lived 169 years! Old Parr<sup>m</sup> lived  
“152 years, nine months. *Ergo*, Henry Jenkins out-lived old  
“Parr, by computation, sixteen years.”

GENT. Ha! ha! This “out-living by computation!” Ad-  
mirable indeed! Well, Old Jenkins is certainly proved older  
than Parr!

TRANS. It is undeniable.

GENT. Pray how came your friend by a particular account of  
all the propositions included in the foregoing argument?

TRANS. Take it in his own words: “When I came first to live  
“at Bolton in Yorkshire, I have forgot my landlord’s name; but it  
“was told me, that there lived in that parish a man near 150  
“years old; that he had sworn, as a witness in a cause in York,  
“to 120 years; which the judges reproving him for, he said, he  
“was butler at that time to the Lord Conyers. But, truly, it  
“was never in my thoughts, to inquire of my Lord Darcy,  
“whether this last particular was true, or no.”

GENT. Truly that was a great oversight. It would have  
given much satisfaction to the learned world, had my Lord Darcy  
confirmed it.

TRANS. Indeed, I should have been better satisfied myself:  
for “I believed little of the story for a great many years; till  
“one day, being in my sister’s kitchen, Henry Jenkins came in,  
“to beg an alms. I had a mind to examine him. I told him,  
“he was an old man.”

1 In the last century of his life he was a fisherman; and when no  
longer able to follow that occupation, went begging about Bolton, and  
other places in Yorkshire. He was buried at Bolton, where, in 1743,  
a monument was erected to his memory. He was one of the oldest of  
the post-diluvians, of whom we have any credible account.

2 He was born in 1483, and died in 1635. We are told by Dr.  
Fuller, that he was thus “charactered by an eye-witness:

“From head to foot, his body had all over

“A quickset, thickset nat’ral hairy cover.”

The fullest account of him extant is in his “Life” by Taylor, in the  
“Harleian Miscellany.” See also “Anatomia Thomæ Parri, post annos  
“centum quinquaginta duos et menses novem actos demortui, a G.  
“Harveio, aliis Regis Medicis adstantibus, habita,” in the beautiful  
edition of Harvey’s Works, 4to, published by the College of Physicians.

3 Dr. Fancrer Robinson.

GENT.

GENT. Pray did not he know that before?

TRANS. What then? He would be the apter to believe it.

GENT. You say true indeed.

TRANS. And therefore, "I desired him to tell me how old he was. He paused a little; and said, that, to the best of his remembrance, he was 162 or 3; I asked him, what publick thing he could remember? He said, Flowdenfield. I asked, whether the King was there? He said, no. I asked him, how old he might be then? He said, I believe, I might be between ten and twelve; for, said he, I was sent to Northallerton, with a horse-load of arrows; but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army."

GENT. You are very circumstantial indeed in your relations. But pray of what use are they to the advancement of knowledge?

TRANS. Advantage? Any thing about old Jenkins or old Parr is very acceptable to me; and that is enough to make it appear under the general title of "Philosophical Transactions for the Advancement of Natural Knowledge." But, thus much being said of old Jenkins, I shall proceed to relate promiscuously what hath been of late discovered relating to Medicine and Chirurgery.

GENT. Certainly those must be of great use.

TRANS. I suppose you have heard of what happened to Dr. Lister.

GENT. What, pray?

TRANS. Sir, he had the misfortune to be scratched by the tooth of a Porpoise, some time after the death of it; so that "tandem tertius digitus malè se habuit," i. e. at last his third finger was sick, No 233.

GENT. Truly I think the Doctor had been happy had he never been sick any where else but in his finger. But since he commenced Author, I fear a *metastasis* of the morbid matter into the seat of his understanding.

TRANS. I should be concerned for him, should it be so. But I shall proceed to relate what I just now promised you, viz. Some of the most remarkable observations in Physick and Chirurgery. And, first, I shall give you an account of two medicated springs, the one communicated to me by a Welsh Philosopher [Mr. Aubrey], and the other by a Frenchman [M. Geoffroy]. The description of the first is as follows: "There is a rill, about



"an ell broad, between two collines, covered with wood, about twelve yards from this spring; the rill, which falls from a rock eight or nine foot high, makes a very grateful noise."  
N<sup>o</sup> 233.

GENT. A very fine description of a medicated spring; surely that "grateful noise" will invite several curious persons to take a view of it. But is that the only medicinal quality?

TRANS. All that our Philosopher takes notice of. But he tells us farther, "The spring comes out of a pure white marle. I thought there had been no white marle in Wales; for the earth is red."

GENT. An admirable thought indeed! And it is a wonder there is any chalk in England; for the soil is not of that colour. This ingenious conclusion puts me in mind of those verses in Virgil<sup>o</sup>:

"Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi

"Stultus ego huic nostræ similem —

"Sic canibus catulos similes, sic matribus hædos

"Nôram: sic parvis componere magna solebam."

And he must needs be a man of wonderful sagacity, in my opinion, to conclude all things he knew not were like those he had before his eyes.

TRANS. But that is not all that may be said for our Philosopher: for he hath further adorned his account of this spring with a description of a tree that grows over it; for, says he, "about the spring spreads an old oak, with hoary moss, on the boughs whereof two crutches."

GENT. A great ornament indeed! And that "grateful noise," "the hoary moss," and "the two crutches in the oak," must needs contribute much to the advancement of natural knowledge, and to the understanding of the nature of this medicated spring.

TRANS. Truly, I must needs own, the French Philosopher hath quite outdone him in that point; for, in his account of the Mineral waters at Saint Amand, he tell us not what trees grow about it; but that "most sick people are willing to drink some, thinking to swallow in great glasses their health along with that water:" and likewise, that "acid spirits have not fermented at the first with that water; but afterwards it hath

• Bucolic. Ecl. I. ver. 20.



"made some little bubbles, which remained to the sides of the glasses wherein were contained the liquors." N° 247. Now this story I admire mightily, especially for the elegance of the style.

GENT. Yes, it is extraordinary; it is almost as fine as your own. "Remained to the sides of the glass" is admirably expressed, and much better than "stuck to them." Besides, he hath said something of the nature of the waters.

TRANS. And he further tells us, "One may also wash in the mud of that fountain," as hogs do in our country. But to proceed to Chirurgical observations. N° 233, "Many in The Highlands, who pretend not to any skill in surgery, do venture to cut the Uvula off when they are troubled with it; and prescribe for a remedy thereafter a piece of bread and cheese."

GENT. That is very remarkable indeed; for very few English people are able to eat bread and cheese when their throats are cut.

TRANS. No matter for that! If the thing be true, that is sufficient satisfaction. But pray, now we are talking of the Uvula, give me your opinion of the reason of a Cough.

GENT. You are a Physician; and methinks it would be more proper for me to ask you that question.

TRANS. I think indeed I may as well tell you; for you may guess a thousand times before you hit on the right cause.

GENT. Pray what may it be?

TRANS. In short, a Cough proceeds from "the Chamberlain's landing."

GENT. How can that be?

TRANS. That is a hard question to answer. But I am sure it is true; for I received an account of it from one of my Correspondents.

GENT. And how does he make it out?

TRANS. Why, N° 233, he tell us, "that the inhabitants of St. Kilda are every summer infected with a cough, upon the Chamberlain's landing."

GENT. That is odd indeed. But how do they cure it?

TRANS. "The usual remedy is *Giben* drunk upon *Brochan*."

GENT. So that the qualities of the remedies are as occult as the cause of the cough.

TRANS. No, no; the cause of the cough is evidently the Chamberlain's landing. Thus much being said relating to Physick,

sick, I should immediately proceed to tell you "the symptoms of two brass farthings." But I think it more instructive to communicate to you some cautions about marrying too soon, and some things relating to Midwifery. And, first, it hath been observed, N<sup>o</sup> 233, "that Anna George, who continued in the state of virginity till the one and fiftieth year of her age, married, and brought forth a boy in the two and fiftieth year of her age. But, N<sup>o</sup> 229, "a Negro in Nevis" (who married before she was in the one and fiftieth year of her virginity) "had this misfortune. Her navel did begin to swell and imposthume, so that most people did believe she would die: and, after one year and half being with child, was at the last delivered by the navel; for, after voiding of a great deal of *ichor* and matter, there did appear some bones, which did prove to be a child" (not the bones of a child; but the bones *were* a child); after the extraction of the bones, the woman was easy, and the woman did recover."

GENT. Very strange indeed!

TRANS. N<sup>o</sup> 233, "Another woman" (who was likewise married before the one and fiftieth year of her virginity) "was seven years bringing forth a child, bone by bone, and all by the fundament."

GENT. A long birth truly! and very strange!

TRANS. But, Sir, I have another story as strange as that: for Margaret Parry, lying-in with the last of her three children, some bones of a *fœtus* came from her; after this, several other bones came away, and divers worked their way by degrees through the flesh; above the *os pubis*." N<sup>o</sup> 243.

GENT. Very strange too! But I am afraid you are imposed upon by your Correspondents; for I am apt to believe wounds of the *matrix* are not so slight as to lye open, so long as these stories require, without being mortal.

TRANS. I rely so much upon the sincerity of my Correspondents, that I cannot tell how to disbelieve it.

GENT. But do you believe "all the children were born perfect," notwithstanding "bones came away at several times?" Truly I think it impossible: and I wonder how you should be so apt to believe them.

TRANS. I beg your pardon, if I tell you it is no wonder; for I am not inclined to distrust mankind.

GENT. To speak the truth, indeed, you have a peculiar faculty of believing almost any thing. But pray, what reasons can be given to justify the sincerity of your Correspondents?

TRANS. Reason! Pshaw! I do not trouble myself to inquire after the reason of every thing that is told me; if I should, I should have work enough, to find reasons for every thing that is communicated in the "Transactions."

GENT. Nay, I confess, that would be too hard a task. But, I am afraid, I have interrupted you too long.

TRANS. Not at all, Sir. The next thing I shall give you an account of is of a monstrous birth; for, N<sup>o</sup> 233, another gentlewoman, who lost her virginity before the fifty-first year of her age, "bore an infant who had two heads; one head was a bag, resembling the hood of a Benedictine Monk." But how far he was concerned in the getting of it, nobody knows but the parties concerned *in ipso facto*. It was observable, this child did not come out bene by bone, nor through the navel or the fundament; but the other way.—N<sup>o</sup> 226, gives an account of a child born without a brain; which, had it lived long enough, would have made an excellent Publisher of "Philosophical Transactions."—N<sup>o</sup> 228, gives an account of another, that had his brains in the nape of his neck.—But the most remarkable passage which I would have you take notice of is, that, N<sup>o</sup> 233, "Mr. Barrier found, in a girl about eleven or twelve years old, instead of a *matrix*, a very thin *membrane*, placed where the *matrix* is. "The outward *orifice* was hermetically sealed up." And if the Chemists in England would take the same method with some of our females, they probably might be maids at fifty-one. And were the same method used at Tunquin, it could not be much amiss; for, N<sup>o</sup> 243, we are told that, "at Tunquin, there are women common to any that will hire them, at eight or nine years of age." But in England they are not women so soon, though they hire themselves betimes too.

GENT. These are most admirable stories indeed, to be published in the "Philosophical Transactions!" Pray, Sir, how do you come by them?

TRANS. Come by them? I am obliged to my Correspondents.

GENT. Indeed, your Correspondents are as judicious in making observations, as you are in publishing them.

TRANS.

TRANS. Pray, Sir, do not compliment me. What I do is for the good of mankind, and for the advancement of Natural Knowledge, and not to gain applause.

GENT. Truly, Sir, you are very modest; and therefore, I shall decline giving you what I otherwise by all means think your due.

TRANS. Ay! Pray forbear any thing of that nature. It is better to pass our time away in inquiries after knowledge, than compliments. And therefore I shall proceed to acquaint you with several promiscuous observations in Natural History; which I am infinitely obliged to my Correspondents for; and for putting which in the "Philosophical Transactions," you will say, the world will be obliged to me. And, first, I shall let you know, that "of late the poor people have set their wits as if "it were on the tenter-hooks, to make turnip-bread in Essex."

GENT. By all means, the world will be very much obliged to you, for teaching them to make turnip-bread. But I admire the language of your Correspondent so much, that, I profess, I am the less desirous to hear any thing more of your bread.

TRANS. I thought the novelty of the style would surprize you.

GENT. Surprize me! I am amazed at it. "Set their wits "as if it were on the tenter-hooks!" The simile is very close and noble; but pray proceed to your philosophical entertainment.

TRANS. I was about to acquaint you, in the next place, with an account of the Giants Causeway in Ireland; "which I was "very exact in getting from a person who was *rei compos*, and "perhaps *peritus*. But the prolixity of a philosophical description "will be too tedious at this time." See N<sup>o</sup> 205. I thought likewise to have told you something of "an arch in two stone chimnies in Northamptonshire," N<sup>o</sup> 166. As also of "a *fœtus* "fifteen years *in utero*," N<sup>o</sup> 139. "A monstrous child in Jutland;" "skulls of fowls described;" and of "a prodigiously "large feather of the bird Cantor." But, passing by these, I shall proceed to tell you, that, of late, Dr. Ballfour found several eggs in the *cauda* of a Barnacle, N<sup>o</sup> 222.

GENT. Indeed, if you were not in haste, these things would be very entertaining.

TRANS. They are great curiosities; and, since you like them so well, I care not much if I give you a particular account of them.



GENT. Nay, Sir, you are in haste. Pray proceed to the next.

TRANS. Then the next thing I shall entertain you with is, an account of some observations made in the East Indies, almost as remarkable as the contents of the China cabinet; for, N<sup>o</sup> 243, we are told that "there hath been seen an oyster-shell in Bantam, that hath been about eighteen inches diameter; and several in Mocoa, that hath been eighteen inches long."

GENT. Those are rarities indeed! "Several *hath* been eighteen inches long." The elegance of the style is very singular too.

TRANS. This, Sir, is true modern language: most of my Correspondents endeavour to imitate me.

GENT. They may imitate; but they will come far short of their mark: your style is too intricate for them. But pray, as to the matter of fact; you say, there "hath been seen a shell," which "hath been" so big. Was it not so big when it was seen? If not, as your story intimates, how could they tell "several hath been" so big?

TRANS. I see you make your remarks upon every thing I offer almost; and therefore I must beg your pardon, if I pretend not to solve Philosophical difficulties. But to proceed: I shall give you an account of stranger things than these; for, N<sup>o</sup> 243, "I am informed, by the person that did see it, that, at Batavia, a whole Duck was taken out of the belly of a Snake; and that, in Achin, they did kill a Snake that had a whole Deer in its belly."

GENT. Prodigious! and almost incredible!

TRANS. These are not half the strange stories delivered in the "Philosophical Transactions." N<sup>o</sup> 225, from Fort St. George, I have the following account: "In a few days after my arrival, the fruits of my Gomroon journey shewed themselves; for, a little below the instep of my left foot, a worm put out its head, which cost me much trouble." But, I am told, some people breed maggots in their heads "without much trouble."

GENT. Yes, Sir; they are natural to some people.

TRANS. God send they breed not in the heads of any of my Correspondents; for it will be a great disadvantage to the Publick!

GENT. It was very well wished; and I wish they are not got into them already.

TRANS. Well, let us hope the best, and proceed to our Philosophical entertainment. N<sup>o</sup> 229, we are told that, "in Hertfordshire,



"shire, a storm of hail broke vast numbers of pigeons wings,  
"and fell foul upon the crows and rooks; and broke as many  
"glass-windows as cost four pounds repairing."

GENT. That was an unfortunate shower indeed to the master of the house!

TRANS. Truly it would vex a man.

GENT. And mightily entertain a Transactioneer.

TRANS. O dear, mighty diverting! But pray have you heard of such a bird as the Scart?

GENT. Why, Sir?

TRANS. Because I am going to tell you something of it, which is remarkable.

GENT. Pray, what is that?

TRANS. Why, N<sup>o</sup> 133, we are told that "all tribes of birds  
"are observed to have their Centinels. The watchfulness of the  
"Scart is true to a proverb. I know one, who, by surprizing the  
"Centinel, caught three hundred in a night."

GENT. That is remarkable indeed: so that, if a Virtuoso hath a mind to catch Scarts, he must endeavour to surprize the Centinel. Is not that the Philosophical use you make of this story?

TRANS. Yes, Sir; that is the way to catch Scarts.

GENT. That is, surely, of mighty use in Natural Philosophy. To know how to catch Scarts, makes a man much wiser.

TRANS. Certainly, it is something, to know how to surprize them. But to proceed: N<sup>o</sup> 225, we are informed, "that Fish  
"are not only different from other animals; but likewise differ  
"very much from one another, there being scarce a species of  
"them that hath not remarkable differences."

GENT. That is really very true; for the Herring is much different from the Lobster, and the Lobster differs much from the Whiting, and the Whiting from the Cockle.

TRANS. But, besides this more obvious observation, it is worth remarking, "that Fish have their blood naturally less hot than  
"ours; so that the natural heat of ours would be a fever in  
"them, and mortal." For which reason they drink no strong liquors, such as ale, beer, or wine; but live continually in the water, and drink nothing else. But whether they do this by instinct or tradition, I am not yet informed; but this I can say, I never heard that so much as one ever died of a fever.

GENT. That is very remarkable indeed.

TRANS. But they die of other distempers: for "Fish are found to die in water frozen over;" occasioned by the freezing of the water.—"Their fins and tail assist them in their passage through the water, whither they will; but the dilation of the air in the bladder makes them capable of swimming, after the same manner as the dilating of the lungs and thorax bear him up in water."

GENT. Very well observed indeed.

TRANS. "Flat fish have none of this bladder; for they are able, by reason of their breadth, to keep themselves upon the water."

GENT. But I think a broad stone is as apt to sink as a narrow one; and a mill-stone will sink as another stone that is not quite so broad.

TRANS. I shall not dispute that; but, in the next place, proceed to give you an account of a shower of Fish. N<sup>o</sup> 243, we have the following words: "Since my last to you, I have received an account of the prodigious rain you long ago desired of me; and this opportunity offering of conveying it safely to you, I would no longer delay it: and had I received the account as you promised me of the herrings, I might possibly have said something more; but I shall now leave that to you."

GENT. The great concern you and your Correspondent seem to have been in makes me long for the story of the Fishes.

TRANS. I shall come to that presently. "The account I had from a worthy gentleman of this country, who had a box full of these Fishes, which he preserved; but, that being mislaid, he could not perform his promise of giving some of them, though he says he will certainly do it when he finds it."

GENT. And pray, Sir, cannot you give an account of the Fishes till then?

TRANS. Yes, yes, I told you I should come to it presently. "On Wednesday before Easter, a pasture-field at Branstead, near Wrotham in Kent, about two acres, which is far from the sea or any branch of it, and a place where there are no fish-ponds, but a scarcity of water, was all overspread with little Fishes, conceived to be rained down, there having been at that time a great tempest of thunder and rain. The Fishes were about the length of a man's little finger, and judged by all that saw them to be young Whittings. The field belonged to one Hare, a  
"yeoman."

"yeoman." But why they should fall into this yeoman's ground only, nobody knows.

GENT. But pray how came they to be rained?

TRANS. That is unknown too: only it may probably be guessed, that the bird Cuntor, having robbed a fish-market, could carry the prey no further. But, however it was, I think this yeoman would do well to make a fish-pond against the next shower.

GENT. Truly, this story of the Fish is a very strange one; it is almost incredible.

TRANS. If you think this strange, what will you think of a shower of Butter for the Fish?

GENT. It is impossible! is it not?

TRANS. As impossible as you may think it, you will find it recorded as a truth, N<sup>o</sup> 220, in the following words: "We have had of late, in the county of Limerick, showers of a sort of matter like Butter or Grease.—Lay it by the fire, and it grows hard."

GENT. How then can it be said to be like Butter?

TRANS. Because my Correspondent positively says, "it was a shower of Butter."

GENT. That is a good reason indeed.

TRANS. No stranger than true. But, if you will not believe this, how will you believe there is "a tree bearing Tallow?" N<sup>o</sup> 229, p. 587.

GENT. I confess, were it not in the "Transactions," one would not be apt to believe it.

TRANS. It is strange enough. But pray, did you ever hear of the hogs that sh—t Soap, and the cows that sh—t Fire?

GENT. No, truly.

TRANS. Why, N<sup>o</sup> 263, we are informed, "that, in Lincolnshire, they gather up hogs dung, and steep it in water, and having well stirred it, strain it, and so use it to wash cloaths. Hence the proverb, in Lincolnshire, Where the hogs sh—t Soap, and the cows sh—t Fire."

GENT. Truly we are much obliged to you and your Correspondent, for this proverb and its explication.

TRANS. I must needs say, a great many Philosophers would never have heard of this proverb, had it not been published in my "Transactions."

GENT.

GENT. But, if they be ignorant now, it is none of your fault.

TRANS. No, truly; I would not be guilty of letting so useful a proverb be lost, for want of taking notice of it. But did you hear the copy of verses upon an Eel?

GENT. Not that I remember.

TRANS. No. 223, we have the following:

“An Ankham Eel, and a Witham Pike,

“All England cannot shew the like.”

GENT. Then you keep correspondence with Poets?

TRANS. Any body that can furnish me with Philosophical matters.

GENT. Pray how were these verses occasioned?

TRANS. Because that river is remarkable for good Eels.

GENT. A weighty reason indeed. But are these all the most considerable passages in the “Transactions?”

TRANS. No, Sir. No 221, Doctor Cyprianus P gives us an account of a lady that was delivered of a child, “with a wound in her breast above four fingers long—occasioned by the strength of imagination.”

GENT. That, indeed, is very strange.

TRANS. It is so; and, in my opinion, it is strange that a Lamb should be suckled by a Wether: and yet, No 214, we are told, “That Sir William Lowther had a Ewe, that had two Lambs; and she, dying, left them young to shift for themselves. One of them was entertained by a Wether Sheep.—The Lamb suckled the Wether, and brought him to milk, and was maintained by him all this summer.”

GENT. This is a very Philosophical story indeed; this will employ the Wits to account for it.

TRANS. Aye, Sir. But these are not all the remarkable passages taken notice of in these Philosophical News-papers; for, No 240, we have an account of “Glow-worms volant;” and “Butterflies eggs that were testaceous, and near as big as Wrens,

P Professor of anatomy and surgery in the University of Franeker, and the most famous lithotomist of his time. It was a maxim with Cyprianus, that surgeons should never be “intimidated by threatening prospects” from undertaking dangerous and difficult operations.” Sir Thomas Millington, physician to king Charles II, was happily cut for the stone, at the age of sixty-eight, by this celebrated Professor;

“most



"most gloriously bestudded with gold and silver; and they hatch  
"in the windows, and are a sport for children."

GENT. Pray how came your Correspondent to take notice of things only fit for children? What! did he think your genius lay the same way as childrens do?

TRANS. I know no reason why "innocent diversion" should not be encouraged amongst me and my Correspondents, as well as amongst children.

GENT. Indeed, I must confess, if it be agreeable, I have nothing to say against it; but shall rather admire the noble genius of your own happy self, and of your Correspondents.

TRANS. O good Sir, forbear; pray do not compliment me. But to proceed: No 240, there are likewise "Tortoises eggs by ponds sides in great quantities—our dames scruple not to use them as hens eggs in puddings."—No 240, "Grasshoppers in July become volant, and have a kind of regimental discipline, and, as it were, some commanders, *of such valour, that they are always ready to fly away*, and rise first when they are pursued by the fowls, which I have often seriously remarked;" and wondered at the simplicity of our commanders, who, instead of running away, are so fool-hardy as to stand to fight, regardless of their lives, not minding the example of these creatures, who take more care of their own safety.

GENT. Very philosophical indeed!

TRANS. Philosophical! O, dear Sir, these things are nothing to what I shall relate to you. I shall, in the next place, give you an account of one of the most unmannerly Dogs that ever you heard of.

GENT. What is that, pray?

TRANS. Why, No 235, upon the proclaiming of the peace, about a week ago, two troops of horse dismounted were drawn in a line, in order to fire their vollies; the centre of their line was against the Butcher's door.

GENT. But when will you let me hear the story of the Dog?

TRANS. Alas! Sir, you have not patience; this is part of the story. "This Butcher kept a very large Mastiff-dog, the biggest in our town; a Dog of great courage for fighting. This Dog was laid by the fire-side asleep; but, upon the first volley the soldiers made, he immediately started up."

GENT.

GENT. A very stout Dog, I must confess. Was this Dog the biggest in your town?

TRANS. Yes, Sir; he was the biggest. But, alas! you are quite mistaken; it was not his courage that made him "start up: "he ran into a chamber, and hid himself under a bed."

GENT. And was this your stout Dog?

TRANS. Yes, Sir; he might be a stout Dog, and yet be frightened at such a surprizing noise; and, I believe, had you or I been asleep, we should have been surprized too.

GENT. Nay, I have nothing to answer to that. But pray go on with your story.

TRANS. "The maid servant going to beat him down (he "never using to go up stairs); as she was so doing, a second volley "came; which made the Dog rise, and run several times about "the chamber with violent tremblings."

GENT. And is that all you have to say of this Dog?

TRANS. Yes, Sir; and enough too.

GENT. Nay, enough of all conscience; I find no fault with that: but I find no Philosophy in it.

TRANS. No Philosophy? Do you know what Philosophy is, pray?

GENT. What do you say it is?

TRANS. I do not trouble my head about such things; it is enough for me to tell you that it is Philosophy.

GENT. Very strange Philosophy!

TRANS. Strange? It is the only Philosophy that I and my Correspondents take delight in. But, if our Philosophy does not please you, I shall urge it no farther.

GENT. Yes, yes, Sir; it pleases me much: but the novelty of the thing makes me ask so many questions. Pray favour me with a further account of your discoveries.

TRANS. I proceed; and shall next entertain you with what has been very ravishing unto me, and the more because it relates to my own country. "In the county of Limerick in Ireland, "on the 7th day of June, a great rumbling, or faint noise, was "heard in the earth," N<sup>o</sup> 233.

GENT. Pray how could that be? how could "a great rumbling" be a "faint noise?"

TRANS. Alas! what a question you ask! "Soon after, to the "great terror and astonishment of a great number of spectators, "a more

"a more wonderful thing happened; for, in a bog, stretching North and South, the earth began to move, viz. meadow and pasture land that lay on the side of the bog, and separated by a large ditch."

GENT. Sir, the language you express this story in is too high for me; it is unintelligible. I cannot understand how "the meadow and pasture-land that lay on the side of the bog" could be "in a bog."

TRANS. If you cannot understand Philosophical language, I cannot help that; but must give you the remaining part of the story in the words of the Author, for I have none else but Philosophical words to express myself in. His words are these; "The pasture-land, rising very high, over-ran the ground beneath it, and moved upon its surface, rolling on with great pushing violence, till it had covered the meadow; and is held to remain on it sixteen foot deep."

GENT. "Held to remain." That is remarkable, truly.

TRANS. "In the motion of this earth, it drew after it the body of the bog, part of it lying on the place where the pasture-land that moved out of the place it had before stood—and so it continues at the present, to the great wonderment of those that pass by."

GENT. Truly, Sir: you have told me a story now that is "a great wonderment," not only because "the meadow was held to remain upon the pasture-land;" but that which is the greatest wonderment to me is, that "the meadow should be able to move forward of itself, and draw the body of the bog after it," according to your new Philosophy; whereas, according to Boyle or Cartesius, I should have thought that both the bog and the land had been protruded by some internal cause.

TRANS. Strange! How readily you have learned to speak in the language of the Moderns! Methinks you speak it as naturally as my Correspondents.

GENT. Sir, I always strive to imitate those I admire. But, pray, let me not divert your further account of the late "Transactions."

TRANS. The next story I shall relate is this. N<sup>o</sup> 256, "Mr. Greatrax, coming to our house, and hearing of my brother's illness,

1 Valentine Greatrax, an Irish gentleman, had a strong impulse upon his mind to attempt the cure of diseases, by touching or stroking the parts

"illness, desired to see him: he ordered the boy to strip himself  
 "to his shirt; which he did; and, having given present ease to  
 "his head by only stroking him with his hands, he fell to rub  
 "his back, which he most complained of. But the pain, being  
 "frightened, presently fled from his head to his right thigh: he  
 "followed it there; it fell to his knee, from thence to his leg;  
 "but he still pursued it to his ankle, thence to his foot, and at  
 "the last to his great toe. As it fell lower, it grew more vio-  
 "lent; especially when in his great toe, it made him roar out;  
 "but, upon rubbing it there, it stole out at his toe-end; and the  
 "boy cried out, It is quite gone."

GENT. I confess, this story is very philosophical, medicinal,  
 and circumstantial. And first, for the circumstances:—that  
 Greatrax had a desire to see the boy—that he desired the boy to  
 strip—seem very requisite preparatives for the cure, which to me  
 is not a little surprizing; for how this humour should be so  
 frightened, and have such an antipathy to Greatrax's hand as to  
 run away from it, and that too where there was no passage or  
 vessels for it to pass through, I cannot comprehend.

TRANS. It is indeed very strange. But this Greatrax hath  
 done more than that; for "a smith, whose name was Peirson,  
 "near us, had two daughters, extremely troubled with the evil;  
 "the one in her thigh, the other in her arm: he cured them  
 "both at my father's; one of them lives still in the town; I  
 parts affected. He first practised in his own family and neighbourhood;  
 and several persons were, in all appearance, cured by him of different  
 disorders. He afterwards came into England, where his reputation soon  
 rose to a prodigious height: but it declined almost as fast, when the  
 expectations of the multitudes that resorted to him were not answered.  
 Mr. Glanvill imputed his cures to a sanative quality inherent in his own  
 constitution; some to fiction; and others (with more probability) to the  
 force of imagination in his patients. Of this there were many instances;  
 one of which, if a fact, is related by M. St. Evremont in a peculiar strain  
 of pleasantry. It is certain that the great Mr. Boyle believed him to be  
 an extraordinary person, and that he has attested several of his cures.  
 His manner of stroking some women was said to be very different from  
 his usual method of operation. A print of him, by Faithorne, is pre-  
 fixed to "A brief Account of Mr. V. Greatrax, and of divers of the  
 "strange cures by him performed, written by himself, in a Letter to  
 "R. B. (Robert Boyle, esq;) 1668," 4to. See Granger, vol. IV. p. 31.  
 and see also Birch's Life of Boyle.

"was



"was with her yesterday; she is a healthy woman, the mother of several children: she shewed me her arm." But whether the other shewed her thigh or not, I think not at all material to relate. But this Greatrax had another very excellent quality; "for he would presently take off fits of the mother, by laying his glove on their heads."

GENT. Pray, Sir, was your Correspondent *compot mentis*, when he sent you that relation? or was he in a fright?

TRANS. Why do you ask such questions?

GENT. Because he seems to be out of breath, or to breathe short, in his account of the smith's daughters. One would think his inconnexion an effect either of some disaffection of his intellectuals, or that he was mightily surprized at something.

TRANS. Truly, I cannot tell that; perhaps he might be in some little consternation at the strange effects of Greatrax's stroaking.

GENT. Indeed, they are so strange, that I have not faith enough to believe them.

TRANS. If you have not faith enough to believe what my Correspondents discover and relate; perhaps it may be because you have not application enough to search into the causes of things. Pray what think you of the operation of a Blister, when it cures a Fever?

GENT. That it hath a very good effect.

TRANS. Any body would conclude that; but a mighty Scotch Virtuoso\*, and one of my particular acquaintance, hath made a long discourse upon this subject; and indeed he is so sensible of the length of it himself, that, like an Orator, with unparalleled eloquence, after a long Prooemium, he thus speaks to his Auditors, N<sup>o</sup> 252. "Do but think then, had I insisted on Vefication in general; what had I done for time and patience, to you, O my Hearers, in a Discourse about a Blister? Any one but yourselves should be ready to believe, that there can be nothing of that consequence in the thing."

GENT. That is a great compliment upon the Auditors. But, methinks, he chiefly designed it home upon you, because your industry extends itself so far as to take notice of things, in which others see nothing of that consequence."

\* William Cockburn, M. D. F. R. S. See vol. XXI. p. 161.

TRANS. Truly I cannot tell whether he had a particular design to compliment me; but thus he proceeds: "and that they would rather throw away Medicine altogether, at least Blisters out of Physick; than to be troubled with a Discourse so long, that is more painful than a Blister itself."

GENT. This is most sharp wit. But pray, good Sir, if this Discourse be so very painful, I had rather you would pass it by.

TRANS. No, no, be not afraid of it; I will take care it shall not be so painful to you. I shall only take notice of a few of the wittiest sentences, and the most valuable passages. "I must beg leave to tell you," says he, "that I have employed microscopes to look upon this Fly and its powder, to see if I could discover any sharp instruments, swords, daggers, or the like sort of armiture, in these warlike and wounding creatures."

GENT. That is an admirable passage. "Dead Flies warlike and wounding creatures!" Your Correspondent truly was in the right to disarm such sort of creatures; for, if they are able to make use of swords and daggers after they are dead, there is no safety amongst them. But what arms were discovered by your Correspondent?

TRANS. None at all; "For," says he, "whatsoever else I found, I could meet with no arms at all; which makes me think that, if they have any, as needs they must, they are concealed and are to be discovered in another way."

GENT. Nay, if they conceal their weapons, nobody knows how to deal with them. I wonder how your Hero durst venture to stay so long in their company.

TRANS. It is dangerous indeed. "Creatures that have set all the Physick in this town in a combustion or ferment." And truly, since "a great man complained of *Experientia* being a *Fallax*," I think he did very impudently to meddle with them.

GENT. And are these all the remarkable passages in "his painful Discourse?"

TRANS. No, Sir, he tells us, "Since death, or no circulation of the blood, is the consequence of poison; we must find as many kinds of poison as there are ways of stopping the blood's motion."

GENT. Then Hanging is poison; for that is one way of "death, or no circulation of the blood."

TRANS. Truly, my Correspondent never considered that consequence. Hold! now you talk of Hanging, one of my Correspondents

respondents<sup>s</sup> is of opinion that Hanging is not poison; for, N<sup>o</sup> 240<sup>t</sup>, says he, speaking of men that are hanged, "The remarkable lividness of their faces, with the extraordinary distortion of the jugulars in the several branches above the ligature, argues, they die in a great measure apoplectic."

GENT. Very learnedly concluded. Then, I suppose, Hanging hereafter will not be accounted an ignominious death; for it is no disgrace to die of an apoplexy. But pray proceed to the rest of your Philosophical relations.

TRANS. N<sup>o</sup> 251, we have the following account of a child's head. "I did take off the three upper *vertebrae* of the neck before I could find the *medulla spinalis*.—The tongue was fresh, and doubtless had performed the deglutition, to make the child swallow the *colliquamentum*. The *larynx* and all the parts of the throat were, as the rest of the body were, in as good and natural condition as can be. I leave others to explain how this child could live without brains."

GENT. Oh, dear Sir, that should never have been omitted; it was the main thing in the relation. Besides, the *explaining* that would have solved a Problem at present much debated in the world; which is, how most of your Correspondents *can live* under the very same circumstances with that child. But pray, what use did he make of the bones?

TRANS. That, Sir, he tells you very expressly. Says he, "I keep the bones of that skull in my house, to convince any body that they are bones," if they should question it.

GENT. Truly, I cannot imagine for what other uses you should keep them. But, pray, if the child wanted brains, I understand not how the *larynx* and all the parts of the body could be in a good and natural condition.

<sup>s</sup> Dr. William Musgrave. This very learned physician and antiquary was born, in Somersetshire, about 1657. He was admitted at New College, Oxford, 1675; took the degree of bachelor of laws, June 14, 1682; but, entering afterward on the physick line, distinguished himself greatly by his knowledge in that profession and in natural philosophy; and was elected F. R. S. He was made Secretary in 1684; and published the "Transactions" from N<sup>o</sup> 167 to 178 inclusive. He took his degrees in physick in 1685 and 1689; and was admitted a fellow of the college of physicians. In 1691, he settled at Exeter; and, after having exercised his profession there with great reputation, died Dec. 23, 1721.

<sup>t</sup> Vol. XX. p. 179.

VOL. II.

E

TRANS.

TRANS. That is only, as I told you before, our way of expressing ourselves; for as, amongst the Beaux, a careless dress is the most admired, so we Philosophers signalize ourselves by a careless use of language. But to proceed, I shall give you a short account of what happened lately in Lapland. N<sup>o</sup> 251, we have the following account of a small sort of creature, called Sable-mice. "They are so fierce and angry, that, if a stick be held out at them, they will bite it."

GENT. That is very daring indeed!

TRANS. "In their march, they keep a direct line, and are innumerable thousands in each troop.—They march by night, and in the twilight, and sleep by day;" as the Mouse in the Fable used to do.—"If they meet any thing in their way that might stop them, they avoid it not, though it were fire, a deep well, a torrent, or a lake; and by that means thousands of them are destroyed."

GENT. Mighty resolute, truly!

TRANS. "When they are met in woods or fields, and stopped, they set themselves up on their hinder legs like a dog, and make a kind of barking or squeaking noise—defending their line as long as they can; and if at the last they are forced out of it, they creep into holes, and set up a cry, sounding like *Biabb, biabb!* Quarter, quarter!" Is not the language of these Mice very remarkable?

GENT. Very remarkable, and entertaining for a Philosopher! It enriches a man's understanding much, to know the fury and conduct of a Mouse, and what noise it makes when it is frightened. But pray, Sir, let me beg the favour of an account of the Moors of West Barbary and their customs?

TRANS. Aye, with all my heart, Sir. N<sup>o</sup> 254, p. 248, we are told, "That the Barbary Moor, when he rises in the morning, washes himself all over, and dresses; then goes to their *giama*, or church; says his prayers, and returns home; where his wife, concubine, or slave, hath his breakfast ready for him, which is sometimes made of barley or wheat gruel.—I have been often treated with warm bread, fresh butter, and honey, in a morning; as also a hasty-pudding with butter. In Suse, I had a bag of honey presented to me, with poppy-seeds in it: it made me sleepy; but I found myself well and in good temper of body after it.—They seldom use a knife; and a fork is a strange



“strange thing amongst them. They are dextrous at this way of carving; and never flinch, though they burn their fingers, for that would look mean. When they have done, they lick their fingers, as plough-men do in our country. After they have eaten the meat, they dip the bread in the sauce or broth, and eat it. For their meat to be strongly seasoned, is no great fault; and if one should say, “It is too high of pepper;” they will reply, “It is better to be *ab* than *faugh*!”—They have good Capons, Snipes, Pipers, and Antelopes. They will eat a Fox, if fat; but not if lean: whence the proverb, *Hellel deeb, baram deeb*, A Fox is lawful, and a Fox is unlawful; i. e. Fat lawful, lean unlawful.—When the Moors have feasted, every one washes his hands and mouth; thanks God—they talk a little, or tell some story, and then lie down to rest; where I shall leave them at the present, and do beg your pardon for so tiresome and frivolous a discourse.”

GENT. Upon my word, Sir, I think, your Friend concludes rightly.

TRANS. Concludes rightly, Sir? Why, all my Friends conclude so.

GENT. Aye, to be tiresome and frivolous.

TRANS. O dear Sir, no; but, if the length of this has been something tedious, I will now entertain you with one which may make amends; for, N<sup>o</sup> 249, we received the following Letter: “Herewith you will receive a *Cervus volans*, divers sorts of Scarabs, and three or four sorts of Lady-bugs.” But, not to pass too much time away upon this, I shall rather tell you, that Jeremiah Skelton, observing a storm coming, said, “I think it will be rain; I will go and gather in some of the corn.”—While at this work, bringing in a burden and casting it upon the barn-floor, the tempest began as he came forth again; whereupon he stepped aside for shelter into the barn-door, and, while there, was struck with a dreadful flash of fire. A young woman, that lived with her father in the house that belonged to this farm, leaves the house, and, not seeing the young man about the barn, goes with speed and tells the family he was related to that she feared he was slain. They came to the barn, and found it even so, a sad spectacle! His clogs driven from his feet, one not to be found, and the other cloven; and his hat not to be found after search. This young man would have

“ been twenty-two years of age next June, is said to have been  
 “ sober and hopeful, was buried at Luddenden the Monday fol-  
 “ lowing.” N<sup>o</sup> 249.—To this, I have two more philosophical  
 matters to add. The first is, an account of the generation of  
 Fleas. See N<sup>o</sup> 249, p. 2. “ At last is discovered, by the inde-  
 “ fatigable industry of Signior Diacinto Cestone, the true way of  
 “ the generation of Fleas, their worms, and entire metamorphoses;  
 “ which have hitherto been obscure, though sought after. The  
 “ Fleas bring forth eggs (or a sort of nits); from these eggs are  
 “ hatched worms; these worms make to themselves bags like  
 “ silk-worms, and from out of these bags come Fleas.”—Having  
 thus given you an historical account of the generation of Fleas;  
 I shall proceed to a discourse of Coffee, N<sup>o</sup> 256, p. 511. “ Of  
 “ the Berries boiled in water, is *made a drink*, and drunk much  
 “ amongst the Arabians and Turks, and also now in Europe.”—  
 As for the manner of its being first made a trade of in England,  
 I shall give you the following account: “ Anno 1652, one  
 “ Edwards came over into England, and married the daughter of  
 “ one Alderman, Hodges. This Hodges settled to drink Coffee  
 “ with Edwards with much delight. After this, Edwards set up  
 “ one Pasqua for a Coffee-man. The Ale-house-keepers, fearing  
 “ it would spoil their trade, petitioned the Lord Mayor against  
 “ him. Upon this, Hodges joined as a partner with Pasqua one  
 “ Bowman. At the last, Pasqua died, and Bowman kept the  
 “ trade; and, when he died, left his wife, who had been Hodges’s  
 “ cook-maid, pretty rich; but she died poor.—John Painter was  
 “ Bowman’s first apprentice. Bowman died; and, after a year,  
 “ his wife let the house to one Batler, whose daughter married  
 “ Humphrey Hodskins, Bowman’s second apprentice.” And,  
 after some time, the trade grew universal: but what was the rise  
 of Batson’s, Will’s, or Richard’s, I cannot tell. But this I have  
 been told: “ Coffee hath greatly encreased the trade of Tobacco and  
 “ Pipes, Earthen Dishes, Tin Wares, News-papers, Coals, Candles,  
 “ Sugar, Tea, Chocolate; and what not? Coffee-houses make all  
 “ sorts of people sociable; they improve Arts and Merchandize,  
 “ and all other knowledge. And a worthy Member of this  
 “ Society has thought that Coffee-houses have improved useful  
 “ knowledge very much.”—I thought to have proceeded to give  
 an historical account of the most remarkable trades in England;  
 as Chimney-sweeping, Tinkers, Pedlars, &c.; and what were the  
 names

names of those that were first of that employment, as also the names of their apprentices, and who they married. But, since I have pressed upon your patience so long, I shall force no more upon you than you are willing to bear. But, pray, let me ask your opinion of these "Philosophical Transactions," and what thoughts you have of my Friends. Are they not men that take a great deal of pains to improve knowledge, and let nothing pass that is worth noting?

GENT. Much pains, it must be allowed, ye have taken: it is pity ye had not considered to what purpose.

TRANS. Why, is there not a great deal of natural knowledge to be learned from what I have written and published?

GENT. Sir, one may learn how prettily you and your Correspondents are employed; but nothing that will make a man wiser, or more a Philosopher: for what am I the wiser, for knowing "the Mice creep into holes," or "how nastily the Moors pull their meat?" Nor is what you have acquainted me with, of the generation of Fleas, any more than what a lousy beggar could have told many years ago. And as for your Coffee-story, I take it to be a tale fit to be related only amongst old women and mechanicks.

TRANS. And is that all you can see in such improvements?

GENT. No, Sir, it is not all: for your Correspondent tells us, that Coffee promotes the Tobacco trade, and consumes Pipes and Candles. But, I suppose, any Coffee-woman knows that, without the assistance of your Friend to inform her.

TRANS. Well, since I see you are resolved not to think so well of my Correspondents as I could wish, I beg your pardon for entertaining you so long with such Philosophical relations; which, I perceive, instead of diverting, have made you uneasy. But yet, I must tell you, my Correspondents will not be discouraged from pursuing their design, though the whole World laugh at them.

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# USEFUL TRANSACTIONS

I N

P H I L O S O P H Y,

A N D

OTHER SORTS OF LEARNING:

I N T H R E E P A R T S.

- I. For the Months of JANUARY and FEBRUARY, 1708-9.
- II. For MARCH and APRIL, 1709.
- III. For MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, and SEPTEMBER, 1709.

USEFUL TRANSACTIONS

" I shall not scruple to confess, that TRUTH, in some cases,  
 " may beget ADMIRATION. MATHEMATICAL TRUTHS,  
 " especially of new-invented Theorems, will raise it to a very  
 " extraordinary degree. Witness, that known story of the old  
 " Mathematician, who hit upon a considerable discovery as he  
 " was bathing; and, in an ecstasy and transport of mind, ran  
 " home naked through the public streets. But how observable  
 " is it here, that even in a TRUTH, it is *its seeming conformity*  
 " *to Error* that produces this admiration, by the common way  
 " of *novelty* and *surprize*: as when we find the *ratio* between  
 " two things (whose distance makes an exact comparison appear  
 " impossible) by a *medium* that seemed beyond the reach of  
 " human wit to discover or apply."

Critical and Philosophical Enquiry into the  
 Causes of Prodigies and Miracles, &c.

- I. For the Months of JANUARY and FEBRUARY, 1702.  
 II. For MARCH and APRIL, 1703.  
 III. For MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, and SEPTEMBER, 1703.



## USEFUL TRANSACTIONS.

(To be continued Monthly, as they sell.)

## P A R T I.

For JANUARY and FEBRUARY, 1708-9.



## P R E F A C E.

**I**T has been an old saying, "That there is no opinion so absurd, but that it has been maintained by some Philosopher;" as, "That Snow is Black; that Cabbages speak in the Moon; and that the Magpye is the most considerable Lawyer in the Sun; that the birds called *Ganzas* will carry a Man up to those countries as Griffins will to the South Continent." Some tell us, "That this Moon is such another thing as Mambrino's Brass Bason in Don Quixote;" but Don Lamberto, in his famous History, proves it, by arguments undeniable, from mutton green boiled that is red, from green geese that are white, &c. "that, notwithstanding its appearance, it is made of Green Cheese." Some tell us, "That Women have no Souls; that Self-murder is lawful and convenient; that Mince-pye and Plumb-porridge are sinful at Christmas; that there is no Motion, no Pain;" with a thousand such-like fancies, which have considerably shewn both their wit and judgement. It may not improperly be said at present, that there is nothing in any art or science, how mean soever it may seem at first, but that a true Virtuoso, by handling it philosophically, may make of it a learned and large Dissertation. The Athenians, in their prosperity, first began such discourses for want of other diversions; the Romans, being much taken up with their wars, had not so large (though some) share in them. The Italians have had abundance of their Academies under whimsical names, as the *Insensible*, the *Astonished*, the *Raving*, the *Doubtful*, the *Ignorant*, and a multitude of others. The French have fallen into this same method, and have made

so considerable a progress in their amusements, essays, and experiments, that they have given a very good handle for imitation to the Britons. They have, as they are better at improvement than invention, made a great progress in the most curious parts of Philosophy, especially natural and mechanical. And yet what vast provinces still remain untouched! Alexander, had he lived now, might have daily found new worlds to conquer. The worthy Authors of the present "Useful Transactions" have communicated some of them, but have infinitely more in their closets. These shew, that good Housewives, Trades-men, Boys, Pedlars, Semstresses, Poets, Gipsies, and indeed all sorts of professions, may be useful to the world, if they study Philosophy, and set their characters in a true light. The Gentlewoman, who wrote the discourse about the Invention of Samplers, is of a very grave and sedate temper, and can use her pen in prose or poetry as well as her needle. She is daily making new collections of ancient characters wrought in embroidery, both upon woollen and linen. She had lately an old piece of frize sent her; the letters indeed are picked out, but the stitches imitate some words that have been there. This shews marking, and, as we may call it, writing upon cloth, to have been very much used in King Henry the Eighth's time; this, as she says, being some of that famous coat, part frize, part cloth of gold, which Charles Brandon, who had married the Queen Dowager of France, wore at a noble tournament, with this elegant motto,

"Cloth of frize, be not too bold,

"Though thou art join'd to cloth of gold.

"Cloth of gold, do not despise,

"Though thou art join'd to cloth of frize."

The same Author took the opportunity of a Western boat to Chelsea as soon as the last great frost broke, not valuing her health so much as the curiosity of seeing a band, that is enclosed in a glass case, at the repository of the ingenious Mr. Salter, famous for his Coffee, Musick, Punch, and Poetry. It is very well attested to have been the band which King Charles II. wore in his troubles, under the habit of a country-man. The hem, the plaits in the neck, and the fashion, she says, are of that age and quality; but she was particularly delighted with the ingenuity of the darning that is at the collar. The honest Welsh School-

master

master is a plain man, and is far from designing any reflexion upon that country. The person who vindicates Millers and Taylors does the latter, as obliged to them for their trust and fidelity. The Collections from Meursius will shew that learned Foreigners can spend their time as usefully as the Britons, and so make them not too vain of their own perfections. The last Essay has a great variety of language, though the sense be much the same; and, if it may give encouragement to some of our modern Poets, it will have its end. The whole is designed to promote Learning as much as any thing of the same nature and method that for these many years last past has appeared in publick. Farewell.

N<sup>o</sup>. I.

An ESSAY on the INVENTION of SAMPLERS; communicated by Mrs. JUDITH BAGFORD: with an Account of her COLLECTIONS for the same<sup>a</sup>. By Mrs. ARAELLA MANLY, School-mistress at Hackney.

“THE antiquity” of Samplers has not been “treated of by so many Authors” as such a subject may seem to deserve<sup>b</sup>. “I shall now only give a short account of the observations I have made so many years” from old pieces of linen, of such several sorts and kinds as I could find in Long-lane, Thieving-lane, Monmouth-street, and other repositories of valuable rarities. “The general notion of most Authors is, that we had the original of them from the Chinese; but others are not in the least inclined to that opinion, for at that time of day we

<sup>a</sup> Mr. Humfry Wanley, F. R. S. communicated to the Royal Society, “An Essay on the Invention of Printing, by Mr. John Bagford; with an account of his Collections for the same.” He was Librarian to Lord Oxford; and died July 6, 1726.

<sup>b</sup> See Phil. Transf. for April, 1707, vol. XXVI. p. 2397.

"had no knowledge of them," p. 2397<sup>c</sup>. I cannot tell that; for Sir John Mandevile<sup>d</sup>, if there be any truth in History, was among them, and might bring from them not only that, but many other inventions, too exquisite for the relish of that age. I was told by a learned man, that their silks and earthen ware have all their several marks and writings upon them. I confess, I love them so well, that I could be content to have enough to be every day tired with looking on their several inscriptions.

However, without entering into any dispute, the necessity of Samplers seems to have begun amongst the Heathen Gods themselves; for it was high time for Admetus and Hercules to brand their cattle both with their christian and surname, when there were such thieves abroad as Mercury and Cacus.

But the first account of that matter, as to our own sex, is that of Arachne; who, weaving finer canvas for Samplers, by which young people might work by threads, incurred the anger of Pallas, hanged herself, and was afterwards turned into a spider, whose web still continues wrought with space intervening at equal distance. It is certain that our sex was come to perfection in them before the time of Pandion, who had a daughter named Philomela, who went to see her sister Progne married to one Tereus king of Thrace. Now it grieves my heart to think of this poor creature; not so much because this same Tereus ravished her, but because he cut out her tongue, and pared her nails, so that she had no weapons to defend herself, and put her into a huge castle, allowing her neither pen, ink, nor paper: but, as we say, "no wit like a woman's" she—having from her childhood minded her Sampler, set forth the whole story in needle-work, and sent it to her sister. Tereus would afterwards have killed them both; but they were changed, one into a swallow,

<sup>c</sup> This and the following references to pages point out similar passages in the "Philosophical Transactions."

<sup>d</sup> Born at St. Alban's about the beginning of the fourteenth century. He was bred to physick; but, possessing an invincible desire for travelling, left England in 1332, and did not return for four and thirty years. In that time, he had traveled through an infinite number of countries, and learnt almost all languages. He published his Itinerary in English, French, and Latin; and it was translated into German, Dutch, and Italian. His rambling disposition leading him to a second journey, he died at Liege, Nov. 17, 1371. The best Edition of his Travels is that in 8vo, printed in 1725, from a MS. in the Cotton Library.

the



the other into a nightingale. Here it is very remarkable, that the memory of this story does at present continue; for there are no Samplers, which proceed in any measure beyond the first rudiments, but have a tree and nightingale sitting on it, as may be proved by many instances, more particularly one I took from a child's breast whose nose was not of the cleanest, appeasing it in the mean time with a piece of ginger-bread.

"I think therefore we might more probably take the rise of Samplers from the ancient Grecians their marks or names at the bottom of their pots, bowls," (ibid.) and other things, especially if that opinion be true, which learned men affirm, that the Greeks had traffick here with England long ago; and that our language has a great many words entirely Greek; which I should be mighty glad of, because I love it ever since Mr. Prestwich said he would in an evening's time teach me that or any other language I had a mind to. I went once to see his curiosities; where he brought a piggen, marked, as I thought, "X. S." which, he said, stood for Xantippe Socrates, and was used by her to throw water on her husband's head. It was ancient, and not very redolent. He shewed me a bowl, with "D. O. G." upon it, which, he said, was that of Diogenes, an ill-natured philosopher. He shewed me several other wooden platters and washing-tubs, the letters all branded into the wood, just as we do them now. He said further, "that the Romans took this art from the Greeks;" and shewed me an old great long table-cloth, marked "J. U. L." which, he says, Julius Caesar left behind him in Britain; a dirty handkerchief, marked "N. E. R." which, he said, once belonged to Nero; it was very bloody. I asked him, why he did not wash them. "Oh, fie!" says he, "that is not like an Antiquary! It is the dirt makes them valuable." He said, "That, about the time of Domitian, there lived one Hermogenes, that would let no sort of linen escape him. Then *marking* came most in fashion, that people might know their own again. And upon that, he opened a large chest of old linen; which, he said, "had been left him by his mother, who had the honour to be a Pawn-broker." These he valued extremely, for their variety of marking; saying, "That, if he could not get a very large sum for them, he would, at his death, leave them to some public repository."

But

But to proceed in my subject. Though the Roman soldiers' wives might bring Samplers into England; yet the British, for many ages, had no occasion, or, at least, could not use them. For Boadicea and her daughters, that always wore helmets, had no occasion or leisure to mark head-cloaths. The Britons had as little, seeing their table-cloths and napkins were only clean rushes many years after the Conquest. Hengist and Horfa brought over with their Saxon forces a banner with a raven embroidered on it by their sister; but whether their linen was marked with "H H's," is not in history. When the top of the country had only fresh straw for their bedding, it is not probable they were so curious as to mark their sheeting. "I could not find in the Bodleian Library at Oxford," (*ibid.*) whither I went out of curiosity, and was "kindly entertained by my Aunt Pollard's son Nicholas," (*ibid.*) that in ancient time the ladies had any linen worth marking. Dervorgilla<sup>e</sup>, wife to John Baliol<sup>f</sup> King of Scots, and Margaret Dutcheſs of Richmond<sup>g</sup>, Mother to King Henry the Seventh, have nothing but plain ordinary headcloaths. Mrs. Dorothy Wadham<sup>h</sup> seems to have had lawn, but too much starched. Queen Elizabeth had lace; but of her hereafter.

Having brought it down to this age, it is my humble opinion, that Samplers began to be in fashion in King Henry the Eighth's time; for, before that, none but the clergy had learning enough to read. And pray then what use could marking of linen be of to the laity, when no person could tell by the letters

<sup>e</sup> Sometimes written "Devorgilla;" joint foundress with John Baliol of the College of that name, 1263.—Her picture in the Oxford gallery was taken from Jenny Raikes, an apothecary's daughter at Oxford, who was esteemed a beauty, and was twice married; first, to Mr. Mugg, rector of Stockport, who left her the advowson of that rectory; and afterwards to one Allen a clergyman, who had been a buccaneer, and who, after he had got possession of the advowson, brought from Jamaica another wife and several children. See Granger, vol. I. p. 30.

<sup>f</sup> His portrait is said to have been painted from an Oxford blacksmith.

<sup>g</sup> Foundress of Christ's College, Cambridge.

<sup>h</sup> Daughter of the famous Sir William Peke, wife to Nicholas Wadham, and joint foundress with her husband, in 1609, of the college which bears their name. They were Catholics, and had formed a design of establishing a seminary at Venice: but the love of their country proved superior to their religious prejudices.

whose

whose it was unless they went to the Priest, and that was a certain way to lose it. "Gammar Gurton's Needle"<sup>1</sup> made one of the most entertaining interludes of that time; it is printed in a black Letter, but not improper to be read in boarding-schools. I have one of Scogan's night-caps, who was jester to that king, with his name at length. And this I think "to have been taken from playing-cards: if it be certain that playing-cards are as old as our King Henry the Sixth, nothing that I have seen or considered seems to give so fair a hint for Samplers," (ibid.) for we see the court-cards all marked with their proper names, as David, Rachel, Judith, Alexander, Hewson, &c. according to their different countries and ages.

"I could give you a specimen of two or three Samplers exact as they were embroidered; but I am apt to believe that if some curious persons," together with the church-wardens of Islington, Hackney, Chelsea, Camberwell, and such-like places, had the liberty of looking into the several Boarding-schools, there might be found other specimens of *female ingenuity*." P. 2398.

The ancient Samplers began first with eyelet-holes; then cut-work was invented first at Harleim." (ibid.) The invention of hobbins I do not find in any good Author; some refer it to the time of Queen Elizabeth<sup>k</sup>, when she was detained in prison: it began with purle and footing, and afterwards to bone-lace, now made in good perfection in Buckinghamshire.

Then several sorts of lace came into England, raised-point, point of Venice, Colbertine, and Flanders lace, all according to the several inclinations and factions of parties, as the people inclined either to the French or Spaniard. P. 2399.

Afterwards these sort of matters "were esteemed so great a rarity, that pedlars carried them in bags at their backs, and got money at great mens houses," (ibid.) by selling gimp-lace and garters with the word "Jerusalem" upon them, and so gained the money which children and servants had otherwise bestowed in apples and oranges, causing their learning to overcome their appetites.

The Ladies first began, as I said, the marking of their linen; then "it was practised by the working goldsmiths," who made

<sup>1</sup> Re-printed in Doddsley's Collection of Old Plays, vol. I.

<sup>k</sup> Mr. Granger's character of this queen (vol. I. p. 131.) is curious and judicious.

use of it for the security of their plate; afterwards "pewter" came to be marked, and copper to be engraved. We have a "dark story of it in some Authors; but I shall enlarge upon this subject." P. 2400.

I should tire you, Madam, should I tell you all my collections.

"I have specimens of threads of all sorts, as well of those used in foreign countries as in England," p. 2407. So button-makers have patterns of all buttons, from the bigness of those upon cloaks and Punch's doublet, to the smallest upon a Dutchman's waistcoat.

"Then *washing* shall be handled in all its several ages and times; also the form and size of folding, sewing, and ironing of linen, in several countries," p. 2401.

I have several specimens of knot-works, p. 2408.

I have a large collection of quilted balls.

I have the devices, rebuses, signs, effigies, marks, and epitaphs, (p. 2409,) of all the shop-keepers in the Old and New-Exchange; together with the rise and metamorphosis of Salisbury Change; the various fate of Exeter Change, and several other places, as Pater Noster Row, Ludgate Hill, &c.

I was very much concerned "to satisfy my curiosity" about the "statue" of a lady that I heard had killed herself with working<sup>1</sup>. "This very much ran in my mind, to be farther satisfied that it was in Westminster, and not at St. Catharines. So my friend Mrs. Betty Clavel and I, upon the 23d of October, 1706, (the day I shall never forget) took boat for Westminster." When we came there, we found an old man who "was Church-keeper, or, as we call it, a Sexton, for so the word signifies both in the German and Dutch language; this gave me much satisfaction," p. 2401—2404. But he knew little of the matter. Then a maid profered to shew me the Parliament house: I, thinking it might be there, went with her, but to very little purpose. After "having gratified the maid for her trouble, we addressed ourselves to an old gardener, that was at work in the College-garden; for Mrs. Bullord had enquired of him, when we first came into the garden, whether he knew any thing of such a statue; and he readily told her he could shew her it," p. 2404. We found the statue amongst the tombs, as

<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Ruffel. The story has no other foundation than a misapprehension of the statuary's design.



sitting upon a marble, and extending her hand, and one finger more particularly, in which she was wounded. This, through concern and indignation, made me break forth into the following verses :

“ Who could believe that a fine needle’s smart  
 “ Should from a finger pierce a virgin’s heart ;  
 “ That, from an orifice so very small,  
 “ The spirits and the vital blood should fall ?  
 “ Strephon and Phaon, I’ll be judg’d by you,  
 “ If more than this has not been found too true.  
 “ From smaller darts, much greater wounds arise,  
 “ When shot by Cynthia’s or by Laura’s eyes.”

We returned home with extreme satisfaction, but something weary ; as you may chance to be, unless I conclude, and defer the rest to another time. I am, upon all occasions, yours, &c.



Nº II.

Some NATURAL OBSERVATIONS, made in the School of LLANDWWFWRHWY. By R. P. during his Residence there<sup>m</sup>.

S I R,

Llandwwfwrhwy, March 1, 1708.

SEEING your papers communicated to the publick, in the most ingenious “ Transactions” of the Royal Society ; and being fired, I hope, or rather presume, with a desire and expectation of equal glory ; I recollected that saying of Mr. Cowley, “ Tentanda via est, quâ me quoque possim Tollere humo.” And thence, upon serious recollection of past accidents of my life, I thought it might not be useless to posterity, nor to mankind at present, to give an account of what has happened to me, since I first came to be a school-master.

In the memorable year 1688, being an hundred years after the “ Spanish invasion,” and twenty years before this present year—as may appear by the most exact calculation—a person,

<sup>m</sup> “ Some Natural Observations made in the Parishes of Kinardsey and Donington, in Flintshire, by the Rev. Mr. George Plaxton,” are in Phil. Transf. April 1707, vol. XXVI. p. 2418.

whose goodness is greater than my deserts, preferred me to the school of *Llandwysfwrhwy*. At my coming to the town, I found persons of all sorts and sexes; men, women, and children. And that day (as I shall always remember) there was a woman brought to bed of seven live children, which, dying soon after, were put into a tray, being half boys, and half girls, viz. three boys and three girls, and one hermaphrodite. I could not but wonder how persons should be so prolific in so barren a place; for the town was surrounded with large mountains, nor did you "come into it any way upon arable land," p. 2418. For there is but one way to the town or parish, and that was not convenient for a coach and six horses to turn in. This is all expressed in the very name of *Llandwysfwrhwy*; for *W* is significant of a mountain, and the more *W*'s there are in a town's name, the more mountains about it, p. 2419. Now there are few towns in Wales without a *W*. The name of the very country itself beginning with it, shews it to be the predominant letter of the nation. Now *W*, in this town's name, being four times multiplied into itself, produces *W* four, or the fourth power of the root *W*; which is equal to *W* mountains quadratically multiplied into *W* mountains, which make a power of mountains.

The word *Llan* is the same that the Scots and Irish pronounce *Clan*, which signifies a company of people of the same lineage; and indeed I found in this town, not only all of them akin each to the other, but likewise to all Welshmen besides; and, which most surprized me, as they said, were all gentlemen. The word *Dwysf* is not unlike in sound and signification to the English word *Tuff*, *Ruff*, *Gruff*. The word *Rwby* is likewise the same as the English word *crooked* or *awry*. So that, the pedigree of the name of *Llandwysfwrhwy* being thus explained, it appears to be a town encompassed with mountains, with a rough crooked way leading to it.

These mountains "seem to be nothing else," p. 2419, but a composition of such hard, rocky, marmoreous, flinty, lapideous, stony, scopulous, torrey, cretaceous, obdurate, petrifactory, intractable, indissoluble, and, in a word, mountainous matter, as the Deluge could not carry away, nor the rains for many infinite numbers of years, although "*gutta cavat lapidem*," be able to penetrate, nor indeed cause such an impression upon them as they might become fit for ploughing or pasturage.

Now, speaking of mountains, I cannot but take notice, that amongst them is a sort of animal, that is neither sheep nor cow, but serves the inhabitants instead of both: it is endued with gravity, and bearded like a Philosopher from its infancy; its favour is of the rankest, and its manners inclined to voluptuousness; it ascends those mountains with great facility, without any help of stairs or ladder, even to the utmost summit, where its owner dares not follow, and a telescope is wanting to survey its proportion: it is very moderate in its diet, and lives upon much less than a maid and a cat at board-wages; so that in that point I can compare it to nothing but a hackney horse, that is left to feed upon rack-staves, or some of my acquaintance and yours that will flea a flint upon any occasion. The sides of some of these mountains are not impervious by art, (*ibid.*) with such instruments as pickaxes, maundrills, sledges, iron crows, spades, and such like things. Within the veins lies a bituminous, sulphureous, and opake sort of brittle stone, combustible, inflammable; which, being carried first in wheelbarrows, and afterwards in carts to the town, is by the inhabitants called pit-coal, with which the most industrious young gentlewomen of the family generally make a fire, which serves for many uses, as warming their fingers in winter, brewing their ale, seldom for washing their linen, sometimes for toasting their noses, but daily for toasting their cheese. Wood faggots are scarcer here than at Bath or Northampton. I have seen some fruit-trees in the adjoining vallies, particularly one, whose deliciousness is protected with many pungent excrescences, and its fruit is black when it is red, and red when it is green. There are several trees of above a foot high, which bear a plumb called *drumwbyddyth*, almost as good, if not the same, as you and the North-Britons call a sloe, or a flee. Ashes, elms, oaks, and crab-trees, we have none; so that we have no conveniency of a gallows nearer than Chester. As for our grass, it is as long as that upon any of your hearths whatsoever; and for our hay, it is just enough to frighten a fat ox, "dry up a milch cow, and starve a horse," p. 2420.

One thing I must further observe to you, that within the parish, about half a mile from the church, is a pretty farm, called Llandavie, where formerly St. David's ancestors lived; it is composed of sand, broken stones, gravel, and rubbish, brought, as we may suppose, from the neighbouring hill. The ancient edifice

consists of one large room, in which there is an alcove, or an apartment for the gentry, divided by several furze faggots from the offices, where usually lodge a poney, a cow and calf, and two milch goats, when they are so civil to come home for calling for; the whole "farm is a thousand nine hundred yards in compass, "and sixteen, eighteen, and twenty yards in breadth: it is scarce "conceiveable how considerable a rent it yields the Lord Ap "Noah, whose ancestors purchased it from the Lord Ap Me- "thusalem," p. 2420.

But to come properly to my own habitation; in the school of which, next under her Majesty, I am supreme head and governor. It was built, or rather hewed out of a rock, by Rayner, alias Morgan Dha, that is, the good Morgan, in the days, and by the command, of the patriarch Enoch Dha. All the damage it sustained by the Flood was contracting some damp; but Japhet, knowing what Wales was, sent his eldest son Price Ap Japhet, who, coming there, endowed the school with twenty chauldron of coals yearly, which noble benefaction does, or at least should, still continuë. Since the Flood, there have been four hundred sixty-six, and I am the four hundred sixty-seventh master; before the Flood, they living long, there were but two, Rice Ap Evan Dha the good, and Davie Ap Shones Gonnah, or the naught, in whose time the Flood came; so that, by adding two to 467, if I am not mistaken, I am the 469th master from Reyner, alias Morgan Dha, the founder—and God blefs him, and Rice Ap Japhet too!

When I came to the school, I found but four that could read without book, and never a one but one that could write; and he could not write neither, for he had neither pen, ink, nor paper, nor his father before him. But I and my usher, who is my wife, by great industry, encreased my school to six, all the most considerable persons of the parish sending their sons and daughters to us: so that then I had two that could read, four that could not read, and never a one that could write; and, by the mathematicks, it is easy to calculate how much they improved. It is remarkable, I had never a scholar under two years old, nor any much more than thirty, though I have in other places known several that have been upwards of forty. As my scholars were preferred to shoes and stockings, they went off; "so that, as I remember," p. 2421, at one triennial visitation of the Bishop, the schoolmaster



of Llandwffwrhwy being called, and asked by the Bishop how many scholars he had; I answered, "I had none; for, by great industry, I had so accomplished them, that their parents, by my advice, according to their capacities, had thought fit to provide well for them in the bordering counties, some to feed sheep, and some to steal them."

Near this town is the finest garden in the world; for it is the most productive of leeks, and those the most redolent. It is the antient garden of St. David, from whence he took the victorious leeks with which his soldiers were crowned this day; it is enclosed with a natural stone wall, p. 2422, upon which is this inscription:

*Dwyth Llwydd Dwynnyth,  
Llwyd Dwyth Whynnyth,  
Whynnyth Llwyd Whyn,  
Llwyd, Whynnyth Gwynn,  
Gwynn Dwynnyth Whyth  
Whynnyth Llwyd Dwyth.*

It is observable, that, in this inscription, there are but eight letters; but each of them, by the different placing of words, is significant of several things: from which I think it is plainly demonstrable, that in St. David's time the Welsh had only these eight letters, *D, G, H, L, N, T, W, Y*, one of which letters, viz. *H*, is generally said to be no letter, so that we cannot positively affirm these eight letters to be more than seven; and that the rest have been added unnecessarily, by the superfluity and luxuriousness of after-ages, to express such habits, diet, and utensils, as were unknown to the antient Britons. I think I may not have injured them by the following translation:

"Come, Britons, come, and each receive

"Such verdant Leek as tempted Eve;

"Transplanted here from paradise,

"'Twill safely make ye brave and wise;

"'Tis with this scent we will oppose

"The sweetness of the English rose."

I design you a second Letter. In the mean time, "Vale, vir doctissime; et Societatem summam quâ decet observantiâ meo nomine saluta. Tuus per omnes casus,

"R. P."

## No III.

An ESSAY, proving, by Arguments Philosophical, that MILLERS, though falsely so reputed, yet in reality are not THIEVES; with an intervening Argument that TAYLORS likewise are not so. In a Letter to Dr. HARBOROUGH, from Dr. WILLIAMS.

SIR,

I KNOW you to be a person of great ingenuity and candour, which are always averse to scandal and ill-nature; and therefore would be willing to have matters set right, which might any ways reflect upon your neighbours. I shall endeavour, though not so fully as I intend hereafter, to set the reputation of *millers* in a true light, and to shew that the common notion people have of their being *thieves* does not proceed from any innate ill principles of the *miller's* morality, *quatenus miller*; but from the inadvertency or ignorance that the world has hitherto had of Philosophical experiments. But, to shew you the censoriousness of the age in a parallel case, there was a gentleman of some dignity began to complain that his *taylor* had cheated him of almost half a yard of cloth in making his gown. I was very sorry to find any gentleman so uncharitable; and told him, "that he might not possibly be acquainted with the timiditous, contractive, and shrinkative qualities of cloth, from its first constitution: for every one knows that cloth from the weavers is about twice as broad as the same cloth when it comes from the fullers, for there it is put into a place where it is pounded as the Philosopher was by the tyrant in his mortar: this creates in it a natural aversion to all things that may conduce to its torment. Then it is hung upon the rack; and, by tenters, crueller than what Regulus endured, is stretched to its utmost limits, and then scarified with the cruel prickles of the most piercing teazles." I desired to know, "if this were not sufficient to occasion strange horror of pain. Then is the same cloth often immerfed in cauldrons of the most nauseous and scalding liquors." Nor does dying there content its enemies, who throw

"it

" it into The Thames, or some other raging flood; and there,  
 " by vast poles, with ponderous lead annexed, plunge it into the  
 " stream, till the very waters themselves look black, blue, and  
 " red, upon such dismal occasions. But, after all, when it is  
 " pressed under the heaviest weights, a punishment thought fit-  
 " ting by the British laws only to be inflicted upon the most  
 " obstinate of criminals, it cannot but for the future have a dread  
 " of all things that may procure its affliction." Then I began to  
 open to him the several causes of shrinking: as, first, " That  
 " it might be occasioned by wetting, of which there are many  
 " instances in the treatises of humidity: then it might, on the  
 " contrary, be caused by fire, as we may see daily in bay and  
 " laurel leaves, which, first contracting themselves in the flames,  
 " at last burst forth with a bombardous sort of report; as like-  
 " wise in parchment, and more particularly in a Book preserved  
 " out of the Fire of London, where the letters remain legible,  
 " the former being small by making the best of their way, and  
 " the rest diminished in proportion, according to the haste they  
 " could make after them. Nay, this sort may likewise proceed  
 " from the want of heat, as in old men and women; and this is  
 " properly called *shriveling*. Then shrinking may be for fear;  
 " this some Authors denote by *shrinking away*, *slinking away*;  
 " but my Manuscript, which is an exact copy of a Glossary out  
 " of the Duke of Burgundy's Library, has it now plainly *running*  
 " *away*, of which the French have given many instances, at  
 " Blenheim, Ramillies, The Scheld, Brussels, and several other  
 " places. This may very seasonably be used by rational creatures,  
 " to avoid a blow; when we see the inanimate use it upon a  
 " touch of the fingers, of which the sensitive-plant is a sufficient  
 " demonstration. Then there is a shrinking of the sinews; either  
 " by a *spasmus*, which is a convulsive crampation of the part;  
 " or else by a total breach of the nerve, as in the strings of a  
 " musical instrument, which, being cracked in the middle, each  
 " part retires with great precipitation." Then I shewed him,  
 " How cloth had endured moisture, fire, water, blows innumer-  
 " able, pressures, extension, convulsion, contraction, and indeed  
 " every thing that was terrible: from whence I concluded, that  
 " I could not but believe that the boldest of materials, much  
 " more cloth, after such hard usage at the formidable approach  
 " of a taylor's large pair of sheers, would be apt to retrocede, ter-  
 " giversc,

“giveſe, or contract itſelf; and that, immediately upon the  
 “intervening of the ſheers, this would be done by both ſides  
 “of the cloth ſo diſmally ſeparated; and that theſe contrac-  
 “tions or ſhrinkings would happen not once only, but often,  
 “upon various incifions of the ſame garment. This ſort of  
 “terror the Latins expreſs by *coit pannus*, an admirable word,  
 “which denotes all manner of coheſion, congreſſion, coition,  
 “coagulation, contraction, and ſuch like; not as if the two  
 “pieces of cloth came together again, as worms and ſnakes and  
 “other reptiles may do, if ſeparated, but that each part, upon  
 “the diviſion of the whole, ſhould ſo contract itſelf into itſelf,  
 “as not to let the ſeveral parts, if nicely meaſured, retain the  
 “ſame extenſion or longitude that they had in the whole piece.”  
 I diſcourſed to him, “How, after all, it was to endure the  
 “ſevereſt punctures of needles, which muſt neceſſarily cauſe its  
 “further contraction.” I diſcourſed to him of “the nature of  
 “turnings-in and hemmings, of ſtay-tape, ſtiffening, and gro-  
 “gram; of the cruel incifions it was to endure, for pockets and  
 “button-holes; how it muſt farther bear the ſcorching of hot  
 “ſearing-wax, and muſt bear the preſſure, heat and hiſſing, of a  
 “large iron gooſe when over-roaſted.” I therefore told him,  
 “That, for theſe various reaſons, no wonder if his cloth might  
 “have contracted itſelf for about half a yard.” I reminded him,  
 “That he was a ſcholar; that he ought to recollect how his  
 “Greek and Latin verbs contract themſelves; which was ob-  
 “vious to *him*, though abſolutely unknown to his *taylor*.” I  
 deſired him, “at leaſt to ſuſpend his cenſure till the publica-  
 “tion of my Treatiſes againſt the Vulgar Errors, “That Cats  
 “have Nine Lives,” and “That Nine *taylors* make but One  
 “*man*,” wherein I ſhall evidently ſhew that nine *taylors* are  
 “nine *men*, and deduce this from the ſerjeants rolls, the books  
 “of honeſt agents, authentic and undoubted muſters, and from  
 “advertisements, where more guineas are proſered to bring any  
 “one of them to Young Man’s Coffee-houſe, than is propoſed  
 “for the reduction of a loſt gelding or a lap-dog.” He promiſed  
 me at laſt to do it; ſince I ſhewed him, “that it would be  
 “highly injurious, when Philoſophical experiments ſeemed to  
 “evinced the contrary, to caſt the blemiſh of a fault upon a  
 “Society, that has one of the moſt noble Halls in London, and  
 “whoſe



“whose mystery is as ancient as mankind’s original parents.” But how far have I wandered ! I am afraid that I have made my porch so big, that my house may go through it.

Before any one pretends to judge of the honesty and veracity of a *mill*, it were proper that he should study Experimental Philosophy and the Cartesian hypothesis of atoms, together with the nature of vibration, rarefaction, and motion, and to have so far a knowledge in opticks as to make use of a magnifying-glass, and to read carefully all Mr. Leewenhoeck’s observations. All this *millers* should likewise do, for their own justification, when they have leisure time from their honest calling. Let us suppose now a bushel of corn to be carried to the mill. Alas ! what can in reason at most be expected back again, if it were wholly left to nature, and were not preserved by the carefulness of the *mill* ? We all know that the fine flour is inclosed in a thick husk ; and this husk being broken by the mill-stones, the flour issues forth by such attrition. It is the nature of every thing, to rejoice in liberty : when they are loosed, the particles make the best of their way by a quick vibration, moving to something on which they may settle, but far enough from the bran in which they were heretofore prisoners, although such flight generally tends to their own loss and destruction ; and hence there is no space in the mill, in which some or other do not take up their residence : which is an ocular demonstration, that it is the wantonness and perverseness of the flour, more than the fraud of the *mill*, which at the return makes the corn, as to its weight, oftentimes prove very deficient. I have always observed, how these impetuous atoms seize upon the cloaths, hands, face, and hair, of the *mill*, so as indeed to render him a ghastly spectacle ; and I have been so far from thinking that the *mill* took the corn, that I have been more afraid lest the corn should steal the *mill*, especially considering the fury and rapaciousness of those animals, as I shew hereafter. The Latins, though no great Experimental Philosophers, were sensible of this ; and therefore called their finest flour *pollen*, from the Greek *πᾶλλον*, to signify the quickness of its vibration. And indeed this vibration gathers strength, not only from the innate heat of the corn, but from that which it acquires by the mill, which often proves so hot that it breaks forth into flames of its own generation. Now, if we think how much the corn must exhale and evaporate, especially being in such a sweat as it often

is, and its pores open, we must confess that it must decrease in weight according to the proportion of its exhalation, which is sometimes exorbitant. Now all this allowance must be made in justification of the *miller*; for, if the corn will *perspire*, it is not in his power to help it. There has been a great dispute amongst the Latin criticks, whether *meta* was the upper mill-stone, and *catinus* the lower (and indeed it was a very worthy controversy): but at last the cause was given against Paulus the Lawyer; and Scaliger and his party gained the day, that *catinus* was the lower mill-stone. Their reason seems to be irrefragable, from the name that it bears from its filching quality, being such a sort of thing as will have a lick if it knows of any thing good that is stirring. Now it were unjust to charge all that upon the *miller* which the nether mill-stone has taken; but prejudice will do any thing, and *catinus* may steal when the *miller's* horse may not look over the hedge. Nor is it in the power of the *miller* to restrain so many millions of unruly animals as there are in a bushel of corn when ground: some of them are winged like griffins, and fly up to the roof immediately; some hang by the walls like cats, whilst others lie upon the ground in the shape of hideous serpents. All this is perceivable by glasses, which shew us likewise what animals crawl upon the backs even of those animals. This, well thought of, would terrify such a beau as the Lord Foppington, to find, at the powdering of his perriwig, what a hideous number of monsters he bears about him. We should therefore pity, rather than reproach, the poor *miller* under such doleful circumstances. I would here rectify one grand mistake, which we have received from the Latins; who, I confess, tax the persons who ground their corn with being thieves: but, alack! they were not in the least regard like our *millers*; for they ground with a hand-mill, and, being slaves, were kept to very short allowance; and so, when opportunity served, would pilfer for their belly. But that is far from any resemblance with our *millers*, who are some of the ablest men in the parish, and, by the help of wind or water, grind in large quantities, and are so far from being thieves themselves, that they keep a dog (whose name, according to the song, is Bangor) to lie at the mill-door, and see that all is under safe custody, as far as the foregoing operations of nature will permit. These studies would likewise not be unuseful to *meal-men* and *bakers*, who generally lie under great imputations; for the latter

of which, it is said that our laws first contrived the pillory. But I hope, in time, Innocence may be defended by a more strict inquiry into Nature. In the mean while, be assured that I am, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> IV. and V.

An ACCOUNT of BOOKS: in LETTERS to Dr.  
LITTLEBRAND. By Dr. PLAYFORD.

N<sup>o</sup> IV.

An Account of MEURSIUS's Treatise of the GRECIAN  
DANCES.

HONOURED SIR,

I HAVE lately received two Books from Holland, which I have been long inquiring for, and at last cost me no inconsiderable price. They are two Works of Meursius. The first contains the several sorts of "Greek Dances," which wonderfully illustrate the Grecian story, and lets us considerably into the politicks of those times, and the various occurrences of human life, so as we may be the better able to direct our own for the future. I shall give you only a short specimen of them; for I design with all speed to get a society of Dancing-masters, both French and English, and so to shew that harmony which appears in our ancient and modern dances. We have indeed of late years made some efforts to describe our French and country dances, by books published with instructions for the same: but, alas! we are not come up to other nations; though we had long ago a sufficient example; for, in the year 1604, Casare Negri, a Milanese, and, as he styles himself, a famous and excellent professor of the art of contriving balls for courtiers and ladies, has not only printed their performers names in a beautiful folio, but has given a plain description of the dance, with its several varieties and cuts of the divers personages necessary to the performance. Among the rest, some for a man and two women, others for a woman and two men<sup>a</sup>; which dances I look upon to be very proper to be used

<sup>a</sup> See p. 127, of Negri's saltatrical publication.

by our bride-maids and bride-men, and may be introduced to good purpose at our country nuptials, and, for any thing I know, be as significant customs as untying the garters and throwing the stocking.

But to give you a taste of the great Meursius. I find his *chironomia* to be in use amongst us in various particulars; it is that motion in a dance, which makes the hands bear a correspondence with the feet, and both complete a *saltatrical*, or, as I may call it, a *dancitive* sort of gesture. The learned Hadrianus Junius takes notice of the *saltatio chironomica*; which our best critics interpret of morris-dancing, where the toss of the handkerchief and extension of the hands give a graceful turn to the whole performance. I know some derive the word morris-dance as if it were a Morisco or Moorish dance; and think it brought into England by those Embassadors that King John sent to Miramolim, Emperor of Morocco, when he profered to turn Mahometan, if assistance were granted to him against his Barons. Others carry it up as far as the Emperor Maurice, who was killed by Phocas, who set up Popery about the year 600: but I doubt not but I shall prove it much more ancient. The *chironomia*, as described by the old Scholiasts, is exactly like the sound made by our young ladies with their *castanets*, the *crepitacula*, or the *fistra* of the Phrygians and Ægyptians; and therefore I shall make no scruple to say, that the *chironomia* is most properly represented by our present *saraband*, which, though brought to us from Spain, and practised there by the Moors, yet was undoubtedly taken up by them from the Greeks, upon the Saracens overrunning the Eastern Empire. Here I cannot but observe the great mistake of all learned Dancing-masters, who write the word *castanets*, whereas it ought to be written *chesten-nuts*, as plainly appears by Bishop Cooper's "Dictionary." The colour and figure

° Thomas Cooper, born at Oxford, 1517; fellow of Magdalen College, 1540. When queen Mary came to the crown, he applied himself to physick, being secretly inclined to the Protestant religion: but on her death returned to divinity; took his Doctor's degree in March, 1566-7, and was about that time made dean of Christ Church; in 1569, dean of Gloucester; and next year bishop of Lincoln. In 1584, he was translated to Winchester; and, Nov. 17, 1588, preached a sermon at Paul's Cross, on the defeat of the Spanish armada. He died at Winchester, April 29, 1594. His "Thesaurus Linguae Romanæ & Britannicæ, &c.—Accessit  
"Dictionarium



figure of the present instrument is not unlike what we vulgarly call *chest-nuts*, and the sound is very agreeable to that of a nut-cracker, or that of a cat's tread when her feet are pinched in walnut-shells, and might keep time with the snap of a barber's fingers, though at present they, turning themselves to perriwig-making, have forgot their cittern<sup>p</sup> and their musick—I had almost said, to the shame of their profession.

Meursius has many beautiful descriptions, when he comes to the *tetragonoi*, the *tetragrammoi*, and the *tetracoloi* of the Grecians. These, consisting all of the number four, composed what we call country dances. These were plain at first; but, about the time of Alcibiades, as luxury increased, they had more than two couple, and about that time brought in *casting-off*, and the additional *chiromania*, or *clapping of hands*, sometimes with their own partner, and sometimes with another, so as to keep an equal time with the musick. The number of these is almost infinite: but I stay only for a new Edition of the *voluminous* Eustathius upon Homer; and then I will proceed to make their parallel with "Green Sleeves," "Health to Betty," "Parson upon Do-  
"rothy," "Cold and Raw," and many others, for which I hope to have the learned world's assistance.

Hè gives us an account of a very hard dance, if my Manuscript has it right, called *psalchadai*; which, consisting of the variety of motion by three persons, must have been the *bayes*, or something resembling it. I shall prove that dance very ancient, from the Furies, the Graces, and from Nature itself, when the Sun, Moon, and Earth make an eclipse, as is excellently set forth in that admirable system of Philosophy, "The Rehearsal<sup>q</sup>."

In the time of Pericles, when Athens flourished in buildings, musick, comedies, and all sorts of delight and pleasure with the greatest freedom, the noblest personages, being fond of the wise Aspasia, whose sound philosophy and reservedness kept them at a distance, invented the dances called *ormoi*, by us *kissing*-

"*Dictionary Historicum & Poeticum, &c.*" folio, printed in 1565, was so much esteemed by queen Elizabeth, that she endeavoured to promote the author for it in the church as high as she could: Bp. Gibson had a less favourable opinion of it. He was also the author of many other works.

<sup>p</sup> Or *cittern*, from *cithara*, a kind of harp. This was formerly part of the furniture of every Barber's Shop. See Sir John Hawkins's Notes on "Walton's Complete Angler," 8vo, 1766, p. 236.

<sup>q</sup> A well-known comedy, by the Duke of Buckingham.

dances:

*dances*: they had a brisk motion, which caused a great enlivening of the faculties, and elevating of the spirits; so that kisses then taken seemed to be out of rapture and ecstasy, more than out of the contrivance and design that was laid for them. But these dances had not the universal vogue for above four Olympiads, which was about sixteen years; for this happiness, as all others, had an inconvenience to attend it: for, if the *ormoi* were proposed, presently the old toothless grandmother, the long-nosed mother, the squinting freckled eldest sister, would be for putting in for part of so good an entertainment: so that Xantippus, who first began to discourage them, was pleased to say, "That, upon such occasions, what seemed to be gained by the penny, was really lost in the pound."

You know my friend Banderoussius, who has written that excellent Treatise of European Ornaments, and has admirably confuted Cravatesius and Ruffelius in many particulars. I here desire his opinion, to know whether the *thurecopicon* of the Epirots and Thracians, may not have been the same as "Buffcoat has no Fellow;" which is a dance no where can be practised so well as by the Train-bands of London and Westminster, and the Artillery-company in particular.

The *nymphai* was taken from the Shepherds and Nymphs of Arcadia; the dance was something rompish, and kept every person almost in motion. With us it is called "The Goddesses:" but, when the graver persons, such as Ceres, Vesta, Diana, came in, it was altered as to many of the measures, and had the name of "Sage Leaves," which may even now be called for by the most sedate person of the family.

It would require a large folio, to describe the *morphasmos* in all its particulars. It was sometimes a total change of shape, as in Posture Clark<sup>r</sup>; sometimes it represented the features and actions of other persons, as in our modern Scaramouches and Harlequins; sometimes they only disguised themselves by an unusual habit, not only diverting the publick in the theatre, but very often their private neighbours, with what we call *masquerading*. The Greeks had, upon this account, their *copha prosepia*, their dumb shews, which was action, though no voice; as our modern Opera's have voice and no sense. These we properly should call *mumtimers*; from whence we have changed the word

<sup>r</sup> See above, p. 18.

*mummers*, *mumpers*, *munners*. This comes from the Latin word *muttum*, as, Cornutus has it: *ne muttum unum omiseris; ne Mu quidem, vel Mut feceris*; "not a word," which is much more elegantly expressed in our usual phrase; "Mum for that." And I take this to come to us wholly from the Latin, being absolutely against the opinion of Blasius Multibibus, "De Jure Potandi;" who quotes Grifholdus Nicknackius, "Floia Cor-tum Versicale," a writer, in my judgement, not authentic; and the large Folio of Skieckius Rodornus (who proves High Dutch to have been the language of Japhet) to shew that Mum, even in this case, came from Brunswick; though I confess, if taken in a convenient quantity in a morning, it will occasion sleep as well as silence.

I should exceed the bounds of a Letter, should I discourse of all their *magadeis*, or *minuet*, of their *cordaxes*, being dances described both by Hesychius and Cicero, as exactly corresponding with our *jig*, as moving most to the numbers of trochees and tribraches, noted, by the consent of all Authors, as the most proper feet for cutting capers.

You have here a small sketch of what Meursius has done, to let us into the secret of the Greeks: it were to be wished that Mr. Prince, Isaac, Cavalry, Ruel, Le Sac, L'Abadie, Siris, and the rest, when they teach any dances, would acquaint us with the Authors of them, and the reasons of their names\*. This

\* Posterity will be at no loss for a description of the *timorodee* of *Otabette*. This dance, as we learn from the late curious publication of Dr. Hawkesworth, "is performed by young girls, whenever eight or ten of them can be collected together, consisting of motions and gestures beyond imagination wanton, in the practice of which they are brought up from their earliest childhood, accompanied by words, which, if it were possible, would more explicitly convey the same ideas. In these dances they keep time with an exactness which is scarcely excelled by the best performers upon the stages of Europe. But the practice, which is allowed to the virgin, is prohibited to the woman from the moment that she has put these hopeful lessons in practice, and realized the symbols of the dance." Yet in their society called *Arcey* (formed of a considerable number of the principal persons of both sexes, and in which every woman is common to every man) "the women, notwithstanding their occasional connexions with different men, dance the *timorodee* in all its latitude, as an incitement to desires, which, it is said, are frequently gratified upon the spot." This accurate description will surely never need the elucidation of a Meursius!

will undoubtedly be for the good of late posterity, who will be as curious to know all things as we are now; and therefore, had we any regard to our successors, we should not let future ages be put to the trouble of having their great Doctors and Librarians puzzling themselves with the several ages, names, and inventors, of our British and Irish dances, when some forty or fifty good printed Books or Manuscripts, rightly corrected by a learned Society, might set all things right, both at present and hereafter.



No V.

An Account of MEURSIUS's Book of the PLAYS of the GRECIAN Boys. In a second LETTER.

HONOUR'D SIR,

I HAVE formerly given you some account of the great Meursius's Book of "Greek Dances." I shall now give you some few but admirable remarks, out of his Treatise of the "Various Plays" of the Grecian Boys and Girls." Nor is this less useful than the former: it shews the natural sagacity of that nation from their infancy, for they had learning in their cradles; not unlike to Quintilian that excellent master of the Latins, and admirer of the Greeks, who provides even nurses for his future orators. But of this more at large in a Treatise of Nurses, wherein shall be explained all their songs, the true reason of rattles and corals, of hammers, goe-carts, whirligigs and dulcimers, &c. Meursius in this seems to have done like Homer, who, after his Iliads, published his Odysseys, comprehending in the last more knowledge of nature, and examples for the management of human life, than were in the former, though by many it may for the grandeur of its images be the more admired.

It is wonderful to consider what things great men have and do employ themselves in. Suetonius wrote a Book about the plays of the Grecian Children; and, that being lost, Meursius has endeavoured to restore it by a Book he has published from Elzevir's press, in which are many excellent things, from out of Athenæus, Suidas, Pollux, Hesychius, Tzetzes, the admirable Eustathius,



thus, and others. It is concerning their private recreations; for he had published one before about their dancing, of which some time ago I sent you an abstract<sup>s</sup>.

Indeed some of the plays are very remarkable; and very useful; as the *Ascoliasmus*, hopping upon one leg, and beating other boys with a leather, which the moderns call "Fox, to thy hole;" and requires great cunning, exercise, and patience, in the person by whom the fox is represented. But he has omitted the delineation of a pair of Hop-scotches, with the names of their several apartments, which I hope to retrieve and publish, together with the figure of the Hobby-horse that King Agesilaus used to ride upon with his children. That of Socrates and others are all observed by the ancients, and even Horace himself, to have been made of a long reed; and therefore the Hobby-horses introduced in "The Rehearsal" are absurd, and without any precedent from antiquity. They had likewise their *collabismus*; and so they had their *chytrinda*, answerable to our "Hot-cockles," which play the learned Littleton<sup>t</sup>, by a synonymous term, calls "Selling of pears," or "How many pears for a penny?" But as for the reason of those names, that ingenious Author has left us in the dark. The *muia calcbe*, by the Latins called *myinda*, by us "Blind-man's-buff," was universally received amongst them, and probably took its beginning from that barbarous contempt which was put upon the divine Homer after his blindness. They had likewise their *basilinda*, representing our "Questions and commands," or "King I am:" though afterward in these latter ages the word was referred to the sport of chusing King and Queen upon Twelfth-

<sup>s</sup> See the preceding Letter.

<sup>t</sup> Adam Littleton was born Nov. 8, 1627; was educated under Dr. Busby at Westminster, and from thence elected student of Christ Church, but ejected by the parliament visitors in 1648. He was afterward usher at Westminster; and in 1656 second master. After the Restoration, he kept a school at Chelsea, and was admitted rector of that church in 1674; the same year he was made a prebendary of Westminster, and had a grant to succeed Dr. Busby in the mastership of the school. He had been some years before appointed king's chaplain; and in 1670 accumulated his degrees in divinity, which were conferred upon him without taking any in arts, on account of his extraordinary merit. He was for some time sub-dean of Westminster. He died June 30, 1694. The first edition of his Dictionary was published in 1678.

night. But it is to be observed, that there was no Twelfth-night celebrated amongst the Grecians; by which they were deprived not only of plumb-cake, but of great diversion.

I have made it my general remark, that whereas the English plays have barbarous founding names, as, "Almonds and Raisins," "Puffs in a Corner," "Barley-break," "Push-pin," "Chicken-a-train-trow," and the like; those of the Grecians seem all as if they were ladies in romances, as *ecfustinda*, *elcufstinda*, *chytrinda*, *epbefinda*, *basfinda*, which several others. I design to search in the closets of the curious, for their tops, giggs, marbles, trapsticks, balls, and other instruments of their diversion: but I am afraid, that, being entrusted to persons of little forecast, as youths generally are, there may few of them, through the injury of time, remain at present, though they would be of the greatest value. It would be very useful, if some Virtuoso would put our childrens plays in a true light; for, amongst other things, would appear their truth and justice, in "going halves in birds nests;" their foresight and parsimony, in "hoarding apples;" and the great benefits, as to the increase of secrecy, fidelity, and friendship, that may be gained by robbing of orchards, as Mr. Osborn<sup>u</sup>, in the beginning of his "Advice to a Son," has extremely well observed.

To conclude this Discourse. I must acknowledge my happiness, who in a Manuscript found the following verses. The first was an English Ode, very ancient, harmonious, and useful to the publick, encouraging youth to exercise and hardship:

"Boys, boys, come out to play:

"The moon doth shine as bright as day.

"Come with a whoop, and come with a call,

"Come with a good will, or not at all.

"Lose your supper, and lose your sleep,

"To come to your playmates in the street."

<sup>u</sup> Francis Osborn, esq. His Works have been many times printed. The eighth edition, in 8vo, 1682, under the following title: "The Works of Francis Osborn, esq. Divine, Moral, Historical, Political; in Four several Tracts; viz. 1. Advice to a Son, in two parts. 2. Political Reflections on the Government of the Turks, &c. 3. Memoires on Q. Elizabeth and K. James. 4. A Miscellany of Essays, Paradoxes, Problematical Discourses, Letters, Characters, &c." He was born about 1589; and died Feb. 11, 1658-9.

There

There are some Manuscripts of this Ode, which have it, "Boys and Girls, come out to Play." But this I wholly disallow, as not agreeable either to the Latin or the Greek. Besides, it would be very rompsish, for young lasses to wander about by moon-light.

The second was in Greek, from whence the English was taken; it is in the most simple and antient Greek, composed in the ages before any other verse but the Hexameter was in fashion, and savours much of some ancient oracle or lawgiver; so that I take it to have been at least as old as Orpheus or Linus, and to have been composed by one of them:

*Κυμμίε, Μειβοίης· Μειβοίης, κυμμίε πλαιεῖν·*

*Μωνή ισασβρίας θηνεῖς τοπα νηνα διαῖ.*

*Κυμμίε συν ἔτω, συν ληδῶ κυμμίε καυλῶ.*

*Λευσίε συππηρεν, Μειβοίης, λευσίε βεδδον,*

*Συν τοῖς κομραῖδοισιν ἐν γρηῖεσι πλαιεῖς.*

I have set them down as they are in the Manuscript, without any accents; for they are known to be of a late invention, of little use, and very troublesome. I take the Greek of them to be the more elegant, by how much they approach nearer to the English.

The third is a Latin Ode, which I take to be about the age of Catullus—if not of that Author, before he came to reduce his verses to one certain measure, whereas here he gives himself a more Pindaric liberty:

*"Quæ mora! Nunc, pueri, currite, ludite!*

*"Jam radios cœlo dispergit Luna sereno*

*"Fratre suo non ipsa minor,*

*"Quin properate leves, vos currite, ludite!*

*"Clamorem hortantùm cupidis prævertite votis,*

*"Tardius ille venit quisque vocatus adest.*

*"Quin fugite, aufugite, accurrite, ludite!*

*"Non dapibus licet, aut facili indulgere sopori;*

*"Dum fervent per compita passim*

*"Vox Comitum, Lususque, & ter resonabilis Echo."*

I expect my son home from school next Easter; and then I hope to be furnished with more materials. In the mean time, believe me to be, &c,

## No VI.

A new METHOD to teach Learned Men how to WRITE UNINTELLIGIBLY: being Collections out of SOFTLINIUS, an Italian; Bardowlius and Bardocoxcombius, one Poet Laureat to King Ludd, the other to Queen Bonduca; Scornsensius an Egyptian, &c. Communicated by Mr. LOVEIT to Mr. LACKIT.

MR. LACKIT came very pensively one morning to Mr. Loveit's closet, entreating him, "by all means to assist him in an affair of consequence; for that he had resolved to write a Poem, but was unwilling to lye under the lash of the Criticks." "Nothing so easy," says Mr. Loveit; and, stepping to the next shelf, and thence reaching down a book, says, "This is the great Softlinius, an Italian Poet, who may be said to have been the Father of Song, Sonnet, Masque, and Opera, from Petrarch downwards. The words indeed seem to be Latin; but the sense is un-come-at-able, unconceivable, and, as the Greeks have it, *acronymical*. You may write in this style without any body's knowing your meaning; and it is unjust in any person to criticize upon that which he cannot comprehend. And then many of the severest Criticks do not understand Latin; and I will assure you, this is such a sort of language, style, and sense, as cannot be translated. Let me therefore read you one of the Poet's Odes upon a Funeral, in which he imitates Catullus:

"Herbis, Phœbe, potens et aura cœli  
 "Blande perpetuans, rosasque et herbas;  
 "Oh solatia nunc Catulliana,  
 "Direptis Zephyri faventis alis!  
 "Opellam properate; nam rebellis  
 "Mors herbas superabit impotentes.  
 "Tu, Daphne, in Lachetis agas triumphos,  
 "Astat et Dryadeis, Oreadeisque,  
 "Divum Floraque mollicellus ardor;  
 "Omnes lacrymula tument globosa,

"Geminis



"Gemmis flammecolos micant ocellos,  
 "Agnoscent Venerem miselliozem.  
 "Heu quantus dolor ! Heu Venus misella !  
 "Heu mors pallidulum ferale numen  
 "Avolsit Calain puellulorum ;  
 "Florem, molliculas necesse plantas,  
 "Exosi bibulum Stygis vagari.  
 "Jam Chloen nigris tremendus alis  
 "Inclusit dolor, et gemunt gemuntur,  
 "Et Chloe et Calais ; quis oh Deorum  
 "Fert solatiolum Catullianum ?  
 "Conservat duplices duplex Apollo ;  
 "Hic Chloen medicus potente dextra,  
 "Dum servat, Calain juvat Poeta.

"I hope this may be sufficiently to your purpose ; but, if you  
 "have a mind to astonish and confound the Criticks, you may do  
 "it in your own language. I have many books turned out of, and  
 "translated into, Pedlar's French, which is a very pretty variegation  
 "of the British idioms. But you had better have recourse  
 "to times more ancient, and pretend yourself to be some British,  
 "Cornish, or Armoniac Bard, and to have conversed with the  
 "Manuscripts of Gogmagog and Bladud that made The Bath.  
 "It is but altering a few letters, and some terminations, and the  
 "work is done ; you amuse the learned, and terrify the vulgar.  
 "Then, reaching down a book, says he, "Here are the inestimable  
 "Remains of Bardoulius, Poet Laureat to King Ludd ; of Bardocoxcombius,  
 "who bore the same dignity under Bonduca. I will shew you one, for a taste.  
 "The aspect of it seems uncouth at first, but mark the melody :

"Loob King Cole,

"And he call'd for his Bople,  
 "And he call'd for Fibleys Dnee ;  
 "And Dene pas Fiddle Fiddle,  
 "And twice Fiddle Fiddle ;  
 "For 'twas my Lady's Brnp-day :  
 "Dene none pe keep holy-day,  
 "And come to be menny.

"Now, to let you into the secret, it is but rectifying some of the  
 "pot-hooks, and discarding some superfluities of terminations,



“ Ση ἀνισαλῆς ; ὁπρὸς τῶν κατὰ δριμυτάτην λόγῳ

“ Τὴν Φαραῶν, μαῖ’ ὦν ; Φαραῶν κρείς, Γωῖφ’ ὑ καὶ ὦν.

“ By the help of a gentleman that had conversation with the King of the Gypsies, I found out that it was plain English in Hexameter verse, such as you may find in Sir Philip Sidney<sup>x</sup>, and such as were sent Ben Jonson<sup>y</sup>, beginning,

“ Benjamin, immortal Jonson, most highly renowned.”

But to explain to you the present Coptic verses ; they run thus :

“ Oh, Pharaao, may I go ? Pharaao cries, Sir, hy my troth, No.

“ Bring ye the kilderkin, and about house sling ye the fosslet,

“ Now sup it up briskly, and then pr’ythee call for another ;

“ See an it all out is ? There’s none can drink any longer.

“ Teen’t, Pharaoh, may I go ? Pharaoh cries, Go if you can  
“ go.

“ But that language which may be of most use to you is the “ *Scrawlian*. It may pass through as many counties as the “ Illyric, Malay, or Lingua Franca. This is wholly unintelligi- “ ble, and is of great ease in the composition of verses ; you must “ take care that your lines be strait, and that you begin your

<sup>x</sup> This illustrious statesman, soldier, and scholar, was born at Penshurst, Nov. 29, 1554 ; was sent to Christ Church very young, and at seventeen began his foreign travels. After distinguishing himself in several public employments, he was knighted in 1582 ; made governor of Flushing, and general of the horse under his uncle Robert earl of Leicester, in October, 1585. His glory, though splendid, was but short-lived. He was desperately wounded at the battle of Zutphen, Sept. 22, 1586, and died Oct. 16. His valour, which was esteemed his most shining quality, was not exceeded by any of the heroes of that age : but even this was equalled by his humanity. After he had received his death’s wound, overcome with thirst from excessive bleeding, he called for drink ; which was presently brought him. At the same time a poor soldier was carried along, desperately wounded, who fixed his eager eyes upon the bottle, just as he was lifting it to his mouth ; upon which, he instantly delivered it to him, with these words, “ Thy necessity is yet greater than mine ! ” — The admirers of the polite arts will hear with pleasure, that this beautiful instance of humanity employs at present the pencil of the ingenious Mr. West.

<sup>y</sup> This excellent Poet and his Works are so universally known, that we shall only here observe, he was of Scotch extraction, was born in 1574, was a short time at St. John’s College, Cambridge ; and died Aug. 6, 1637.

“ verses,

"verses with the great letters from the left (for the Orientals generally write so); and if you can make the same figures towards the left to seem as if this rhimed, all will be extremely well; you may call them Turkish, Persian, Moroccan, Fezzian, or what you please; for, being without points, no one can disprove you. I will write you some immediately. They are verses that were supposed to be sent with some lions that came from Morocco:

یہی بن نہ نرلوی خجج لوع حجج ا من ریب  
فلم من نخج حج لمن ثر لالنری: حح ا من لاجی

"This Epigram is very pretty, and the thought taken from the English:

"The lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown,

"The lion beat the unicorn round about the town.

"Here the imagination is most excellently refined. By means of such compositions, you may sufficiently recommend yourself to the learned world.

"You may see what success such matters have, by the Ethiopic Epitaph <sup>z</sup> set up for a lady who was wife to a great Virtuoso in King Charles the Second's time, at the South side of Westminster Abbey. People pass over the Hebrew and the Greek with small expectation; but this detains the eyes, raises the thoughts, employs the admiration and wonder of the ignorant as well as learned. Seeing a Blackmoor very intent upon it one day; I asked him, What might be the fancy of it? He said, It was very pretty, odd, but not easily expressed in English. But, as far as he could explain it, it was, that the lady who lay there was fair and virtuous; but that the husband that fur-

<sup>z</sup> Under which is this inscription, "Anne, daughter to George Fielding, esq. and of Mary his wife, the truly living (and as truly beloved) wife of Sir Samuel Morland, knight and baronet, died Feb. 20, Ann. Dom. 1679-80." Sir Samuel was master of the mechanicks to king Charles II.

<sup>a</sup> There is also a Hebrew inscription on Lady Morland's tomb; and near it is another, much in the same taste, to the memory of Lady Carola Harfnet, who died in childbed of her second son, Oct. 10, 1674. On her tomb are two inscriptions, the first in Hebrew, and the other in Greek.

"vived



"vived was more virtuous than she. Upon which I asked him,  
"if this might not be the meaning of it,

"The lady here might fair and *virtuous* be :

"Her husband's *Virtuoso* more than she !

"He told me, 'These were exactly the words, only put into  
"Ethiopic characters<sup>b</sup>.

"For abundance of such out-of-the-way extraneous sort of  
"Poetry, you may apply yourself to Kercher, who has it plenti-  
"fully before one of his Folios ; but, not having his Works by  
"me, I cannot say exactly which. That in the Illyric language  
"is very prettily imitated in a Latin Ode ; but I hope not trans-  
"lated exactly, for that would get an ill precedent to us whose  
"Works will not bear it.

"I expect shortly some Muscovitic operas, some sonnets from  
"Crim Tartary, and some elegies from America ; which will be  
"the more easy, because those people have always to me seemed  
"more inclined to Traffick than Poetry. Gesner, in his "Mithri-  
"dates," give us an account, that the Elephants have a language.  
"I have sent to the Court of Siam, to know whether the white  
"Elephant keeps a Secretary or an Interpreter, and what com-  
"positions are amongst them in prose or verse. I have a friend,  
"who converses much with fanciful beings, who has procured  
"me many elegant works of the Fairies. According to the  
"specimen that Giraldus Cambrensis has given us of their lan-  
"guage, it approaches near the Greek, as, *Al Ydoram*, "Give me  
"salt ;" *Hydor Ydoram*, "Give me *water* : " by which it may  
"appear that the Fairies are no Devils, because then they would  
"have no salt among them. And we may observe, by this speci-  
"men, that their diction is extremely sonorous.

"But I long, good Mr. Lackit, to see what you will do"—  
But here, much company coming, the Entertainment broke off.  
This is all the account Mr. Lackit can give.

<sup>b</sup> Job Ludolf, the writer of the "History of Ethiopia," and of an  
Ethiopic Grammar and Lexicon (who is said to have understood twenty-  
five languages), when he saw this inscription, felt much the same kind of  
emotion as he would have felt at the unexpected sight of a familiar friend  
in a strange country. See the Preface to his Ethiopic Grammar. Ludolf  
was a native of Thuringia, and had a more exact knowledge of the Ethio-  
pic and old Abyssinian than any of his learned contemporaries. He died  
April 8, 1704, in his 80th year.

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# USEFUL TRANSACTIONS.

(To be continued Monthly, as they fell.)

## P A R T II.

For MARCH and APRIL, 1709.



## P R E F A C E.

**I**T is not doubted but, as these "Useful Transactions" become more public, they will encourage worthy and ingenious persons to send in such materials as may for the future contribute to the good and welfare of their native country.

As to the present "Transactions," it is to be noted, that, in the "Eunuch's Child," such a misfortune actually happened in England as is reported there from Italy, of a young gentlewoman, who has acted in the Playhouse for her diversion, that was deceived by the appearance of a man, that is an Eunuch, who was ambitious of a night's lodging with her to no purpose. The matter is known, both at Drury-lane and in the Hay-market.

As for the "Discourse of Tongues," it were to be wished that persons would be more communicative and forward to promote the public good. Nothing could be more useful than a full and true inspection of human tongues; and therefore it is hoped, that if any persons know themselves to be notorious busy-bodies, canters, flatterers, liars, tongue-pads, spokesmen, rattlers, bouncers, &c. they would in their wills bequeath their Tongues to be dissected, and viewed by the microscopes of the Useful Society, which would produce many wonderful *phenomena*.

As to the "Migration of Cuckoo's," where mention is made of *auguration*, it is no new thing, but well known among the Antients. Pausanias tells us, "That Parnassus, a son of the Nymph Cleodora, was the inventor of it, who likewise gave his name to that mountain so celebrated by the Poets." That  
Mr,

Mr. D'Urfey's birds should seem different from those common ones that fly about, or are in cages, is no new or wonderful thing; for Sir Walter Rawlegh, who is an Author of undoubted credit, tells us, "That the common Crow or Rook of India is full of red feathers in the low Islands of Coribana; and the Black-bird and Thrush hath his feathers mixt with black and carnation in the North parts of Virginia:" so that red Crows and Rooks and carnation-coloured Thrushes and Black-birds are no strangers to the other part of the world; though a man would be thought to banter here, should he mention such things without so good an authority as that of Sir Walter Rawlegh<sup>b</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> Or (as he himself spelt his name) Raleigh. He was born in Devonshire, in 1552. He finished his studies at Oriel College, Oxford; and made but a short stay there, his ambition prompting him to an active life, which he had a full opportunity of indulging throughout the reign of Elizabeth, and distinguished himself particularly by the discovery of Virginia; but on her death he lost his interest at court, was stripped of all his preferments, and even accused, tried, and condemned for high treason, Nov. 17, 1603. Being reprieved, he continued prisoner in the Tower for many years; and in that situation, besides other works, wrote his famous "History of the World." He was enlarged from confinement in 1616; but by the artifice of the Spanish ambassador Gundamer, was beheaded, Oct. 29, in consequence of his former attainder. The best edition of his "History" is that published in two volumes, folio, by Oldys; who has disproved the common story of Sir Walter's burning his second volume. A collection of his smaller pieces was printed, in 1748, in two volumes, 8vo.

<sup>b</sup> The design of Sir Walter's "History" was equal to the greatness of his mind, and the execution to the strength of his parts and the variety of his learning. His style is pure, nervous, and majestic; and much better suited to the dignity of history than that of Lord Bacon. "Rawleigh and Hyde (says the learned Author quoted in p. 58) are the only two our nation has yet produced of a true historic genius: the first excelling in majesty of thought, equal to the subject he undertook; and the latter, for his comprehensive knowledge of mankind, will forever bear the unrivaled title of the *Chancellor of human nature*." Again, speaking of Rawlegh, he adds, "Observe his great manner of ending the *First Part* of the History of the World.—What strength of colouring; what grace, what nobleness of expression! with what a majesty does he close his immortal labour!" *Critical Enquiry*, &c. p. 60.

The "Trypal Vessels," mentioned in the fourth Dissertation, are not to be slighted; since they are such things as, when nicely tossed up in a *ragout*, often serve as a dish in the entertainment of princes.

As to what concerns the "Consecrated Clouts," I must acquaint the Reader, that I lately received a Letter from Rome, containing an affair of great importance; which is, that whilst his Holiness Pope Clement was lately rumaging the Castle of St. Angelo, for the treasure of Sextus Quintus, to help to pay his tatterdemallion forces, who had more guittars than horses or musquets, he found in a corner an old chest, that had lain moulding for many ages; which being opened with much-ado, expecting great treasure, it proved to be a collection of the child-bed linen provided for her Holiness Pope Joan. She and her child dying in the procession, as History records; they were laid up, in case any future Infallibility should have occasion to make use of them. There were 3 mantles, 6 blankets, 6 beds, 10 night-caps, 8 day-caps, 12 biggins next the head, 12 neck-cloths, a dozen and a half of slobbering-bibs, 6 pair of gloves, 6 pair of sleeves, several stays, 4 rollers, 8 belly-bands, and 10 pilches. It was no unpleasant sight, to see the Pope and the old Cardinals handling and poring upon this childbed equipage, though most of them had paid for several fetts for their nieces and nephews. There were ten dozen of extraordinary large diaper and damask clouts; and there was a memorandum tacked to them, that, by a peculiar sanctity and quality that they were endued with, they would cause a great astringency when applied to human posteriors; which being taken notice of by Cardinal Tritnalchini, he made this elegant speech;

"May it please you, Holy Father,

"These Clouts seem to have been the most useful things that could have been discovered in the present circumstances of Europe. We see their virtues have been transmitted down to us for many ages. And now we have the greatest occasion for the trial of them. I would desire therefore that your Holiness would be pleased to distribute them in such proportion as you shall think most fitting, amongst the Sacred Consistory. For, if the Germans make daily such approaches towards Rome, rattle so with their drums, and thunder so with their cannon; I may be bold to say, that, unless some ex-

"traordinary



"traordinary application is made, we may all of us chance to  
"be no sweeter than we should be."

So far my Author.

I shall detain my Reader no longer with a Preface; but leave  
him to gather what benefit he can from the ensuing pages.



Nº I.

## THE EUNUCH'S CHILD.

Some important Queries, whether a Woman, according to  
Justice and any Principles of Philosophy, may lay a  
Child to an Eunuch: as the Matter was argued between  
the Churchwardens of Santo Chrysostomo in Venice,  
and the Learned Academy of the Curiosi there: occa-  
sioned by an Accident of that Nature happening to  
Signior Valentio Crimpaldi, Knight of the Order of  
the Caponi.

SIR,

THERE happened not long ago in Venice a remarkable  
accident, which has given occasion for many speculations.  
There was a young woman of creditable parentage, only led  
away by the delusions of youth, that came and made oath before  
Mr. Justice Nani, that she was with child by the Signior Valentio  
Crimpaldi; and desired his warrant against him, that he might  
father it. The Churchwardens of Santo Chrysostomo at the  
same time appeared for the parish, and pressed the matter home  
upon the Justice, who seemed averse to granting any; not only  
out of respect to the quality of the person, who was a *Capiliere*,  
but likewise because he was publicly known and reputed to be  
an *Eunuch*.

However, the Churchwardens, together with the Overseers  
and Sidesmen, were very importunate, and the woman with a  
modesty that shewed as if *that* had been her only slip, persisted in  
her first assertion; owning indeed, that she trusted to the faith of  
the

the Signior's being an Eunuch; but, however, the Child was *his*.

The Justice was an Historian and a Virtuoso; and told them, "That all the Eastern people had Eunuchs for their prime confidants, because they would keep their women to themselves;" and then argued, from the various parts that were wanting, that the matter was impossible.

However, one of the Sidesmen, being a Horse-courser, spoke much to the sprightliness of geldings, and as to several of their feats of activity; insomuch that he staggered the Justice, who, living near the Academy of the *Curiosi*, sent for some of his learned neighbours, to help him out in this difficulty.

The hall was quickly full; and, after some arguments managed with much earnestness, the venerable Signior Aerio, by his mien of gravity, seemed to command silence, and thus began:

"I am altogether of opinion, that this Child is rightly laid to the Signior Valentio, notwithstanding his being an *Eunuch*; and I ground my opinion upon the experience I have of all sorts of *effluvia*'s, and what their power is in the productions of nature.

"To account for uncommon phænomena's may seem very difficult; yet give me leave to make some observations on former experiments of the like kind, which, with remarks on some others lately made, may in some measure solve that difficulty." Phil. Trans. N<sup>o</sup> 315. p. 83.

"I take it, Noble Sirs, that this matter might happen to proceed from the vehement *effluvia* passing from the body of Signior Valentio: for I cannot see how so many particles as he is composed of should not shew themselves more "than wax included in a glass, whose motion has been experimented by the approach of a finger near its out-side," *ibid*.

"The words of the Author, if we may compare inanimate things with animate, are very expressive, and come up to the present purpose:

"It was observable of the wax, that, after the motion and attrition of the glass was continued about three minutes, and then ceasing, the threads within seemed to hang in a careless confusion, and were not instantaneously erected. But, in and about three or four seconds of time, they were so every way towards the circumference of the glass, and seemingly with so  
"much

“much stoutness, that a motion of the glass alone would give them no great disorder.” P. 82.

“But that which was the most surprizing was, to see a motion given them by the approach of one’s hand, finger, or any other body, at more than three inches distance from the outward surface, notwithstanding the threads within touched not the inward one. And it was farther observable, that, after every repetition of the motion, and the new attrition of the glass, the distance at which the threads might be moved seemed to be increased; and at another time, upon sudden clapping of spread hands on the *parts*, there has been such a violent agitation of the threads within, as was very surprizing, and continued so for some time. It seems, that the parts of the *effluvia* are stiff and continued; that, when any part of them are pushed, all that are on the same line suffer the same disorder. So, allowing a continuation of parts, the *effluvia* within and those without are all of a piece; for they are both begot by the same attrition, that when the *effluvia* are pushed or disturbed without, the *effluvia* within in the same direction are so too, and consequently the threads which are upheld and directed by them.” P. 83.

“It seems deducible from many other arguments of this Author, that the figure of the parts of glass and sealing-wax are much alike; otherwise the *effluvia* of one could not penetrate or pass with such ease the body of the other, and then act as if it was one and the same with it.” Phil. Trans. N<sup>o</sup> 318. p. 221.

‘I shall leave the application of what I have said to this august and learned audience. As to the vulgar, they know I have always despised their common sentiments.’

When Signior Aerio had decently disposed himself, up rose Signior Clappario, whose velvet cloak and cane of ebony engaged the eyes of the spectators to be fixed upon him. Who thus began:

‘I altogether agree, Most Noble Sirs, with that illustrious person that spoke last, as to the whole nature of *effluvias*, and their admirable effects in all productions.’ Then, turning himself about to the Knight, he said, ‘Most noble Signior Valentio Crimpaldi, honoured with the dignity of the *Caponi*, by what I have heard from the lady here, you are the Father of this child. Take it not, I beseech you, amiss; for the excellence of your voice has produced you sufficient to provide for the help-

‘less mother and this lovely infant, which will take away all reproaches cast upon your order for the future. I would not think the *effluvia*s proceeding from your person should be of less value or reputation, than those proceeding from the artificial *phosphorus*, or polished amber. If their *effluvia*s can cause *light*, why may not your *more noble ones* do the same. Give me leave to inform this noble audience and the world what I know concerning the *artificial phosphorus*.

“You may remember my telling you, many years ago, of my good Friend Mr. Boyle’s communicating to me, about the year 1680, his way of making the *phosphorus* with urine; at the same time desiring me to use all my endeavours to find out some other subject from whence it might be made in greater quantity: and perhaps he might have made the like request to many more; for, to use his own words, he really pitied his Chemist, who was forced to evaporate so prodigious a quantity of urine, to get a very little of the *phosphorus*.

“Soon after, in order to see some experiments in chemistry, I lodged for a short time at his chemist’s house, one Mr. Bilgar, then living in Mary le Bowstreet, near Piccadilly, who was indeed equally if not more importunate with me than Mr. Boyle to try if I could find out some other matter, from which more might be made than from urine: telling me there was so great a demand for it, that it would be of very great advantage to him.

“It being then a very hot summer, I caused a piece of the dried matter in the fields where they empty the *houses of office* to be

Mr. Robert Boyle, seventh son of Richard earl of Corke, was born Jan. 25, 1626-7. He was educated at Eaton; and was an early proficient in the mathematics. On his return from foreign travel, he applied himself particularly to chemistry; and made such discoveries in that branch of science, as can scarce be credited upon less authority than his own. His exalted piety was equal to his extensive knowledge. These excellences kept pace with each other; but the former never led him to enthusiasm, nor the latter to vanity. He was himself “The Christian Virtuoso” which he has described, in a book under that title; and was the founder of the theological lecture which bears his name; and in which some of the preachers are said to have excelled themselves in striving to do justice to the piety of the founder. Mr. Boyle was frequently offered a peerage, but declined that honour. He died, unmarried, Dec. 30, 1691.

“digged



"digged up; in which, when broken in the dark, a great number of small particles of *phosphorus* appeared.

"This matter I carried to Mr. Boyle, who viewed it with great satisfaction; and Mr. Bilgar, by his direction, fell to work thereon.

"You well know, Sir, that human urine and dung do plentifully abound with an *oleosum* and *common salt*: so that I take the *artificial phosphorus* to be nothing else but that *animal oleosum* coagulated with the mineral acid of spirit of salt; which coagulum is preserved and dissolved in water, but accended by air.

"These considerations made me conjecture, that amber (which I take to be a *mineral oleosum* coagulated with a mineral volatile acid) might be a natural *phosphorus*.

"So I fell to many experiments upon it, and at last found that by gently rubbing a well-polished piece of *amber* with my hand in the dark (which was the head of my cane) it produced a light.

"Whereupon I got a pretty large piece of *amber*, which I caused to be made *long* and *taper*; and drawing it gently through my hand, being very dry, it afforded a considerable light.

"I then used many kinds of soft animal substances, and found none did so well as that of wool. And now new phenomena offered themselves; for, upon drawing the piece of *amber* swiftly through the woollen cloth, and squeezing it pretty hard with my hand, a prodigious number of little cracklings were heard, and every one of those produced a little flash of light. But, when the *amber* was drawn gently and slightly through the cloth, it produced a *light*, but no crackling. But, by holding one's finger at a little distance from the *amber*, a large crackling is produced, with a great flash of light succeeding it; and what to me is very surprizing, upon its irruption it strikes the finger very sensibly, where-ever applied, with a push or puff like wind.

"Now I make no question but, upon using a longer and larger piece of *amber*, both the cracklings and light would be much greater, because I never yet found any crackling from the head of my cane, although it is a pretty large one." Phil. Trans. N<sup>o</sup> 314. p. 69.

‘Most Noble Gentlemen,

‘You cannot imagine I should think the *effluvias* of Signior Valentio and this lady less productive of what is glorious, than the amber head of my cane, or those ingredients with which Mr. Bilgar made his *phosphorus*.’

He had scarce made an end, when another person of distinction rose up, with a letter in his hand sent him by a friend from beyond sea. ‘I am happy,’ says he, ‘most Noble Audience, that I have this minute received a Letter, dated March 30, 1708, which will strengthen the opinions of the worthy persons that spoke before, will clear up the credit of this lady, and shew the power which the *effluvias* of Signior Valentio may have in the generation of this pretty infant. The words of the Letter are these: “From hence it is easy to conclude, that, if nine or ten *atmospheres* of air were condensed in the space of *one*, and to remain in that state for a year or two, when the vessel that contains them shall become exposed open to the air, such as very thin glass bubbles (supposing them not to be above five or six times specifically heavier than their like bulk of common air), it would float on such a medium; which would be very surprizing, to see a body supported by an invisible agent. But I am not sure of this, for I cannot tell but it may be a means to render air visible; from whence some discoveries may be made, which otherwise may be impossible to know. But let it happen how it will (for Nature will have her own ways) I doubt not but several useful inferences may be made from such an experiment.” Phil. Transf. N<sup>o</sup> 318. p. 218.

‘From whence I argue, that, if nine or ten *atmospheres* condensed will raise things like glass bubbles; if these will float on a surprizing medium, and be supported by an invisible agent; and if Nature in all this will have her own course; that then it may be concluded, that if nine or ten blue beans were put into a blue bladder, to remain in that state for a year or two, and the bladder containing them were every minute shaken, with a repetition of these words, “Ten blue beans in a blue bladder! Rattle, blue beans; rattle, blue bladder; rattle, beans; rattle, bladder, rattle!” that by this means *sounds* might become visible, and that they would be of a blue colour. Therefore, if all

• See Prior’s *Alma*, ver. 29.

• these

‘these surprising instances are true in Nature, why may not Senior Valentio, who is more than an invisible agent, nay, more visible than air itself, who has a coat of a blueish colour, and a voice more harmonious than the rattling of any beans whatsoever, be father of this child, when there are such pregnant instances for it throughout all the principles of philosophy?’

When he had spoken and was set down, there was an universal silence amongst all the audience, each gazing upon the *mother*, her *son*, and Valentio, who with all rational probability would soon be declared a *father*.

Some were struck with admiration at the force of the argument, others at the beauty of the expression, but most at the sagacity of the persons who had made such useful experiments. The Justice was extremely discomposed; the Churchwardens were as much satisfied; when on a sudden a Gentlewoman appeared in a decent habit, with a motherly sort of an aspect, and, pressing forward, desired she might be heard in this matter, as believing she could by one particular instance answer all the arguments just now proposed by the Curiosi.

Says she, ‘Most Noble Sirs, I am a widow of some reputation in the ward I live in, for the good offices I do upon many occasions. I have a daughter not yet twenty years of age, not unhandsome neither (if I may so say it, though not unlike her mother); she has been twice a widow, Heavens help her! Her first husband was a seaman; but he being gone, and my daughter and I being lonely women, we did not know but he was as good as dead. There came a person who made addresses to my daughter, though I gave him encouragement as to myself. To be short, with much application, I gave them leave to come together. The *sack-poffet* was eaten, and the *stocking* thrown. Well, let me tell you, the *thing* that went to bed with my daughter was as like a man as ever you saw any thing in the *varsal* world. He kissed like any Christian, and sang like an Angel. They had not passed half a quarter of an hour, when out of the chamber runs poor Molly, all in tears, poor soul! “Lord, mother! what have we got here? Sure it is some Spirit!” Well, we were forced to stay till morning; and, by discourse with my neighbours, I found that my daughter had gone to bed with Signior Gioseppe, one that, it seems, came over to sing in the Opera.

‘Now, from mine and my Daughter’s misfortune, let other persons take heed, and especially you, Mr. Justice, in pronouncing your sentence; for my daughter and I are both ready upon our corporal oaths to swear, that Signior Valentio, being an *Eunuch*, could not get that child; and she is a base woman that lays it to him. I know my daughter, poor babe, has too much of my blood in her, to have run crying out of bed, if any *Eunuch* in Christendom had been able to get her with child.’

The young gentlewoman was by; and, looking down, made a courtesy, in testimony of her Mother’s affirmation.

This gave a new turn to the whole affair. All were willing to believe the Ladies; nor did the Justice any longer delay to give his opinion, though, to please the Churchwardens, he made some hesitation, as—that Signior Valentio appeared as much a man as other people. Whereupon, to obviate that objection, steps out a person, and desired he might tell him a fable, and such a one as would shew there is *no trust to appearances*.

“Sam Wills had view’d Kate Bets, a smiling lass;

“And for her pretty Mouth admired her face.

“Kate had lik’d Sam, for Nose of Roman size,

“Not minding his complexion or his eyes.

“They met—says Sam, alas, to say the truth,

“I find myself deceiv’d by that small Mouth!

“Alas, cries Kate, could any one suppose,

“I could be so deceiv’d by such a Nose!

“But I henceforth shall hold this maxim just,

“To have experience first, and then to trust!”

During this amusement, the Woman thought fit to march off with her Child; and Signior Valentio did not think it worth his while to stay any longer in the justification of his *manhood*,



N<sup>o</sup> II.

## T H E T O N G U E.

New Additions to Mr. ANTHONY VAN LEEUWENHOECK's Microscopical Observations upon the Tongue, and the White Matter on the Tongues of Feverish Persons. In which are shewn, the several Particles proper for PRATTLING, TATTLING, PLEADING, HARANGUING, LYING, FLATTERING, SCOLDING, and other such like Occasions. Communicated by Dr. TESTY.

HAVING lately seen Mr. Leeuwenhoeck's Observations upon the Tongues of Feverish Persons<sup>e</sup>, and finding them very curious, "and that he had taken care to have two Fevers, "the former more violent than the latter;" I was ambitious likewise to make some experiments: though, not being willing to venture my own person, I desired of a Wine-porter in the neighbourhood, that, when he should find it requisite to drink more than usual, he would take a pint or two of brandy extraordinary, and come to me the next morning, without hawking or spitting, and as thirsty as he could possibly; and accordingly, not failing, he should have a suitable reward.

The next morning he came; and, being desired to gape, which he could scarce do, I found his lips almost glewed up with a very black substance; which, being separated, "I found his Tongue "covered with a thick whitish matter," p. 210. Having no "pen-knife nor silver tongue-scraper by me," I called for a large case-knife, with which I made my Butler gather first the black matter off of his lips, and then the white fur from his Tongue. My man would have put each of them into "clean China coffee-dishes;" *ibid.* but I bad him fetch two new white earthen chamber-pots, and then, ordering the Porter two full pots of drink, I dismissed him, to hasten to the contemplation of what I had before me.

<sup>e</sup> "Observations on the White Morbid Matter on the Tongues of "Feverish Persons, by A. V. Leeuwenhoeck," an Honorary Member of the Royal Society. *Phil. Trans.* Vol. XXVI. N<sup>o</sup> 318. p. 210.

I bad my man pour boiling rain-water into both the vessels, "to the intent that the viscous or slimy matter, which did as it were glew the particles together, might thereby be separated, that he might the better observe them." He told me, that he saw divers particles, that had the figure of pears, apples, plumbs, and oranges; "but that none of them had any part that answered to a stalk," *ibid.* All this I more readily believed, because I knew his wife to be a Fruiterer: but whether this phenomenon may not be enlarged, is a question; for, I believe, they may be agreeable to the several professions. Mr. Leeuwenhoeck "believed his little small particles to be little scales of the outward skin of the Tongue," *ibid.* And these in all probability would be much hardened and increased in a Fish-wife, who has great necessity for the preservation of so important a member, especially at Billingsgate. Monsieur Leeuwenhoeck, "in this matter, found an unspeakable number of small roundish particles, about the same bigness as the globules of the blood, which cause redness. Now, though they were not of a reddish colour, yet he imagined them to be small divided blood particles," p. 211. I asked my man if he saw any such particles; he said, he saw little white things. I told him, "they were the globules of the blood, that caused redness," p. 212; but I could not convince his unphilosophical ignorance, how such *red* and *bloody* globules should constitute a white substance. I asked him "if he saw an unspeakable number of long particles agreeing in length with the hair of a man's beard, that had not been shaved in eight or ten days?" p. 212.

He, looking off from his microscope, very saucily cried, "How can I tell that, Sir? Do not some mens beards grow faster than other some?" I asked him if the particles were bright? He said, "Yes; and that several were very like a bright flame." These I took to be such as Mr. Leeuwenhoeck observed, "although he did not take the least physick, or indeed any thing else but a little caudle, or a little veal broth with some bread in it." *ibid.* I may attribute the shining of the particles in my present instance to another cause; for my Wine-porter, from his first attempt of a Fever, till the quenching of his thirst, took no other sustenance excepting burnt brandy. Therefore, in this matter, I must disagree with Monsieur Leeuwenhoeck, "that this white matter is protruded out of the Tongue, and no evaporation or coagulation

" from

"from the intrails," p. 213. For there seems to me in this case, that the particles of fire were forced down by the great quantity of liquid particles of the brandy to the lowermost parts of the intrails, and there, working by the way of coction, caused an ebullition, which naturally arises with a white substance, as in the scum of boiled Beef and Bag-pudding, Artichoaks, Calves Heads, and Legs of Mutton.

Mr. Leeuwenhoeck "did discover an unconceivable number of exceeding small Animalcula, and those of different sorts, but the greatest number of them were of one and the same size; and that most of these Animalcula rendezvouzed in that part of the water where the said matter of his tongue lay," p. 214. This seems to me to let one into a noble phenomenon of nature; for I inquired of my man if he did not think he saw that the particles of the white matter were like Eggs; he told me, "Yes, and that he saw innumerable Serpents, Kites, Ravens, Ostriches, Crocodiles, and such like sort of creatures, coming out of them." From whence I raised this philosophical reason, why drunken men are so quarrelsome; for, as I said before, the hot liquor throwing up an "evaporation or coagulation from the intrails," p. 213, raises up likewise an inconceivable number of these little Eggs; which, being quickly hatched there, as in an Egyptian oven, put the patient to an extreme torment; so that it is no wonder if persons so tormented by these Animalcula throw them out at random, without any fear, wit, or serious consideration, oftentimes in very opprobrious language.

Mr. Leeuwenhoeck could do no greater service to the world, than to study the figure, quantity, and quality, of these Animalcula rendezvouzing upon the Tongues of all sorts of persons in their several circumstances; for I doubt not but they would shew the true reason of the formation of all languages, and that they would be like the creatures that most abound in their respective countries.

"After I had satisfied myself concerning that matter which is found upon the Tongue, and which we call the Thrush, I let my thoughts wander a little farther upon the consideration of the Tongue itself, in order, if it were possible, that I might discover the pores by which that matter is imbibed, which is afterwards pretruded out of the Tongue," N<sup>o</sup> 315, p. 111; for I take it, that, by a due observation of the quality of the particles of which the Tongue is composed, we may give an account of the several

several phaenomena of the voice and speech that is produced by it.

I am not insensible that an articulate voice, when distinct, is produced by five organs, according to the Verse,

*Guttur lingua palatum dentes & duo labra.*

“To sound true words, the Throat and Tongue must go,

“The Palate, Teeth, and the two Lips also.”

There may be very noble observations made concerning each of these several organs. The Hebrew and Oriental Languages found much from the Throat, which shew that they came more immediately from the Heart; and as that is the seat of life, so their sound is commanding and majestic. Not much different from them in that respect are the Gothic and Saxon, and the most ancient British, which our Ancestors used, whilst honour, truth, and justice, flourished in these parts.

Of the Tongue I shall speak something more largely immediately. And for the other four organs, I design particular Dissertations concerning them. The Palate, or Roof of the Mouth, oftentimes by great colds will swell, and fall down to a very great bigness, and obstruct the voice. To help this, good old women, pitying the case of such as should be any ways hindered from speaking, by the help of Album Græcum and Honey, with their thumb replace the glands by a gentle attrition into their due positions. The failure of this Palate is often occasioned by love in such persons who have felt more than one of Cytheræa's flames; then the voice is not altogether so sonorous and pleasing as it was; but those persons generally make use of a sixth organ the Nose, though oftentimes, the bridge of that failing, they make use of the seventh organ, which is the Nostril.

The Teeth are very necessary instruments, and contribute much to the temper and good humour of speech: for we find by aged persons, who become *edentulous* or toothless, that, their Lips falling in, and their Jaws being something protruded, they come to a certain Chinese position of face, and to a language scarce to be understood, which, if it is, generally proves peevish.

The Lips are useful for kissing as well as speaking: of these I design a particular account, when I give an abstract of the learned Kempius's Treatise *De Osculo*, or of Kissing; and his particular Dissertation, *De Osculo Judæ*, of the Kiss of Judas.

I com-



I communicated my thoughts about the Tongue to the ingenious Mr. Trencher, who advised me "to take four distinct Tongues, one of a Cow, another of an Ox, a third of an Hog, and a fourth of a Sheep;" p. 111. He ordered me to boil the first, and place near to it an adjacent Udder upon a bed of Spinage, mollified with a sufficient quantity of fresh Butter. The Ox's Tongue he thought proper to roast, saying the particles would appear better after a torrefying evaporation. But, he said, Venison Sauce would not be improper to explicate the several discoveries he resolved to make. He told me that the Hog's and Sheep's Tongues might be got dried in moist paved allies. I invited him to come the next day about noon, and that all things should be ready, and my microscopes in order.

He came according to his promise; and the boiled Tongue, Udder, and buttered Spinage, were placed upon the table as prescribed. "I set myself to examine the skins of the same, and particularly the external particles that are upon the thickness of the Tongue; and where, as I conceive, is the place that admits the juices into the Tongue, by which that sensation is produced which we call the Taste. I separated those aforesaid external particles as well as I could from those that lay under them; and observed that the latter, that is to say, the internal, were furnished with a very great number of pointed particles, the tops of which for the most part were broken off, and remained sticking in the outmost skin. When I placed one of those internal particles of the Tongue before a microscope, it appeared to me to be as it were a transparent body, something larger than a Thimble," as appears in the figures G, No 1, 2. I told my Friend each moment what occurred to me; but he was so intent upon his eating, that I was afraid I should scarce have materials enough wherewith to perform my microscopical observations. At last, I persuaded him to look upon a part of the Tongue, which appeared to me to have a very great resemblance of Thimbles. "Upon viewing with a microscope some of the Tongue which is between the protuberances, I observed that it was all over covered with a great number of rising roundnesses," p. 111, as appears by the figure, No B. He immediately told me that the representation of Thimbles shewed that it belonged to a Female, and the representation of Mountains shewed the country it came from; from whence he concluded,

concluded, that it was the Tongue of a Welsh Cow; and for further demonstration, he shewed me Pen-Man-Maur, and Pen-Man-Rofs, as delineated in the Figures A. and D. He explained to me, that in the Figure G, N<sup>o</sup> 2, I was mistaken to think that the tops of the Thimbles were broken off: for he said they were complete, though without a top, as being Taylors Thimbles: from whence he concluded the rationality of that sentence, that Taylors were so congenial to the feminine sex, "That Nine of them must go to the composition of One Man." Now, says my Friend, if you please to take this little piece of Tongue and view it with the microscope, "you will find several long particles in it." In the mean time I will cut myself another piece, and demonstrate to you how I relish or taste it.

"You see, I suppose, the aforementioned long particles, as in Figure, Letter H. Now, when I press my Tongue against the roof of my mouth, in order to taste any thing, these long particles, as numerous as the grass in the field, the ends of which are exceedingly slender, press through the uppermost skin, which at that place is very thin; or, to speak more properly, is endued with small pores or holes, and so receives a little juice; from all which proceeds such a sort of sensation, which we call Taste," p. 113. When these particles are sharp, and meet with other sharp particles in the thing that is chewed, they produce a poignancy or pungency, as in eating of Sorrel and Tongue-grass. Mustard-seed originally is globular, and would consequently roll over these grassy particles of the Tongue, as a Bowling-green; but, being contused in a bowl by an iron ball, it assumes a sharp pointed figure, and consequently has that poignancy or pungency which has occasioned the epithet given it by Mr. Robinson in his learned Treatise, called "*Quæ Genus*," of *Scelerata Sinapis*; or, as Horace, in his "*Art of Cookery*," expresses it, ver. 174,

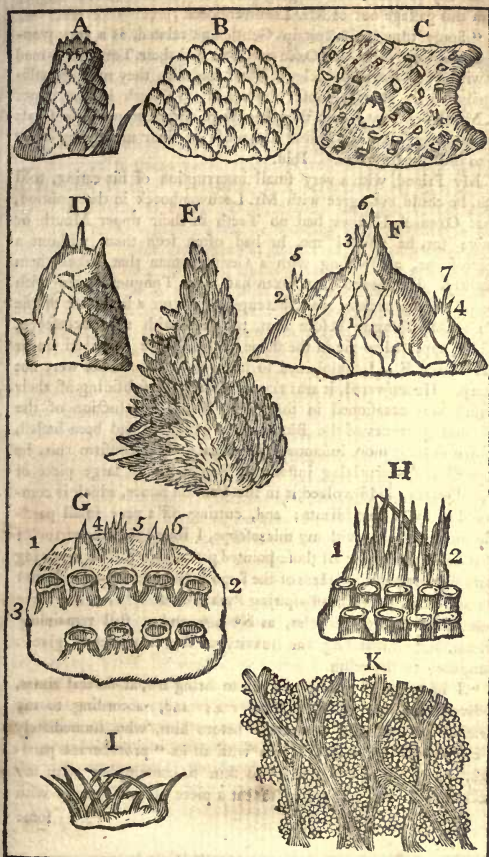
"The roguish Mustard, dangerous to the Nose;"

which explains the phenomenon, that as the Nose is a suppletory organ to the Speech, so it is likewise to the taste.

When the particles are more obtuse and round, there is a sort of glibness in the taste, not without a pleasantness in the deglutition, as in Sack-possiet, Quaking-pudding, Oatmeal-caudle, or the like.

FIGURES

FIGURES of PARTS of the TONGUE, taken from the Plate  
before PHIL. TRANS. N<sup>o</sup> 315.



As my Servant was bringing in the roasted Tongue, I read to him this passage out of Mr. Leeuwenhoeck :

“ Some time ago a certain Gentleman related, as a very wonderful thing, that the Oxen or Cows had their Tongues armed with very sharp particles. But I told him they must necessarily be so, because those beasts had no Teeth in the upper Mouth or Jaw ; and therefore were forced to press the Grass with their Tongues against the roofs of their mouths, in order to break it to pieces.” Ibid.

My Friend, with a very small interruption of his eating, told me, he could not agree with Mr. Leeuwenhoeck in that position, that Oxen and Cows had no Teeth in their upper Mouth or Jaw ; for, he assured me, he had often seen them without a microscope, as lodging with a Gentlewoman that bakes them nightly. He owned that Oxen had their Tongues armed with very sharp particles ; and thereupon gave me a small bit of the Ox's roast Tongue before him, to view with my microscope, which appeared to me in the shape of the Figure described under the Letter E. I complained to him, that the particles were not sharp. He answered, it was true and that the subsiding of their points was occasioned in their torrefaction by desuction of the globular particles of the Butter with which it had been basted, which made it more luscious to the Palate. To confirm this, he shewed me a surprizing instance. He cut a very large piece of the Tongue, and involved it in the Venison Sauce, which is composed of sweet ingredients ; and, cutting off a very small particle for me to view with my microscope, I found that the virtue of that Sauce had made all those pointed particles to subside ; leaving only some vestiges or traces of the same in the middle, as in Letter F ; and three pointed and aspiring Pyramids, as N<sup>o</sup> 2, 3, 4 ; there being some pointed particles, as N<sup>o</sup> 5, 6, and 7, still remaining which, notwithstanding the suavity of the Sauce, may give pungency to the relish.

“ I had caused a Hog-butcher to bring me, at several times, “ divers tongues of Hogs,” p. 114 ; and, according to my Friend's advice, laid one dried before him, who, immediately “ cutting off” the outward skin with all its “ protuberant particles,” gave me a bit of the said skin to contemplate with my microscope. He was going to eat a piece of the Tongue with  
some



some Mustard, when very surprizingly and earnestly he called for some Loaf-sugar, which he scraped into it. Now, Sir, says he, if you will look a little closer you will see the absolute necessity of some mollifying, dulcifying, and smoothing body; otherwise the sharp pointed particles of the Hog's Tongue, together with the saline particles and the fumous or smoaky particles which it contracted or acquired in its drying, joined to the hamate and poignant particles of the Mustard, would too sharply pierce the Tongue, so that a person might as well eat a thousand of pins or needles, in their proportion, as a very little bit of a Hog's Tongue, unless, as I said before, it were mollified, dulcified, or smoothed with Sugar. Then I, looking intently through my Microscope, "with great wonder discovered a mighty number of "very slender long particles, which always run into a sharp point "at the end, just as needles do appear to the naked eye," p. 115, much in the nature of those described in Fig. H, No 1, 2; only those, being of an Ox's Tongue, appeared like Pack-needles, and these of the Hog like Needles fit for a Nun's working of Point of Venice. My Friend scraped a few minute particles of Loaf-sugar upon a diminutive bit of the Hog's Tongue. I saw them immediately subside, and bend as in Figure I; "whose "inward parts, as it were, shrunk inwards. My Friend gave me "several thin slices cut from the Tongue; the phenomena, or "appearances, whereof were always various; yea, so much that "I was quite astonished at it; and if I could but represent them "to any other body's eyes in the same manner as I saw them myself, they would cry out, WHAT WONDERS ARE THESE!" p. 121, 2.

From this wonderful variety of the phenomena, I cannot fix any certain conclusions; only this, That it seems that, the Tongues of Hogs being composed of such sharp particles, and the voice of the Hog being partly framed by the Tongue, there is a sharp, harsh, or unpleasing sound, which proceeds from that animal, which is called in a moderate expression *grumbling* or *growling*, but more properly and philosophically, after an *onomatopoeitical* formation, it is called *grunting*, from the Latin *grunio*, or *grundio*, to *grunt* like a Swine; which sound sufficiently denotes the nature of the beast. These sharp particles of the Tongue pressing upon the palate of the Hog ("upon which I have "often stroaked my fingers upwards and downwards, but could

"perceive no more roughness than if I had been feeling a piece of "velvet," p. 116,) pierce the Palate so as to wound it in many places, of which you have an instance in the figure C, representing a very minute bit of a Hog's Palate, wounded after a most barbarous manner. This makes it very painful and uneasy for that creature to express itself, and so different from a *swan* in its dying agonies: since there is nothing more harmonious than the last accents of the former, but of the latter nothing more disagreeable.

These long acicular sharp particles "are not all of them round; "but each of them assumes such a figure as suits best to the others "to which it is joined, and so as to leave no space nor vacuity "between them, inasmuch that I have seen some of them that "were in a manner of a triangular figure," p. 121. Hereupon I made a very curious and useful observation, being resolved to know how many of these long flesh particles, or rather fleshy muscles, might be contained in an inch. I considered that the diameter of one of these little muscles of flesh "does not exceed "two hairs breadth of one's head; and when we compute that six "hundred breadths of a hair does not exceed the diameter of one "inch, it follows, that three hundred diameters of these small "muscles is but equal to the diameter of one inch; and consequently then, that ninety thousand of the said small muscles of "flesh make no more than the thickness of one inch;" p. 120. This shews what a voracious creature Mankind is; who, in a small piece of Tongue, of no more than the thickness of one inch, can chew and swallow muscles of flesh, which, computed by the diameter of the hair of one's head, amount to and equal a hundred and eighty thousand hairy diameters, which is a sum prodigious. But more exact calculations of this and many other things shall be fully demonstrated, in a large Treatise I intend, concerning the proportion of a *Hair's-breadth* to a *Cow's Thumb*.

My Friend told me, that his business would not suffer him to stay very much longer, yet still he was desirous that he might taste, or I might inspect into, a slice or two of the Sheep's Tongue, which I had prepared for him. It was very strange to see the difference of this specific creature's Tongue, from that of the Hog's before-mentioned. The very figure of it is as smooth as the sound it pronounces, which we call *bleating*, from the Greek *βληχάουαι*, which nevertheless in my opinion is more properly

expressed by the Latin word *ballo*, *ba* being the only sound that Sheep which I have had the opportunity of knowing ever make, though perhaps in several tones, or notes, according to their sex, age, or station. That which I can nearest represent it to is a smooth bright-shining strand, newly left dry by the ebb, in which there still remain many gulls of water flowing down gently, as appears in the whole figure K : and this philosophically explains what seemed before to be only metaphors, when we mention torrents, floods, and streams of eloquence ; since they are all naturally inherent in the Tongue, though they have been improved by Aristotle and Tully, in their Treatises of Rhetorick and Oratory.

I then told my Friend, that by these speculations we might easily see the several uses these various particles might be put to, in the several occurrences of man's life. I shewed him how the long acute particles of the Tongue, as described N<sup>o</sup> H, were proper for Scolding, Snarling, Criticising, Slandering, and Backbiting. That the particles, N<sup>o</sup> I, had in themselves much of the nature of the former, and carried with them an equal poignancy ; but could make their sharpness bend itself and comply as occasion might offer, so as to produce the effects of Lying. The Figure E, sets forth the shape of an eternal Prater or Tatler, who has a multitude of these particles, whose sharpness is rendered obtuse or blunt by the perpetual use that is made of them. The Figure G, by the multitude of its Thimbles, N<sup>o</sup> 3, shews itself to be feminine ; and the first pointed hillock, N<sup>o</sup> 4, denotes Maundering ; the second protuberance, N<sup>o</sup> 5, imports Scolding ; and the third, N<sup>o</sup> 6, being forked, demonstrates Cuckoldom, which is likewise denoted by the bottom of the Figure A, though there the forked particles seem more concealed, as being perhaps likely to be received with greater contentment, the coronet at the top denoting riches and preferment to be gained by it.

The Figure represented by the Letter F, shews the true nature of Pleading and Haranguing ; the streams of Eloquence flowing from the root in several rivulets, N<sup>o</sup> 1 ; but terminating still in a poignancy, or pungency, which is not ungrateful, but rather tickles than offends the ears of the audience, after a various manner ; as in N<sup>o</sup> 2, and 4, which are what are vulgarly called *quips*, or *girds* ; and N<sup>o</sup> 3, which is extreme Satire. When these little sharpnesses are wholly removed, then it comes to the smoothness,

which appears in the Figure Letter K, and is proper for Flattering, whence all things flow so easily, that the current is not to be resisted. I was pursuing my notions, when my Friend, being thirsty with eating his dried Tongues, called first for a tankard of strong Ale, then for a bumper of Claret; and then, taking up the root of the Hog's Tongue, which was almost the only thing he had left of all four of them, he told me, "that he had often thought our Taste proceeds alone from the Tongue; but within these few days he was of another opinion; for, when he viewed that part of the roof of the Mouth, opposite to the top of the Throat, where the notched or jagged parts of the Hog's Tongue are determined, he judged that that was the place from whence the Head did partly discharge itself, and the matter to be cast out which comes into the Mouth, without its proceeding from the Lungs; as also that there are a great many parts in it which receive the matter which he calls the Taste," p. 122, 3. Then, taking another glass of Claret, he desired that within two or three days I would get him a Hog's Head, powdered, roasted whole. I desired it might be on Wednesday; for I was impatient; and that, he having left me at present in such uncertainties, in the mean time I should continue *tasteless*.

N<sup>o</sup>. III.MIGRATION OF CUCKOO'S<sup>f</sup>.

A Letter concerning the Migration of Cuckoo's, with their Destruction of Eggs: And general Remarks concerning Birds Nests, with the Speech of Birds. Communicated by Mr. MARTIN CHEAPUM, M. A. F. U. S.

SIR,

I HAVE often considered, that it would be necessary for a Useful Society, as we are, to contemplate well the *migration*, that is, the coming *hither* to a place that we do know, and the going

<sup>f</sup> This Essay was inserted by that arch veteran Poor Robin, in his annual publication for 1775; but without any notice of the ingenious Author to



going *thither* to a place that we do not know, of that celebrated Bird the Cuckoo: for I conceive that the knowledge of the place of his habitation in *winter* may "conduce to the discovery "of a very pretty phenomenon &c."

The Bird has prudence indeed, and acts according to the way of the world. To stay in the climate where he was well received during the continuation of prosperity; and then to leave his benefactors amidst the chillness and storms of Fortune, till such times as he believes they have a fresh supply for him to spoil them of.

"The business I would humbly recommend is, that the members of the *Useful Society*, all over the realm, would themselves, "or procure their inquisitive Friends, to observe and note down "the very day they first see or hear of the approach of that "migratory Bird the Cuckoo." P. 123.

To promote this the more effectually, in my judgement, it might not be improper for the Secretaries of our Society to send circular Letters to all School-masters, School-mistresses, and to

to whom he was indebted for it. From his great age, however, Poor Robin may be excused this neglect in citing his authority. He must now be considerably more than a hundred years old, as he began to publish his Almanack early in the reign of Charles II. In this particular, he takes place of his fellow-labourer Francis Moore, who has been a writer only 77 years. Honest Partridge, whose *natural life* was of shorter duration, continues to instruct us from the shades—*etiam MORTUUS loquitur!*

§ See in Phil. Transf. vol. XXVI. No 315. p. 123, "A Letter from "the Rev. W. Derham, F. R. S. concerning the Migration of Birds." —This eminent philosopher and divine was born Nov. 26. 1657; and entered of Trinity College, Oxford, May 14, 1675. He was presented to the vicarage of Wargrave in Berkshire, July 5, 1682; which he quitted, Aug. 31, 1689, for the valuable rectory of Upminster in Essex. There he applied himself with great eagerness to the study of nature, to mathematics, and natural philosophy; and became so eminent that, he was soon elected F. R. S. and proved a very useful and industrious member of that learned body, as is plain from the many valuable papers of his in the Transactions. In 1716, he was made canon of Windsor; and in 1730 had the degree of D. D. from the university of Oxford, on account of his great learning, and "the services he had done to religion by the culture "of natural knowledge," as was expressed in the diploma. After publishing many valuable books, he died April 5. 1735; and left behind him, amongst other curiosities, a specimen of insects, and of most kinds of birds, of which he had preserved the male and female.

all persons bearing a rule and authority over youth, that they give full liberty and leave to them to go a Bird's-nesting as often as the said youth may think convenient : for by this means they may arrive at greater knowledge and preferment, than by always poring on their Books. "The several observations which they make ought to be communicated to the Society." Ibid.

I would have these lads enjoined to take notice what day, what hour, "how the wind sat," *ibid.* when they found any Birds-nests whose eggs had been sucked : for it is my opinion the Cuckoo migrates hither long before we generally hear it ; and, knowing his voice not to be of the clearest or most pleasant, continues for some time the sucking of raw eggs, with an intent to clear it.

They should likewise observe what nests it chuses to borrow, to lay its egg in ; from whence we might probably make a good guess at the commodities of the country it comes from, "whether fromward the East, or any other point ;" *ibid.*

Here is a noble field of contemplation for lads to ramble in : to consider why Jackdaws and Magpies differ in the structure of their habitations from Tomtits and Screech-owls ; why some Birds are brought to bed in wool, some in hair, the Martins in dirt, the Sparrows in thatch, and the Rooks on the tops of trees in brush-faggots.

There is one thing which I am sorry I have forgot, "till the *Iynx*, or *Wryneck*, just now come," has brought it to my thoughts. "This I take undoubtedly to be a Bird of passage : the wind has stood SOUTHERLY to-day, WESTERLY yesterday," (*ibid.*) EASTERLY the preceding day, and the day before that NORTHERLY : so that we may be certain, if he came to-day, it was from the South ; if yesterday, from the West ; if on Tuesday, from the East ; but if on Monday, from the North. Thus, by fixing the time of the Bird's coming, together with the change of the weather-cock and the blowing of the wind, we may arrive at that knowledge of Migration of Birds, which will amount to little less than a demonstration.

"But, for a further sample, I shall annex my observations last year. The Swallow came March the 31st, making a great outcry at his approach, as if he saw something strange," p. 124. I was then walking in my garden, in my new silk night-gown, and a velvet cap. At first I thought he might be surprized at seeing me in that habit, as having left me in a stuff one last year :

but,

but, upon further listening to him (being versed, as I shall hereafter acquaint you, in the language of Birds), the first word he spoke distinctly was "Summer, Summer." I smiled to myself, and said, "We old ones are not to be caught with chaff. Summer is a good thing indeed; but, if you would have me believe that you brought it, you should not come singly."

Immediately after, in a great consternation, he cried "Smoak, Smoak," in my old Lady Sparewell's kitchen chimney, where he had several years last past taken up his summer's residence.

This sight was indeed not only to the poor bird, but likewise to myself, unusual: for it was but the night before I had buried the lady; and her grandson, jolly Sir John, was that day got in possession of her jointure.

April the 1st, 1708. The "Lynx first yelped here," p. 123, being a day remarkable for several wise passages.

April the 2d. The *Certhia*, or Creeper, crept here, p. 124.

April the 4th. I espied the *Ruticilla*, or Redstart, blushing here, *ibid*.

April the 5th. I saw the Martin, and welcomed him as my namesake, *ibid*.

April the 6th. The "Nightingale first sang with us," *ibid*. But she sang the day before at a lady's in the next parish, at a visit she made there.

April the 7th. "The Cuckoo, I was told, was heard by 'Thomas Tatler,'" *ibid*.; but, he being a person not of the brightest reputation, I could scarce believe it till he had made a voluntary affirmation of it before the Justice.

April the 8th. I continued from before day-break, till it was dark, in our home field, waiting its coming, but without success.

"Upon the 9th of April, I heard it myself with great joy," *ibid*.; and immediately (being now a widower) I plucked off my shoe, to see what coloured hair my next wife would have; and found two red ones, which gave me great satisfaction, according to an antient Receipt approved by many experiments.

April the 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, I spent each day in doing the same thing, that is, hearkening to the Cuckoo.

April the 17th, "I heard the Swift or Black Martin squeak in 'a hole at my house, in which it has quietly built for several 'years,'" *ibid*. though I never required any thing for his lodging. His voice told me, that he was something indisposed by

his journey; that he hoped rest might do him good. "So, it  
 "being cold weather, he did not fly abroad till some days after,"  
*ibid.*; when the Swallow and Martin received him with a regard  
 due to so near a relation.

I do not know that I spent a month more to my satisfaction  
 than this, upon the reception of these my *migratory* acquaintance.

I know this matter may seem new to some. But Mr. Randolph<sup>b</sup>, a noted Author (whose Plays and Poems now bear the Fifth Edition, in his "Amyntas, or Impossible Dowry," p. 206, tells us, that Cuckoo's do presage constancy; and then introduces Mopsus, a learned Augur, with his Mistress Thestylis, and his Brother Jocastus; where he numerates the several dialects that the Birds use in their language.

THEST. Mopsus, where have you been all this live-long hour?

MOPS. I have been discoursing with the Birds.

THEST. Why, can the Birds speak?

JOC. In Fairy-land they can. I have heard them chirp very good Greek and Latin.

MOPS. And our Birds talk far better than they. A new-laid Egg of Sicily shall out-talk the bravest Parrot in Oberon's Utopia.

THEST. But what language do they speak, servant?

MOPS. Several languages, as Cawation, Chirpation, Hootation, Whistleation, Crowation, Cacklelation, Skrceekation, Hissation,

THEST. And Foolation?

MOPS. No—that is our language; we ourselves speak that, that are the learned Augurs.

The ingenious Mr. D'Urfey<sup>†</sup> was sensible of all this; and therefore, to divert the Town, has in his Play, called "The  
 "Wonders

<sup>b</sup> Thomas Randolph, born June 15, 1605, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. The most generally admired of his works (which consist of poems and plays, collected by his brother Robert in a fifth edition 1664) is his "Muses Looking-glass," in which there is a great variety of characters of the passions and vices, drawn with much truth, and interspersed with some strokes of natural humour. He died in March 1634.—Robert, who was also a good Poet, was a student of Christ Church, vicar of Dorrington in Lincolnshire, and died in 1671.

<sup>†</sup> Thomas, or, as he was more frequently called, Tom Durfey, in the year 1706 brought on the stage a performance intituled, "Wonders in  
 "the



"Wonders of the Sun," introduced the "Kingdom of the Birds," with all their Croaking, Chattering, and Whispering Language.

It is a piece, I may venture to say, that excels any of his preceding performances : a subject so elevated ; a consistency of so various impossibilities ; such a multitude of characters or episodes conducing to one single design, to which they seem not to have the least coherence : the language of the whole, and particularly the eloquence of the Vice-roy in the Sun, who flutters gibberish of the Author's own composing :

"Keelin, Seelin, Dalley mazzow, gollin bellin kendilango

"Garzzokta blowzin minger bounce, Pofflary gomon.

"Wowla kan riggan, wawla kan roo."

That satirical genius which he shews, by representing Birds as High-fliers and Low-fliers, sufficiently declare him a complete master of the Emblematic and Comic Opera.

He shews us what sports the Birds have in their kingdom. That the greatest in office there are most gay and divertive. And Sir Pratler Parrot, Favourite and Historian to the King, and Sir Owl Moufer, the King's Attorney General, are made to dance after the French manner ; which is extremely natural, because they are both Low-fliers.

"the Sun, or the Kingdom of the Birds, A Comic Opera," and printed it the same year. He was descended from French parents who fled from Rochelle when it was besieged by Lewis XIV. They settled at Exeter, where Mr. Dufey was born. He was the Author of 31 dramatic Pieces, and Songs without number. An impediment in his speech, which is said never to have affected him when singing his own songs, prevented his application to the Law, which his father intended him for. He appears to have lived in great familiarity with the principal Noblemen and Wits and even some of the crowned heads of the times in which he flourished ; but was generally in a state of poverty. After a very long life, he died Feb. 26, 1723 ; and was buried in St. James's Church-yard. He frequently used to reside with the Duke of Dorset at Knole, where a picture of him painted by stealth is still to be seen. The 67th Number of The Guardian was written in his favour, when grown old and poor, to procure a full house to a play of his own composing, which was then going to be acted for his benefit. It is no small commendation of Mr. Dufey to have been loved, and, though in jocular terms, even praised, by Mr. Addison. Had he lived in an age when ballad operas were fashionable, he would have been esteemed a first-rate writer.

It is observable, that all along, whatever occasion he may have for his Birds, he makes them preserve that character there, which they bore heretofore in another place. So, Sir Oliver continues his pastime of Mousing; and Sir Pratler is continually calling for his Sack, as being allowed him by his Prince:

“O rare Parrot, Parrot! Parrot’s a Bird for the King.

“A Cup of Sack for Parrot; quick, quick, quick.”

His genius of the Black Bird, the emblem of jollity and contentment, assuming a human figure, descants on his own freedom and happiness in the Region of the Sun; and satirically rail-lies on the vices of the under world, pitying us mortals, and chanting forth this most sublime Pindarique:

“Whilst in eternal day, Terrey, Terrey, Rerrey, Rerrey.

“Hey—Terrey, Terrey, sings the Black Bird,

“And what a world have they!” p. 67.

Then, after a comical Dance of Birds and other creatures is performed, he makes the Nightingale finish the sport in a Chorus:

“Jug, Jug, Jug, Jug, Jug, Jug.

“The jolly, jolly Philomel,

“Upon the haw-thorn sings, &c.” p. 69.

But nothing is more pretty than his Epilogue, where he makes Cits and Ladies of his Starlings and Wagtails; Beaux of his Woodcocks, Snipes of his Low-fliers, and Rooks and Hawks of his High-ones; to whom he joins Ducks and Geese for good Company. Cuckoo’s and Owls are placed in the Galleries, and Swans sit still in the Boxes: whereas, “were they swimming in “The Thames, there were several persons present, whom he “need not name, that would dive to pull of their mourning “stockings,” denoting that Swans have black feet.

My gravity would not give me leave to go to see the machines, nor nature of the Birds which Mr. D’Urfey had brought upon the Stage; but I got one Mr. Slyford to go thither every time of its performance, who, coming lately into the country, gave me the following account.

He says, he was credibly informed, by the Keeper of the First Gallery, that, near adjoining to the back-side of the Rose-Tavern, and contiguous to the Play-house, there is a large nest, in which a sufficient quantity of Turtle-doves and young Pullets are brought

up

up by He and She Canary Birds, to serve Gentlemen at a rate certain, not only in the performance of these Hieroglyphical Operas, but likewise on many other pressing occasions.

My Friend asked him, if these Birds were not migratory, or kept to any one place more particular. He said, that the chiefest of them were of the migratory nature, often moving from the Hay Market to Drury Lane, and from Drury Lane to the Hay Market.

He said, they are at the first much dearer than Wheat-ears, Pheasants with Eggs, or Ortolans. These, at great expences, may be kept for a year or two without any migration: but, as their price grows less, so their wandering increases daily; and sometimes numbers of them pour themselves down from Drury Lane and the *nests* adjacent, upon Covent Garden, The Strand, and Fleet-street, where they become *ambulatory* and *noctivagous*: that as for their *nests*, it is observable, at their first sitting, that they make them in fine chambers, over down and feather-beds: that they generally advance up two pair of stairs the next season, and may chance to nestle in the cock-loft at the third; from whence often, upon a North-easterly wind, they *migrate* into the Plantations; but that he has observed their return from thence not to have been altogether so certain.

I have desired my Friend to search further into the nature of these Birds; which, as soon as the particulars come to hand, I shall communicate to the Publick.



#### Nº IV.

Some Material Remarks upon Mr. ANTHONY VAN LEEUWENHOECK's Microscopical Observations on the Membranes of the Intestines and other TRYPAL VESSELS; communicated by a grave Matron in Field Lane, long accustomed to Experiments of that nature.

GENTLEMEN,

Field Lane, April 20, 1709.

“ I TAKE the liberty to acquaint your Honours, that Professor Slaughter came to my house, April 7, telling me, that  
 “ he had lately viewed through a Microscope a little piece of GUT,  
 “ which,

“ which, he said, was part of the BOWELS of a WOMAN : and, “ having separated a small particle thereof from the rest, he discovered in one of the thin Membranes, of which for the most part the GUT is composed, a great number of little fibres and vessels, which lay in great multitudes over and across each other ; as also some particles of Fat, which lay like bunches of grapes on the said fibres. He likewise observed, about the blood vessels which he discovered shut up as it were under the outmost membrane, a great many fat particles lying ; from whence he concluded, that the WOMAN who was the OWNER thereof had been very FAT <sup>k</sup>.” I made him a courtesy, and told him, I believed the “ little piece of Gut” at present was the property of his Worship ; and that the “ Woman” could not justly be said to be the “ Owner :” that, by the particles of Fat, he might conclude the Woman had been “ very fat :” and that I agreed with him in that opinion ; adding further, that since particles of Fat “ lay like bunches of Grapes,” it was very probable she had been the buxom wife of some hen-pecked Vintner. It seems, that Gentlewoman, according as Mr. Professor Slaughter had the goodness to tell me, died something unfortunately ; “ and thereupon he produced two Dissertations, subscribed with the name of Peter Evertse in Latin, dated March “ 12 ;” from whence he explained to me, “ that the Woman to whom that Gut belonged had been hanged, and that in her life-time she had been troubled with the Falling-sickness.” He then laid down two very extraordinary maxims ; viz.

“ That, in such persons as are hanged or strangled, as this Woman was, the circulation of the blood is in a great measure interrupted by the rope,” p. 54. And this he proved by innumerable instances of persons, whose blood not only stagnated, but whose breath had been stoppt, and their necks broken, by that fatal operation,

And, secondly, that there is a great difference between a Dog that is hanged for worrying of Sheep, and a Thief that is hanged for stealing of them, because “ there will be a much greater protrusion of blood” of that of a rational creature than that of a beast ; and, “ that the former has great concern at that time, and

<sup>k</sup> See “ Microscopical Observations on the Blood Vessels and Membranes of the Intestines, by Mr. Anthony Van Leuwenhoeck, “ F. R. S.” Phil. Transf. vol. XXVI. No. 314. p. 53. 57.

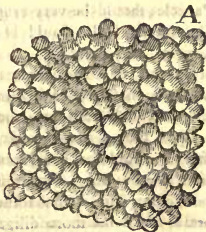


"dismal thoughts of approaching death, upon account of the "deserved punishment he undergoes, none of which things "occur to Beasts," who under those circumstances are altogether thoughtless and unapprehensive; so that it is altogether untrue to say of a man that is hanged, "that he died like a Dog," since "his blood has so much greater protrusion."

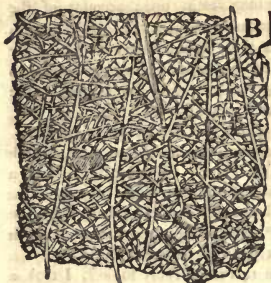
And, thirdly, "that, in any such accidents as Hanging, Bleeding is highly necessary, in order to give the Blood room enough "for a free circulation," p. 58. For "we must suppose that a "violent protrusion," or expulsion, of the Blood through the Tunica's of the vessels which would there coagulate, might be occasioned by the great and "sudden fright and sorrow," which at that time Jack Ketch might put the Criminal into.

To divert him a little from this melancholy subject, I took a large piece of Double-tripe out of the kettle, and, placing it before him in a clean dish, with Mustard, Vinegar, and Onion, just by, I desired him, if he pleased, to dissect and eat of it; and that he was heartily welcome.

I told him, that at present this Tripe "belonged to me;" that it formerly had been in the possession of an Ox; that it was never "troubled with the Falling-sickness," till it was knocked down by the Butcher, that he might the more easily cut its throat; and in that manner it died, as "a great many other animals lose "their lives by the spilling of their Blood," *ibid.* To this I attributed the delicate whiteness of my Tripe: whereas I believed I should have found the "Tunicas or coats of the small Vessels "extended, and the Blood philtrated through them lying dry in "little lumps upon the extreme membrane," in case the Ox had been hanged. And I then shewed him how very fat my Double-tripe was; upon which, taking a picture out of his pocket, he cried, "Oh! "in these fat particles are the Grapes "exactly;" p. 53. "the Bunch only "wants a Stalk." The Picture he gave me, and according to that draught a copy of it is here delineated, as Figure A.



Then,



Then, looking upon the smooth part of the Single-tripe, which was extremely sleek and clean, he produces another Picture, which he did me the honour likewise to give me. Pray, Madam, says he, accept of this drawn by my own hand, from the Membranes beforementioned. You see the various crevices in it, as appears by the Figure marked B.

From the crevices in the Hand, the Learned have framed the Art of Palmistry, or Chiromancy; from the wrinkles in the Forehead, that of Metaposcropy: but the most noble of all is, that which the Romans used, called Aruspicy, or Extispicy. That great people, when they sacrificed, caused some of their noblest persons to open and view the bowels and entrails of the beasts; and thence to foretell things likely to happen to the commonwealth. Now, Madam, says he, when you know that an Ox is killed for a Lord Mayor or a Sheriff's Feast, it will be easy for you to get the Tripal parts, and thence to learn what would be the successes of the year ensuing. If "the Blood should be protruded so as to stagnate and lie coagulated upon the outward membranes," it would signify a plentiful Session; and that, in all probability, there would be "decent Executions." If the colour of the fat Particles should be very bright and yellow, it might denote that Goldsmiths Hall would be a proper place for his Lordship to keep his Mayoralty in. If the figures should appear in the shape of grapes, as aforementioned (Figure A.) then Vintners Hall would be most proper for him. And if the crevices should appear reticular, or like a net, then Fishmongers.

Upon this, I thanked Mr. Professor; and told him, that hereafter I would make my observations upon the Entrails as they came to me: that I was proud to think that so great a nation as the Roman should condescend to be skilled in my Trade, and that should make me more diligent for the future: that, at another time, if he would do me the honour of a visit, he should see the

“Crop of the Rand,” and all the various mazes of the Honeycomb Tripe in perfection, which, by a Microscope, could not but, in his own expression, “appear wonderful.”

Our farther conversation was interrupted by a Patient that came to the Professor; but, when I see him next, I doubt not but that I shall have something new to communicate to the Publick. In the mean time, I hope your Honours will believe me a well-wisher to Useful Experiments; and that I am, with due submission,

Your Honours, &c.



Nº V.

An Historical and Chronological Account of Consecrated Clouts. Communicated by the Ingenious and Learned Virtuoso Signior GIOVANNI BARBERINI, of CHELSOGNIA. Occasioned by a Passage in the Post-Boy, that the POPE has lately made a Present of the same nature to the Young Prince of ASTURIAS.

**T**HOUGH some modern Authors, out of spleen and prejudice, oppose the great antiquity of Consecrated Clouts, and would sink them down many ages beneath their antient date and original: yet the Primitive Writers are not silent on so material a point of Ecclesiastical History; and we have sufficient authority to trace them as far backward as the middle of the Sixth Century, from the following story.

When Boniface the Third was advanced to the Papal Chair, with a fatherly care and piety becoming so great a Prelate, he promoted his relations and natural issue to the most eminent stations both in Church and State. One old Aunt only was left unprovided for, who had many years lived a Semstrefs of repute *under a bulk* in Rome: but it was now thought by his Holiness not so honourable, that she should longer continue to make dowlas shirts for footmen, or vend coarse socks for the unsanctified feet of the vulgar. The young Princess of Parma being big with child, Pope Boniface was desired to do a neighbourly office, and stand godfather to the son and heir that about that time was expected into the world. He, being frugal in his nature, and knowing what

what a Heathenish expence the luxury of the times had run it up to, in presenting Gossips and Midwives, and giving to Nurses, Chambermaids, and Butlers—that, in return for Lambs-wool, Cake, and Groaning-cheese—the child must have presents of Silver Caudle-cups, Porringers, Spoons, and Suck-bottles, and those often with the additional expence of *double-gilt*. Having therefore maturely considered these things, he very prudently makes an accurate collection of old Shirts, and orders his sagacious Aunt to transform them with her utmost skill and management into a sett of Child-bed-linen; which, having received the grand ceremony of his Holiness's benediction; with a plain but decent sett of Coral-bells and Whistle, the old Lady is sent Embassadress extraordinary with this spiritual present for the carnal posteriors of his young Parmezan Highness.

To give the better turn to this new mission, three or four old women were laid-in at the first stage on the road, that were ordered to be mightily afflicted with the tooth-ach; but the sanctified Clouts were applied with wonderful success to their luminous cheeks, that by their primary institution were calculated only for the blind-ones of the future Prince of Parma. They were received at court with that excess of joy and gratitude that so unexpected and surprizing a blessing deserved; and as the consecrated bundle promoted the bearer of them to an annual Pension, a coach and six; so we must do them this Justice, to say they proved wonderful and infallible preservatives against all manner of Fits, Looseness, and Rickets: they did the whole business of Black Cherry Water and Goddard's Drops<sup>1</sup>: and, when compleatly fouled, they did not require half that profusion of soap suds that is necessary to restore common and unsanctified Clouts to a second application.

This whimsical present from Old Infallibility gained wonderful credit and esteem in the world; and a Royal consort no sooner began longing for Green Peas in December, and Ripe Cherries at Christmas, but the next word was, “My Dear, I shall never have a good time of it, unless you get me a bundle of Consecrated Clouts; I cannot but fancy I miscarried the last time for want of them. Why, there is the Princess of Parma could have them, I warrant you, brought by his Holiness's own Aunt,

<sup>1</sup> A soporific medicine, not yet quite out of vogue.



“and a chopping boy came tumbling out after them— and sure,  
 “my Dear, I am as good as she; for my Father had a Crown on  
 “his head, when hers carried but a commission in his pocket.”  
 In short, this sort of Ware was so much in vogue, and turned to  
 so good account, that the price of 50,000 Crowns was set on  
 them by the Consistory, and a Holy-Lumber Office erected for  
 the benefit of Infants, Royal Commissioners of the Childbed  
 Duty appointed, and a handsome yearly income by it flowed  
 into the Pope's Exchequer. And from that time forward, from  
 the mighty Emperors of the East and West, down to the Kings  
 of the Isle of Man, the German Princes, and the innumerable  
 Monarchs of North and South Wales, they were all furnished  
 from the Holy-Clout Office at a stated rate, from the Whistle  
 and Suck-bottle down to the Go-gart and Leading-strings.

For the two succeeding centuries this continued a most con-  
 siderable and flourishing branch of the revenue of the Papal  
 Chair; but then unfortunately came on that long, bloody, and  
 expensive *war*, known by the Name of *holy*, which impoverished  
 our Christian Kings and Princes to that degree, and reduced  
 their illustrious Families to that low ebb of cash, and want of the  
*ready*, that, for the space almost of three following ages, our  
 European Queens were forced to run on tick for Baby-cloaths,  
 and take in every rag from Rome on the strength of Royal credit.  
 To remedy these grand inconveniences, and secure the mighty  
 sums that Monarchy stood engaged for to the Apostolical Cham-  
 ber for Swaddling-clouts, a large and substantial Vellum Shop-  
 book was ordered into the Audit-house; and a Commission of a  
 Foreman and two Clerks erected, for the sending out of bills,  
 and writing dunning letters, to all Christian Emperors, Kings,  
 and Princes.

And this (says my compassionate Author, like a good Catho-  
 lick) was that unhappy age, when the great debts and necessities  
 of our Holy Mother Church put her first upon sophisticating  
 her good staple-ware, and debasing her vendible commodities,  
 that she had hitherto managed with great profit, credit, and re-  
 putation. But now, like a decaying Cit, she began to put off  
 counterfeit Coral for good, her Bells, Suck-bottles, and Whistles,  
 were not Sterling, and wanted weight as well as the Hall-mark;  
 she would sell you Go-carts and Rattles for new, that were but  
 second-hand; and, on her honest Pontifical word, recommend to  
 you Dowlas, Locrum, or Kenting Swaddling-bands, for superfine

Holland and Cambrick of the best. By which means, custom fell strangely off; and she lost the business of many good and substantial families.

About the latter end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, out comes Pope Leo, with a thundering Bull, in the nature of a Commission of Bankrupt, against the House of Austria, eight Crowned Heads, and three hundred German and Italian Princes, for vast sums of money, and long arrears due to the Holy-Clout Office, and Chamber of Accompts. Commissioners were appointed to meet twice a week at the Triple Hey Tavern in the Flaminian Way; and a competent number of anathema's, in the nature of Spiritual Catchpoles, were directly issued out against all that should refuse to come in, and discharge their respective incumbrances, or give bond and security to the satisfaction of the Court.

But, after many delays and remonstrances against so public a grievance, a composition was agreed on of five shillings in the pound, and a longer time allowed for paying off the old scores and clearing the debt. And, to prevent all inconveniences of this nature for the future, and for the better encouragement of customers to bring ready money, and get good penny-worths, the price of a complete sett of Baby Clouts, and all necessary equipments fit for infants, was sunk down from 50,000 to 10,000 crowns: but then it was all clear gain; you found your own materials, and paid only for the ceremony and benediction. This Order of the Consistory was published with a *Nota Bene*, "No goods delivered without the money down, or sufficient security given."

In this state of fair barter and sale this matter continued till towards the latter end of the sixteenth century; and then we find, by the public register and accompts of the Apostolic Chamber, that the price was beat down 2000 crowns, and a mortgage of plate and jewels accepted for the remaining sum on the deficiency of ready cash. For the good old Dowager of Modena <sup>m</sup>, Anno

<sup>m</sup> Descended from the ancient House of Este. She was mother to Maria Beatrix, whom Lewis XIV. adopted as his daughter, and presented with a suitable portion upon her marriage with James then duke of York: when she was reduced, at the Revolution, to seek for shelter in France, she was kindly received by Lewis, who treated her with a generosity that did him much honour. She died at St. Germain, April 26, 1718.

1688, being desirous to equip her young grandson his Welsh Highness's posteriors with a choice sett of Holy Catholic Clouts, and being a good Market-woman and hard bargainer, she procured a complete equipage, consisting of Mantle, Swathe, Clouts, and Whistle, &c. for the sum of 8000 crowns: though it is reported by several creditable Authors, that his Holiness at the same time made a solemn protestation he was a loser by the bargain, and that he would not have sunk the price so manifestly to the prejudice of the public revenue, was it not in hopes of engaging the custom of the Family of D'Este, and having the honour of serving England for the future, that, on some little disgust, had laid out their money at other shops for near two ages. But, the old lady not having the whole sum by her, and the Pope little faith, she was forced to send into Limbo the great Gilt Bason and Ewer that graced the Side-board on Coronations, Rinaldo's old Goblet, her Ear-rings, Crosslet, and Necklace, to her very Silver Tea-pot and Gold Spoons.

Having thus given you an historical and chronological account of the origin and growth of Consecrated Clouts, and of the different fate and success that has attended them through so many ages, viz. from the sixth to the seventeenth century; it may not be improper in this place to tell you how Authors differ on this subject. There are not wanting men of learning and character, that affirm Pope Joan was the first institutor of this ceremony, and invented these consecrated presents as rewards for the Nurses and Midwives that attended and delivered her of three or four Nephews, it being contrived for their benefit, that other Crowned Heads should pay for her lyings-in. Perhaps you may be surprized at the expression of "being deliivered of a Nephew;" but that is a peculiar privilege the Pope reserves to himself, let his children be never so many: yet the moment he is promoted to the chair, they cease to be sons and daughters like the common offspring of the world, but commence Nephews and Nieces from the very hour of his exaltation.

I might here likewise mention a schism that crept into the Clout-office about the ninth century, occasioned by Starchanelli, the Pope's Laundress, counterfeiting the goods, and vending false ware to several illustrious families: but she was condemned by a General Council for her crime, with a severe sentence: and after-

wards growing penitent, she turned Camp Laundress, went to the Holy War, and washed foot soldiers that had shirts out of love and charity.

And now, Sir, perhaps you will ask me the use and application of this Discourse; which when you hear, may be very surprizing and out of the way, when I tell you it is, to prove the title of Charles the Third<sup>n</sup> to the Crown of Spain; to demonstrate his being the rightful and lawful Prince; and that the Duke of Anjou has no pretence to, and is only an usurper of, the Catholic Throne.

And this I shall prove from a paragraph in a late Post Boy, now to be seen in my Repository, that his Holiness has made a present, and freely given a sett of Consecrated Clouts to the young Prince of Asturias, the Duke of Anjou's son: which cannot be done to a lawful Monarch, without violating all former precedents, and breaking in upon the very constitution of the Vatican. To a private person, such as his Baker, Butcher, or Shoe-maker, he may freely give a benediction of this nature, without trespassing upon ordinances and statutes: but to lawful Kings and Princes the stated price is set; it is out of his power to give; and I dare affirm, that the very virtue and quality of the Clouts would be lost, if the utmost farthing was not paid down on the nail. I would therefore have his Holiness consider what

<sup>n</sup> The archduke Charles of Austria (second son to the emperor Leopold), to whom the Spanish crown was allotted by the two treaties of partition, of 1698 and 1700. Charles the Second of Spain, provoked at the indignity of parceling out his dominions without his consent, and urged by the intrigues of the Marshal de Harcourt with the cardinal Porto-carero, (see "The Way to Modern Preferment," in our first volume, p. 185,) by a will made about a month before his death, bequeathed his monarchy entire to Philip duke of Anjou, second son to the dauphin of France; with a very distant remainder to the archduke Charles. The king of Spain dying Nov. 1, 1700, Philip was proclaimed at Madrid on the 24th of that month; and was acknowledged as king both by England and Holland. Yet the Grand Alliance was concluded, Sept. 7, 1701, in support of the emperor's pretensions. Leopold and his eldest son the king of the Romans having resigned their right to the archduke, the latter was declared king of Spain, by the title of Charles III, Sept. 12, 1703. He was unanimously elected emperor, Oct. 12, 1711, on the death of his brother Joseph; and died Oct. 20, 1740.



a false step he has made, and how far by this he has weakened his friend Philip's title to the Monarchy of Spain: and, unless he speedily sends in his bill, lays claim to the debt, and out of hand arrests him for the money, this may be brought as evidence against him into the Heralds-office, to invalidate his pretensions, and may be one substantial reason to send him packing from Madrid.

## USEFUL TRANSACTIONS.

## P A R T III.

For MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, and SEPTEMBER, 1709.

CONTAINING

A VOYAGE to the Island of CAJAMAI in AMERICA.

Giving a brief Account of the Natural Rarities, Inhabitants, and Diseases, of the Country : Together with their Cures, after the Method used by JASPER VAN SLONENBERGH, a Learned Member of the Royal VIRTUOSI of GREAT BRITAIN, in the Relation he has given of his Voyages into those Parts.

Translated into ENGLISH from the DUTCH.

“ Still Fame will grow, if once abroad it lie,

“ Whether it be a troth, or be a lie.” M. DRAYTON.



## PREFACE OF THE PUBLISHER.

THE World having been so taken up with Wars, Treaties, and other Political Amusements, Poetry and Philosophy have of late found little encouragement : so that useful Treatises in Natural and Experimental Philosophy have in a manner been laid aside by the Curious.

However, the Publisher of these Transactions was resolved not to be totally disheartened. After a diligent search of what probably might please, he considered that the liking of the Town generally runs in the same vein for some time together. At one season nothing pleases but Novels, then Translations from the French, then Tragedies, when on a sudden all vanishes into Operas ; then nothing will take place but Discourses concerning the Church, and all people arm themselves with arguments as to its safety, rites, and discipline ; then all again is swallowed up in Bickerstaff's Astrological Predictions<sup>o</sup> and Tatling<sup>p</sup>. But that which seems most generally to have prevailed, is the pleasure

<sup>o</sup> By Dr. Swift, and printed in his Works, vol. III.

<sup>p</sup> Mr. Steele was at that time engaged in the Tatler.

taken from the perusal of accounts given by Travellers. The success at Darien<sup>q</sup> gave no inconsiderable amusements, nor were Dampier's<sup>r</sup> relations less acceptable to the Ladies than the men of business. Psalmanazar<sup>s</sup>, by describing the Island of Formosa, with the ceremonies of their human and bloody sacrifices, of their garments, shoes, garters, and top-knots, was respected by the most Learned and most Curious, who were desirous of seeing him eat his Beef, Mutton, and second Course, as they came raw

<sup>q</sup> A colony, established by the Scots, in 1699, at great expence, on the isthmus of Darien, between South and North America. This establishment, unlike the bloody conquests of the Spaniards, was formed by agreement with the natives of the country. But the Spaniards complaining that it was an infraction of treaty; and the English, that it would ruin their commerce; the settlement was reluctantly abandoned in 1700.

<sup>r</sup> See vol. III. p. 92.

<sup>s</sup> George Psalmanazar was the fictitious name of a very extraordinary person, who was undoubtedly a Frenchman born, and received his education in a college of Jesuits in an archiepiscopal city, the name of which, and also of his birth-place and parents, remain inviolable secrets. At the age of sixteen, he fell into the wild project of passing for a Formosan; and set himself to form a new character and language, a grammar, a division of the year into twenty months, a new religion, &c.—After being three months in London, he was cried up as a prodigy, and was set to translate the church catechism into the Formosan language; and was prevailed on to write the well-known "History of Formosa." He was sent by the Bishop of London to Oxford, to pursue such studies as he should seem inclined to; and had all the advantages of learning that the university could afford him. Among other practices to obtain credit with the publick, he used to take a prodigious quantity of opium, and eat his meat raw (which he soon habituated himself to by using a good deal of pepper and spices). On his return to London, he continued, for about ten years, to indulge a habit of idleness and extravagance. Some absurdities, however, observed in his History, effectually discredited the whole relation, and saved him the trouble, and his friends the mortification, of an open confession of his guilt. He seemed, through a long course of life, to abhor the imposture; and, in a work compiled by him, intituled, "A System of Geography," 2 vols. folio, made an express declaration of it to the world (which he solemnly confirmed by his last will, dated Jan. 1, 1760). His learning and ingenuity, in his latter days, procured him a comfortable subsistence from his pen. He was concerned in compiling and writing several works of credit; particularly the Universal History, and the History of Printing published as Mr. Palmer's; and lived exemplarily for many years. He died in 1763, aged 84.

from the Clerk of the Kitchen, without the unnecessary help of a Cook to alter their natural flavour. Even the description of the New Atalantis<sup>t</sup>, from the fluency of its style, and the tenderness of its love-expressions, gained upon several hearts, who were not cautious enough to observe what might lye under them; nor so wise as to consider that it is safer talking of Ants, Ele-

<sup>t</sup> Mrs. Manley, daughter of Sir Roger Manley, a zealous Royalist, was early in life cheated into marriage with a near relation, of her own name, who had at the same time a former wife living. Deserted by her husband, she was patronized by the duchess of Cleveland, a mistress of Charles II; but the duchess, who was of a fickle temper, grew tired of Mrs. Manley in six months, and discharged her on pretence that she intrigued with her son. Retiring into solitude, she wrote her first tragedy, "The Royal Mischief," acted in 1696, with great success. In the same year, she also published "The lost Lover, or jealous Husband," a comedy. In her leisure hours she wrote the "Atalantis;" for which, as she had made free in it with several distinguished characters, her printer was apprehended, by a warrant from the secretary's office. Mrs. Manley, unwilling an innocent person should suffer, presented herself before the court of King's bench as the author. Lord Sunderland, then secretary of state, being curious to know from whom she got information of several particulars which were supposed above her own intelligence; she replied, with great humility, "that she had no design in writing, further than her own amusement and diversion in the country, without intending particular reflections and characters; and did assure them that nobody was concerned with her." When this was not believed, and the contrary urged against her by several circumstances; she said, "then it must be by inspiration; because, knowing her own innocence, she could account for it no other way." Whether those in power were ashamed to bring a woman to trial for a few amorous trifles; or whether (her characters being under feigned names) the law did not actually reach her; she was discharged after several public examinations. On the change of the Ministry, she lived in reputation and gaiety. A second edition of a volume of her Letters was published in 1713. Several political pamphlets, to which she contributed largely, are printed in the "Supplement to Dr. Swift's Works." "Lucius," a well-received tragedy, was written by her, and acted in 1717. It was dedicated to Sir Richard Steele, whom she had abused in her "Atalantis," but who was then on such friendly terms with her, that he wrote the prologue to this play, as Mr. Prior did the epilogue. While she was employed in defence of the Ministry, she connected herself with Mr. Barber the printer; and with him she lived until the time of her death, which happened in his house, July 11, 1724. phants,



phants, Hedge-hogs, and Butterflies, than of persons of quality under the most secret disguises.

The Publisher of these Papers therefore thought this Treatise might give some satisfaction to the Learned World. It was written in Dutch by the accurate Dr. Jasper Hans Van Slonenbergh, a person whose name carries reputation along with it. It is filled with variety of knowledge: the Author is modest; his style humble; his observations, raised from the appearances of things, made as useful as they possibly could be; for it is truth that Natural Philosophers must search after, and not ornamental expressions. "Feeding of Fowl," Intr. p. 16, 17; "the education and discipline of Swine," p. 30, 31; "the making of Beds," "the untying of Breeches, and loosening of Girdles," p. 47, with many other things described by this Author, may seem at first to be trivial, yet contain in them great penetration of thought and depth of judgement. By these means philosophers search into the recesses of Nature; which though to nice persons they may not appear so cleanly, yet have not therefore the less use in the animal œconomy. Dr. Van Slonenbergh, in this Discourse, proposed to himself, as far as he could, the example of a British Author, who, in the year 1707, published a large Folio of his Voyages into the American Islands, and is deservedly esteemed by the Curious. He has traced his methods and expressions, as Virgil did those of Homer and Theocritus, and (as it is the common opinion) with equal success: but that and the performance of the Translation out of Dutch must be left to the candour of the Reader. I know it will be objected to the following papers, that many things seem impertinent; that most are such as were known without traveling; that an old woman could effect such cures; and that the observations, which run sometimes a little upon *the nasty*, are made from the meanest actions of mankind, and the very dregs of Nature. To this I shall only reply, that such persons ought to be quiet, rather than to expose their own ignorance and want of reading; for they must shew themselves not to have studied any late Transactions of Philosophy, and that they do not know the methods of gaining a reputation at present, and carrying the Modern Learning far above any thing that could be pretended to by the Ancients.

\* See an account of Sir Hans Sloane, above, p. 3.

## PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

"IT is now *seven* years since I went Surgeon, Apothecary, "and Chief Physician, to the Count Dhona, to Cajamai," Pref. p. 1. "I had been in my youth very much pleased with "the study of plants, and had seen most of those kinds of curiosities which were either in the fields or gardens of the curious "in these parts." In my infancy, being left to the care of an uncle I had in Ireland, I had searched into the nature of Water-grafs and Chambrook of all kinds, and I found the pungency of the former very much corrected by a lump of raw Butter eaten with it, p. 64. As I grew up, I was admitted into the Potato-garden, the cultivation of which I shall discourse of hereafter. I found Potatoes to be an earthy, flatulent, mealy, insipid sort of food; but, searching among the records of our Family, I discovered that they were to be rendered more nutritive and delicious by the vehicle of Butter-milk. I was not above fifteen, before I had seen various sorts of Beans, Pease, and Barley, in the cabinets of our neighbouring Virtuosi.

Having one day pleased my uncle, he gave me some of his *sneezing*, which, upon my enquiry, he told me was made of "Tobacco," p. 16; the same herb that the Family short Pipe used to be filled with; and that, being twisted like a cord, serves for a *chaw*, and supplies the want of provision; but that it grew a great many miles from our country.

This inspired me with a desire of "casting my mite towards the "advancement of natural knowledge. To deserve a place amongst "the great and worthy persons, the ancient and best Physicians, "who travelled to the places whence their drugs were brought, "to inform themselves concerning them," p. 64.

I had practised some time when, the Count Dhona setting out for Cajamai, "Dr. Swammerdam was employed by him to look "out for one that could take care of him and his family in case of "sickness. The Doctor spake to me in this matter, and I resolved "to go, provided some preliminaries and conditions" (as the *Rhino*, the *Darby*, &c.) "were agreed to; which were all granted," Pref. p. 2.

I could not "take such care" of the Count and his Family as I would have done, "nor make such experiments and observations "in

"in the voyage as I intended, being prevented by a very long and tedious sea sickness," *ibid.* Some of the women, that had done puking, asked me, "Doctor, Why don't you cure yourself?" To which I replied, Sea-sickness was not in my "preliminaries nor conditions;" and then discoursed to them concerning the nature of Saline Particles, Aquatic Exhalations, unusual Vibration and Tolutation of the Intestines, p. 3, 4, (of which more hereafter); but they seemed to have little apprehension of such philosophical ideas, being immediately called away to dinner.

"Upon my arrival at Cajamai, I searched several places for natural productions, measuring their several parts by my thumb," p. 2. Now *pollex* being Latin both for a Thumb and an Inch, I thought "my Thumb, with a little allowance, might be reckoned an Inch;" that is, speaking of human Thumbs; for a Cow's Thumb is only a figurative expression.

I observed that "the leaves of Plants are greenest on their uppermost sides, or that exposed to the sun-beams; and lighter, and more whitish underneath," p. 3. I thought it a sufficient recompence of my "sea-sickness" and labour, to find such a harmony in Nature; "this being so not only in Cajamai, but in all places where I have been." Whereupon I fell upon this serious contemplation, "That, when leaves or tops of plants have not been exposed to the light and sun, they are not only whiter, but tenderer, and often digestable by our Stomachs," *ibid.*; and this is most apparent in Cabbages, whose inward leaves, being contorted, involved, and conglomerated into a circular sort of figure, and defended from the "light and sun," p. 4, by many ambient leaves, that envelope the inward and unexpanded circumferences, I have known them boiled and eaten by Taylors and other persons of very good fashion. "Hop Tops" *ibid.* are likewise excellent good, and "Asparagus" just sprouting. It would be too long to enumerate "Lettuce, Chardons, Selery, and Endives," all rendered white and tender by only being covered with earth from the sun and light; for these we see in our Kitchen-gardens, without travelling. "I have known a common Bramble put into a dark room (at Dr. Newton's near Islington) whose twigs were white and tender," p. 3; but afterwards coming to the sun and light, it produced Blackberries. It is observable "in Tulips, at first sprouting, they are all whitish, then green," p. 3; which, if they at that time expand themselves,

are called "Parrots;" but, when "the sun and light has further acted upon them, we observe them with pleasure," till they arrive at that swarthy or rather sooty complexion, which makes them be called "Chimney Sweepers." I know some Philosophers do not attribute such active qualities to light; and tell us that Roses and Mulberries were white, till tinged with the blood of Adonis, and that of Pyramus and Thisbe, by which they became of a deeper dye<sup>w</sup>; but these are of the Hermetic strain, and persons that we Botanists look upon to be madmen.

I must own the obligations I have to the labours of Monsieur Plumier, who went into the Caribbee Islands, "and observed many plants very accurately; he has engraved them himself, and printed a Book, which consists chiefly of Ferns; to which I have added several new species," p. 3, 4. I was the more pleased with this Book, because it treats of Ferns or plants, which is of great use in our country, not only to brew and bake with, but likewise for its ashes; "in my youth," I have been peculiarly curious concerning it, and caused hundreds, I may say thousands, to be dug up, to see if upon cutting the root any two of them might have the same figures painted in them by Nature, which I could never find. I have been likewise very curious about Fern-seed, and would very fain have got some; but, being informed by several people of good consideration, that the Devil held it for his property, and that he goes out every Midsummer-night to gather it; upon consulting the Curate of our Village, and he holding it unlawful for me to strive for it; out of conscience, I desisted. I was told, it might be safely gathered in Cajamai; but, after diligent search, could not find it so: for I am very far from a Conjuror, "being sensible of my faults, not only in my opinions, which I propose only as conjectures; but that I have many imperfections in my language and in my observations themselves, which were generally written in haste, and by one who knows too well how unduly qualified," p. 4, he is for such an undertaking; and therefore, when I talk of "Monopetalous, Dipetalous, Tripetalous, Tetrapetalous, Pentapetalous, and Exapetalous Plants; and of Quadrupeds, Testaceous, and Crustaceous Animals," p. 6, I would have my Reader understand that they are no magical terms, but signify only, One, Two, Three, Four, Five, or Six-leaved Flowers, Four-footed Beasts, or

<sup>w</sup> As Ovid in his *Metamorphosis*, and Majerus in his *Emblems*.



Animals with Shells on their backs. "I know it is impossible to escape the censure of several sorts of men, as the envious and malicious; I am sure they will spare no pains to find fault," p. ult.; but if, for the future, "they should endeavour" to tender any "Dissertations of this kind ridiculous," however they may look upon "themselves as great Wits," yet I shall think them "very ignorant, and to understand nothing of the argument, and, upon serious consideration, shall treat them with the utmost contempt."

If "any persons" therefore "shall ask to what purpose serve such accounts" as these I make, I shall only tell them what is reported of Gabriel Naude<sup>x</sup>, "That he used to say he acquiesced in the Ecclesiastical History, doubted the Civil, and believed the Natural;" and that such sorts of men as "these great Wits," p. ult. have "been in all ages ready," not only to ridicule "the publication of such Works," but "even to abuse their Princes, and blaspheme their Maker;" and therefore I would have all such as do not with Naude believe "Natural History," and mine in particular, to be delivered over to the secular power, to undergo the pillory or gibbet, and by ecclesiastical anathema's to be sent to the Devil and his Angels.



## AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

**M**Y Introduction, though it may seem something long, yet from the variety of matter, and several surprizing though common accidents, may to the curious and observing Reader prove not unuseful.

The Island of Cajamai has "one continued ridge of hills running through its middle, which are generally called the Blue Mountains, from their appearing in that colour." This I

<sup>x</sup> Author of "Political Considerations upon Refined Politicks, and the Master-strokes of State, as practised by the Ancients and Moderns." This work was translated into English, by Dr. King, in 1711, as a compliment to Mr. Harley. The Dedication (to the Duke of Beaufort), which contains several anecdotes of Gabriel Naude, will be printed in this collection.

thought

thought the more observable, because it is the same in all countries, that "the sky appears so, when in a clear day we look towards the Heavens. The tops of some of those mountains are higher than others, and the hills of each side are lower than the mountains," p. 8; Nature, it seems, in Cajamai, as in the Alps and Pyrenees upon the Continent, and the rocks called The Bishop and his Clerks in the Ocean, being delighted with such variety.

The Count Dhona was very desirous to have found large quantities of "Salt-petre," upon account of his own private interest; and had therefore "carried several people thither, on purpose to try to make it, having had a patent for that design," p. 9; but being chiefly encouraged by an ancient Prophecy:

*There was Seven Men came out of the West  
To make Salt-petre strong,  
To turn it into Gun-powder  
To charge the King's Cannon:  
Then let this Health go round,  
Then let this Health go round;  
Although your Stockings are made of Silk,  
Your Knees shall touch the ground, &c.*

I told his Excellency, "that there was not any Salt-petre to be had from any natural earth, but some kind of Tineal or Borax out of a red earth; and that what Salt-petre was to be had there, was from the earth dug out of caves where Indians were buried, or where bats and their dung are in great quantities." Ibid.

I told him likewise, "that I had seen in the woods many of these Indians bones in caves," p. 4; and proposed to him a collection of them and bats dung; the usefulness of which had not been treated of by any European Virtuoso; but this great design, as likewise nurseries I had projected for Bats, Owls, and other noctivagous creatures, fell to the ground without further encouragement.

## Concerning WATER in CAJAMAI.

**W**ATER in the hot season is very useful, of which there are many sorts in Cajamai; "River Water, Pond Water, Well Water, and Spring Water, &c." p. 10, are the most common. "Fresh Water" of all sorts is "very scarce in dry years; and cattle are forced to be driven a great way to it. If Well Water be near the sea, it is brackish. River Water, if it run down precipices, and carry with it much clay and earth, is apt to be thick and muddy. Spring Water is reckoned preferable to other kinds," p. 11. I know there are some who add to these species, under the names of Rock Water, Strong Water, and Maids Water: the first is only the denomination given to water when it is extremely clear or cool: the second is sub-divided into Aqua Vitæ, Geneva, Brandy, and Rum, which is of the most general use in this Island, as being an extract from its Sugar Canes; and, when incorporated with the aforesaid Rock Water, Lemon Juice, and Sugar, makes an Elixir which conjoins souls, as itself is composed of conjoined liquors, where the sweet being melted by the sour, and smooth soothing the strong, from the concurrence of all together there arises a harmony of friendship, which, begun over night, will reign till it is disturbed by the envious approach of the morning. As for Maids Water, we have little made in Cajamai, our passengers generally having left what they could spare of it in Europe.

I made many observations concerning Muddy and Stinking Water; I found that "Water being thick and muddy will have an odd taste if you drink it," p. 10; that the best method is to give it time to settle. We have a way in Cajamai of letting it percolate through a porous stone, made into the form of a mortar; but here great care must be taken of "putting the water into the concave side," *ibid.* for otherwise Water is of that fluid nature, that it will not easily remain upon the convex. This observation may be of great use to many persons, especially to such as are accustomed to bite and sup their milk, and have not seen the use of spoons; for they, not understanding the nature of concavity and convexity, and that the concave side is more capacious of liquids than the convex, when they first handle that instrument are apt to slobber. The learned Zacutus has given us a

2

definition

definition of a Spoon, which is delivered to us by Dr. Eachard, in his "Dialogue between Timothy and Philautus y," to Mr. Hobbes z. A Spoon is, "Instrumentum quoddam concavo-con-  
"vexum,

y Published in 1672, and intituled, "Mr. Hobbes's State of Nature considered, in a Dialogue between Philautus and Timothy." This work was so well received, that the next year he published another piece, under the title of "Some Opinions of Mr. Hobbes's considered, in a second Dialogue, &c." It does not appear that Mr. Hobbes ever vouchsafed to enter the lists with this adversary.—Dr. Eachard was also author of a noted piece of drollery, intituled, "The Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion enquired into, in a Letter written to R. L." This pamphlet, which was published without the author's name, made a great noise, and was soon answered by several clergymen. He took the instances of absurdity and nonsense, in this letter, from his father's sermons. The "Letter to R. L." and the "Dialogue betwixt Philautus and Timothy," are the most eminent of his works, which were long a favourite companion both of divines and laymen. Swift speaks of them with respect, and seems indeed to have read them with attention. Some outlines of the "Tale of a Tub" have even been said to be traced in the writings of Eachard. But it has been observed of him, that he had no talent at all for serious subjects. Mr. Baker, of St. John's College, Cambridge, in a blank leaf of his copy of Dr. Eachard's "Letter to R. L." observes, that he went to St. Mary's with great expectation to hear him preach, but was never more disappointed. He was admitted of Catharine Hall, May 10, 1655; B. A. 1656; fellow, July 9, 1658; M. A. 1660; was chosen master in 1675; was twice vice chancellor; and died July 7, 1697, aged 61. He intended to have rebuilt the whole or greatest part of Catharine Hall; but did not live to compleat that generous design. He was buried in the chapel; and the inscription on his tomb will be a lasting monument of his worth, and of the gratitude of that learned society. It is printed in the short account of his life prefixed to a good edition published in 1774 by T. Davies, in 3 vols. and containing a "Second Dialogue between Philautus and Timothy," not published in any of the twelve former editions.

z Thomas Hobbes was born at Malmesbury, April 5, 1588; sent in 1603 to Magdalen Hall, Oxford; and in 1608 taken into the family of lord Hardwicke (soon after created earl of Devonshire) as tutor to his son, with whom he made the tour of Italy and France. On his return, he became known to persons of the highest rank, and eminently distinguished for their parts and learning. Lord chancellor Bacon admitted him to a great degree of familiarity; he was much in favour with lord



"vexum, quo posito in aliquod, in quo aliud quoddam diversum  
 "à posito, ante positum fuit, & retropositum in os ponentis,  
 "concipitur

Herbert of Cherbury; and was particularly esteemed by Ben Jonson, who revised the first work which he published, an English translation of Thucydides. His patron dying in 1626, and the young earl in 1628, Mr. Hobbes went abroad a second time, with Sir Gervase Clifton. In 1631, the Countess of Devonshire put the third earl, then about 13, under his care, whom he accompanied in his travels from 1634 to 1637. On the breaking out of the civil war, he withdrew to Paris, and continued there ten years, in which time he wrote many works, particularly his famous book "De Cive;" and his "Leviathan," printed at London in 1650. After the publication of the latter, he returned to England, and passed the summer commonly at Chatsworth, the seat of his patron; and his winters in town, where Harvey, Selden, and Cowley, were his intimate friends. In 1672, he wrote his own life in Latin verse; and in 1675 published a translation of the Iliad and Odyssey, in which he did as much injury to Homer as he had before done justice to Thucydides. In 1674, taking leave of London, he went to spend the remainder of his days in Derbyshire: where, notwithstanding his great age, he published from time to time several pieces. In June, 1674, he sent his "Behemoth" to a bookseller, not to be published till a proper occasion offered. This appeared soon after his death, which happened on the 4th of December following, at the age of 92. His character and manners are described by Dr. Kennet, in the Memoirs of the Cavendish Family, annexed to the Funeral Sermon on William Duke of Devonshire. This Sermon occasioned an excellent pleasantry of Dr. King, printed in vol. III. p. 37. Mr. Hobbes's Writings, both in his life-time and since his death, have been treated with great severity. It is certain his notions concerning civil government have the most pernicious tendency. But, notwithstanding the errors in his opinions are many and great, he will ever be esteemed a man of very extensive genius. A Writer, to whose sentiments much deference ought to be paid, speaking of him, says, "But here let us do justice to that great man's memory, at a time his Writings seem to be entirely neglected, who, with all his errors, and those of the most dangerous nature, we must allow to be one of the first men of his age, for a bright wit, a deep penetration, and a cultivated understanding. Several of whose uncommon speculations, while they remained with him, lay unregarded; but when taken up by others, of whom we deservedly have a better opinion, received their due applause and approbation. The learned Reader sees I have Mr. Locke principally in my eye; and, indeed, that incomparable man received no small assistance from Mr. Hobbes's notions. I could name several, upon which Mr. Locke values himself, as disco-

"veries

"concupitur is, qui posuit primum positum in secundum, ex his  
"positis aliquid concludere."

Now concerning Foul Water: I take "Thames Water, as  
"passing by so great a city as London, to be the foulest in con-  
"tents," p. 11; though, for foulness, I should give the preference  
to "Water gathered off the Ships decks from rain, which smells  
"and ferments presently, because of spittle, dung, &c." *ibid.*  
Here perhaps Sir Courtly would hold his nose, and I agree that  
the remark is something nasty; but in Natural History such de-  
scriptions are necessary; and as I hinted in my Preface, p. ult.  
we must not be discouraged from publishing such lucubrations,  
for fear of being ridiculed by Traitors and Atheists. "Upon the  
"whole matter, the cleansing water from clay, mould, water-  
"herbs, and other accidental impurities it meets with in its  
"course, seems to be the way of making it good in all the world,"  
p. 11.

I had one day a long dispute with the ingenious Dr. Van Sly-  
boots, concerning "Water, which is the common drink of Cajas-  
"mai." I told him, "it was the common custom to drink a large  
"glass of it in the morning, which is thought to prevent the true  
"Belly-ach; and that by cleansing the Guts of sour and sharp  
"parts that may lye in them, the reliques of Lime juice, or other  
"heterogeneous or morbid matter," p. 17. He would not in the  
least agree with me as to the use of Water after hard drinking;  
but referred me to a mystical Hypothesis of the Dutch Physicians,  
that in such cases a hair of the same dog was most proper. I

"veries and improvements in knowledge; but which he really borrowed  
"from the other, though admirably improved, and carried to a greater  
"length: for that other haughty man was concise and dogmatical, and  
"breathed the exact spirit of his master Lucretius. But to mention one  
"only, and that Mr. Locke's assertion, *That Liberty belongs not to the*  
"*Will*; the finest, and (as he confesses in a Letter to P. Limborch) the  
"most intricate Dissertation of any in his Essay. This his predecessor  
"had before asserted on his *Leviathan*." See Ep. Warburton's "Miscel-  
"laneous Translations, &c. 1724," p. 123.—Cowley addressed an Ode to  
Mr. Hobbes, in an exaggerated strain of panegyric; In which, however,  
(as the judicious editor of Cowley's Select Works has observed) "he does  
"but justice to the vigour of his sense, and the manly elegance of his  
"style; for the *latter* of which qualities, chiefly, his philosophic writings  
"are now valuable."

proceeded

proceeded to tell him, "that Water, by its analysis, seems to be "next akin to the spittle, and excretions of the glandule or ven-  
 "tricle and guts; that it is every where ready at hand to all man-  
 "kind; and all sanguineous Animals coming near the structure  
 "of mankind make use of no other with their good wills," p. 27.  
 He seemed to fly into a sort of passion; and said, that sanguineous  
 animals would drink Mum, Cyder, Perry, Pomperkin, Beer, Ale,  
 and Canary, and other vinous Liquors, if they had skill to make  
 them, or opportunity to get at them; and therefore it was not out  
 of "good will," but necessity, they drank Water. He instanced  
 to me in Rats getting fuddled by the assistance of their Tail, and so  
 oftentimes dropping into Butts of Malmsey—how Pack-horses  
 would drink Ale, and that as often as the Carrier, had they but  
 voice to call, or money to pay for it—that Monkeys, who imi-  
 tate the structure of mankind, would participate any sort of liquor  
 they saw another taste before them—and that Swine, whose flesh  
 comes nearest human, would never by their good wills touch  
 any Water, if strong liquors were before them; in which they  
 delighted to such excess, that David's Sow was become a Proverb  
 for her drunkenness. I told him, these were particular instances;  
 "but that Negroes, Indians, Mahometans, and a great part of  
 "mankind, know not the use of Wine or vinous liquors, and  
 "yet looked fresher and are much healthier than we," p. 27. He  
 said, if by a black, fallow, or tawny complexion, I meant look-  
 ing "fresher or healthier," he would agree with me; but other-  
 wise he thought that Europe could shew ruddier cheeks and more  
 rosy countenances, by the help of Ale, Wine, or Brandy, than any  
 persons in Africa or America could pretend to, by the assistance  
 of Water and Tobacco. I then instanced to him, "in the  
 "Northern nations, Goths and Vandals, who overcame most part  
 "of the world, and did not end their victories till, by coming  
 "over the Alps, they tasted and drank the Wines; whence they  
 "stopped their conquest, became effeminate, and not fruitful."  
 Why, replied Dr. Slyboots, did you ever hear that the Northern  
 nations drank Water? No; it was want of good Ale that hin-  
 dered the farther progress of their glory; it was this<sup>a</sup> inspired  
 them

<sup>a</sup> All who gave themselves to warlike actions and enterprizes, to the  
 conquests of their neighbours, and slaughters of enemies, and died in  
 battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or resolutions, they went

them with hopes that they should possess it in a state immortal, as we find in Sir William Temple's Essays <sup>b</sup>, out of Olaus Magnus being the 25th and 29th stanzas of an Ode of Regner Ladbrog <sup>c</sup>, translated into Latin by Olaus :

- "Pugnavimus ensibus :
- "Hoc ridere me facit semper,
- "Quod Balderi patris scamna
- "Parata scio in Aula.
- "Bibemus Cerevisiam
- "Ex concavis crateribus Craniorum.
- "Non gemit vir fortis contra mortem
- "Magnifici in Odini domibus.
- "Non venio desperabundus
- "Verbis ad Othini aulam."

And again,

- "Fert animus finire.
- "Invitant me Dysis,
- "Quas ex Odini aula
- "Othinus mihi misit.
- "Lætus Cerevisiam cum Afis
- "In summa sede bibam.

immediately to the vast hall or palace of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open house for such guests, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feasts and mirth, carousing every man in bowls made of the skulls of their enemies they had slain; according to which numbers, every one in these mansions of pleasure was the most honoured, and the best entertained.

TEMPLE.

<sup>b</sup> See the Essay "of Heroic Satire," vol. III. 8vo. p. 357. Sir William Temple was born in 1628; and, after passing with the highest reputation through several honourable departments in the state, retired to the cultivation of his beautiful garden at Sheen; and died in January 1693, in his 70th year. His Life and Character (supposed to be written by Dr. Swift) are prefixed to his Works.

<sup>c</sup> This song, or epicedium, of Regner, one of their famous kings, was composed by him, in the Runic language, in the ninth century, after he was mortally stung by a serpent, and before the venom seized on his vitals. The whole sonnet is recited by Olaus Wormius in his "Littera Runica," and is well worth perusal. That which is extraordinary in it is, that such an alacrity or pleasure in dying was never expressed in any other writing, nor among any other people.

"Vitz



"Vitæ elapsæ sunt horæ,

"Ridens moriar."

Nor was it any other liquor that the great English Bard Mr. Dryden celebrates in his Play of King Arthur<sup>d</sup>, Act I.

"I call ye all

"To Woden's Hall;

"Your temples round

"With ivy bound,

"In goblets crown'd,

"And plenteous bowls of burnish'd gold :

"Where you shall laugh,

"And dance, and quaff

"The Juice that makes the Britons bold."

I found Dr. Van Slyboots an obstinate advocate against Water; and so I left him. But to proceed to Cajamai.

"The mountainous part for the most part is very steep, and the high lands that want tillable earth are barren; for all the high land is covered with woods, which are great high trees, some of them very good timber. These trees send down their fibrous roots into the crannies of the rocks, where here and there they meet with little receptacles, or natural basons, wherein the Rain Water is preserved, not only for the roots of the trees to give them nourishment; but likewise to give Birds and Insects drink, and sometimes passengers on the roads," p. 13, 14; I myself, upon making these observations, having had several opportunities of regaling myself with liquors at such places, together with those inferior ranks of my fellow creatures, as Ducks, Water Snakes, Frogs, and Widgeons. I was very well pleased to find the "meadow grounds after rain to be very green and pleasant;" but it was surprizing to find them after "long droughts to be very much parched and withered. Low land is very proper for hay, which feeds horses very well. Grounds which have been manured for a long time need dung, and therefore

<sup>d</sup> Published in 1691. In a Dedication, to the Marquis of Halifax, Mr. Dryden tells us, this Dramatic Opera was the last piece of service he had the honour to do for his gracious master King Charles II; who did not live to see the performance of it on the stage. The Poet has bestowed a very handsome panegyric on that Monarch in the Dedication, as well as a just compliment to his friendly patron.

“husbandmen keep their trash in great heaps, to rot in time, to “make the better dung,” p. 14, 15. These are Remarks which I take to be as valuable as any made by VARRO, PLINY, COLUMELLA, and the late WRITERS concerning Husbandry.



### Concerning the FOOD of CAJAMAI.

PART of the Food of the best inhabitants is “Poultry of “their own raising, as Ducks, Hens, Geese, and Turkeys, “which are fed with corn,” p. 17. They are very careful in their education; in short, I could observe their Poultry lay eggs, sit upon them, hatch them, walk about the garden, and see what they can pick up, as Ants, Worms, Flies, loose Grain, &c. *ibid.* They hold up their heads as they drink; and their Ducks eat up the dirt, that children may go abroad, just as they do in Holland, England, and other countries. But in Cajamai they have “Muscovy Ducks, which come originally from Guinea; these are “most plentiful, and thrive extremely,” p. 17. It startled me at first, to think how “Muscovy Ducks” should come originally from Guinea; till, consulting with a learned Negro, who practiced Physick, he told me, “That, many ages ago, the Emperor of Guinea trafficked with the Czar of Muscovy; and that they changed these sort of Guinea Ducks for Snow and Ice to cool their liquors; and that Ice and Snow would be valuable commodities if carried there at present. He told me how much Guinea, and indeed all Africa, had been wronged, as to the original of Poultry, of which honour they had been robbed by other nations; and that they had great injustice done them concerning Turkey Cocks and Turkey Hens, for that they were Guinea Cocks, or Numidian Cocks, or African Cocks; and that so much had been allowed by the learned Columella, who calls the Hen by the Name of Numidica and Africana; and that the ingenious Martial, who, being a Spaniard, might probably best understand the Fowls of his neighbouring continent, calls the spotted Turkey the Numidica Gut-tata; by some it is called Garamantica, the Garamantes being a people in the region of the Inward Libya. So that all Authors agree that the original of these Birds come from our country; and

and yet, because the Carthaginians and Phœnicians, those great matters in the Art of Sailing, carried some of them into Asia, to humour the luxury of Sardanapalus the last Monarch of Assyria; and the Medes, upon his death, transferring the Monarchy and this sort of Fowl together; in some time after they came to be called Galli Medici. Alexander, in his Expedition into India, to shew his grandeur, carried all rarities, and some of these among the rest; which propagated there to that degree, that they had the general name of Indian Cocks, the French calling them so to this day; but several of the Europeans, and the English in particular, use us barbarously, in calling them Turkey Cocks, for they cannot but know that the Turks were an up-start handful of men; and that, coming from Scythia, they had more notion of Horse-flesh than any other dainties; and that they had no settled seat of Empire till their taking of Constantinople, which was not till about the year 1453, according to your Christian reckoning. Pardon me, Sir, said the Black Doctor, if the love of my country has made me something too particular." I excused him, as I hope my Reader will do me; for I take the observation to be wholly new, and that it may in time help to rectify the vulgar error concerning Turkey Cocks.

The next principal part of their food is Swine, some of which run wild in the woods. When those are "shot, cut open, the "Bones taken out, and the Flesh, gashed on the inside into the "Skin, filled with salt and exposed to the Sun, they are said to "be *jirked*," p. 16, 17. This gave me a more clear idea of that threatening expression used in Europe, "I'll jirk your jacket;" which carries greater terror with it than is generally apprehended. "This is so brought home by the Hunters to their masters, and "eats much as Bacon if broiled on coals," *ibid*. I had the curiosity to have some fried with Eggs, and still it "eat much as "Bacon;" then boiled with Herbs, then with Fowls, and still it "eat much as Bacon;" so that I could not attribute that taste of Bacon to the Coals, but to some "Baconic Particles in Swine's "Flesh," which make it, when "salted, dried, and jirked, rather "eat as Bacon" than as red Herrings or dried Salmon. The inhabitants have "other Swine," which lye in "Houses and "Styes," p. 17; these are creatures of great ingenuity and sagacity, and observe extraordinary "order and discipline." They march out in the morning, "several hundreds of them together,

“to feed on the fruits in the neighbouring woods;” which they do with great civility and moderation. I have often “gone into the woods, to see these Swine, where they have occasioned me no small diversion,” *ibid.* The evening ceremony is thus performed: Their Steward, or principal servant, having provided all things necessary at their styes, both for their repast and their repose, acquaints the Swine with it, by the blowing of “a Conch shell, whose sound is like that of a trumpet. On the first sound, they lift up their heads from the ground where they are feeding, and prick up their ears to hearken for the second; as soon as ever they hear the second, they begin to make some movements homewards; on the third they run with all their speed to the place where the Overseer uses to throw them corn. They seem to be as much, if not more, under discipline than any Troops I ever saw;” *ibid.* I was relating this story to Dr. Van Slyboots, before-mentioned, who had been a great Traveller, and had spent much of his time in England. He told me, that their Swine there had something of this discipline, but nothing equal to that of Cajamai; that twice a day they were called to their food, which was Whey, Butter-milk, or common Hog-wash; that the ceremony was performed by a Wench, who, with a stick striking upon a trough or pale, used to endeavour to represent a drum, and then, with a shrill voice, cry, “Come, Tig; come, Tig; come, Tig.” That they never staid for the word of command, of “One, Two, Three, and away;” but he that heard the first sound ran as if the Devil drove, and left *him* to take the hindmost. That they never complimented, as, “Pray, Captain Swineface, help yourself. Where’s the Silver Ladle and a Soup-plate for Colonel Forker’s Lady? I will not be so rude as to carve the Carrot-tops before Madam Pigfney;” but all fall to like Hogs, and eat like Hogs. They tell us indeed of a place where Pigs play upon the Organs; but I take it to be fabulous. One of their Poets<sup>c</sup> has given them a laudable character:

“So

<sup>c</sup> George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in “The Rehearsal.”—This noble writer, a man of great wit and humour, and of the most whimsical caprice, was the admiration and the jest of the reign of Charles II. He was the alchemist and the philosopher; the fiddler and the poet; the mimic and the statesman. He has left us a specimen of his admirable wit



" So Boar and Sow, when any storm is nigh,  
 " Snuff up; and find it gathering in the sky :  
 " Boar beckons Sow to trot in chefnut groves,  
 " And there consummate their unfinish'd loves.  
 " Pensive in mud they wallow all alone;  
 " And snoar and gruntle to each other's moan f."

In truth, he endeavours to make their amour come little short of that of Dido and Æneas, in the First Book of that incomparable Poet Virgil. But the Ladies of Bayonne have found out the excellency of this creature, and therefore (as it is recorded in " The Lady's Travels into Spain g") they adorn them with ribbons, in his " Rehearsal," which had a considerable effect in reforming the stage. It was finished before the end of 1664; when the poet, who was drawn for Sir Robert Howard, had the name of Bilboa. But, the great plague and other accidents having prevented its being acted before 1671, the name was changed from Bilboa to Bayes, and the whole artillery of the Author's wit was leveled at Mr. Dryden. He is said to have been assisted in this comedy by Dr. Sprat, Mr. Clifford, and the celebrated author of Hudibras.—The Duke was born January 30, 1627, the year before his father's assassination. After many sufferings in the royal cause, he solicited one of the daughters of Cromwell in marriage; but was mortified with a denial. He afterwards married the only daughter of Lord Fairfax; and was soon committed to the Tower by the Protector. On the Restoration, he was at first slighted by the King; but the charms of his wit and conversation soon prevailed, and he was appointed a lord of the bedchamber. In May 1688, he purchased the office of master of the horse; June 7, 1671, was installed chancellor of Cambridge, and was deprived of that office in 1674. He died, in contempt and misery, April 16, 1688; a melancholy example of the prostitution of talents. His end is pathetically described in Mr. Pope's Epistle to Lord Bathurst. And see some further particulars of a Peer, " who was of so great and at the same time of so little a character," in Granger, vol. III. p. 192. A neat edition of his works, with memoirs of the author, and a few explanatory notes, was published by T. Evans, in 1775, in 2 vols. 8vo.

f A parody on six lines in Dryden's " Conquest of Granada," part ii. p. 48.

" So two kind Turtles," &c.

g Written in a series of Letters to a Friend at Paris, by the Countess of Danois, who had married a grandee of Spain, in the beginning of the present century. These entertaining Letters, after passing through at least ten editions, were republished, with improvements, in 2 vols. 12mo. by T. Davies, in 1774.

carry them a visiting, and treat them with the same civility as the Ladies of other countries do their Lap-dogs. I must do your Swine this justice as to martial affairs you have been speaking of: I must own that I have seen the Armies of the Confederates, and of the French; and I am of opinion, that "the Swine of Cajamai" "are as much, if not more, under command and discipline than "any Troops I ever saw," p. 17; always excepting the French in one particular, who, by many Battles, have been brought to this discipline, that, upon the approach of the Confederate and British Forces, and their first onset, they "hang down their heads, and let fall their ears;" on the second, they "make some movements;" and on the third, "they run with all their speed," till they meet with some River to leap into.

It might seem a story, but I have been credibly assured by a worthy Colonel, that the "Wild Dogs in Cajamai," p. 67, keep an admirable œconomy; and that, without the assistance of any human person, they used to hunt of themselves the cattle that were in the woods; and at night, when one of the "Red Dogs, called a Busk, began to howl, he was answered by the "others in the woods, who came from all quarters to him, and "then went orderly about to take their Supper," p. 67. These instances of Wild Dogs and Swine, with others that I could give, might convince us of the rationality of these creatures; and shew that their œconomy is better, in taking their Suppers orderly, than of such animals as sit up all night drinking of Punch, or playing at Basslet or Ombre, and take what they call Supper when it is a more proper time to go to Breakfast.

The Breakfast of the inhabitants in Cajamai is "Chocolate, "which is used by all sorts of people at all times, but chiefly in "a morning. It seems to be nourishing, chiefly by its Oiliness, "and by the Eggs mixed with it to be rendered more so," p. 20. Sometimes I have thought it "hard of digestion," othertimes "to be a wholesome Food," *ibid.* but of this I am certain by many experiments, "that Chocolate colours the Album Græcum "of those feeding on it of a dirty colour."

## Concerning the Effects of HEAT in WARM CLIMATES.

I Found Heat in Cajamai to be very flaggative of Candles; and therefore the "nicest sort of people," especially the Ladies, "were desirous of Wax Tapers;" because, through "the heat of the Air, Tallow Candles were often so very soft as not to be able to stand upright without falling or doubling down. Butter is likewise as soft there, as when it is half melted in Holland," p. 10; and consequently cannot be kept from turning to Oil, without great judgement in the Cook-maid.

I find all Authors to agree concerning the effects of Heat in the Torrid Zone upon Butter and Tallow Candles; but I cannot agree with them concerning Lice. I know "it is a commonly-received opinion by some ingenious men, that Lice die on change of the Winds, or passing the *Æquator*; and that on the South of the Tropick of Cancer are none to be found: but this notion is certainly false, for although I think the great sweatings and little apparel of the inhabitants and travellers of the Torrid Zone occasion less disturbance from this sort of Vermin; yet Indians, Moors, and Europeans, are subject to them, though they be not in so great plenty as in more Northern countries, where the inhabitants sweat less, and go better cloathed, in the plies of which apparel those creatures find good shelter." To this purpose may serve the story of Starchaterus, a famous Prince and Giant of the North, who, in a Journey he had taken to his Mistress, in a great storm of snow, to shew the hardiness of his constitution, the greatness of his mind, and contempt of cold, sat down by a mountain, to encounter the innumerable enemies that lay in ambuscade in his Doublet, as we find in the most authentic Runic Histories.

The Dog-days are "intolerably hot and unhealthy: few people find themselves perfectly well and easy," p. 10. This was observable even amongst the Ancients, who, notwithstanding their ignorance in Natural History, complained of the "*Sirius ardens*," or the parching heat of the Dog-star; as likewise by the most vulgar Almanack-makers, who tell us when the Dog-days begin, and what is likely to proceed from their fatal influence.

In

## 44 USEFUL TRANSACTIONS.

In the midst of "this heat" of the air, people endeavour to amend it, "by Fans, Umbrellas, lying cool, and many other "ingenious contrivances," *ibid*.

The heat of the country produces very strange effects upon their Liquors. "Wine brought hither must be kept cool; and "will for all that remain but a small time, without being pricked "and turning sour. Cyder, Beer, and Ale, when bottled, huff "and fly in this strange climate," p. 28. So that the Natives and Indians, when they see such a prodigious deal of Froth come out, wonder extremely how it ever came to be stowed in so small a vessel. "It seems to me that it should be very unhealthful to "drink their small Beer; which is the second or third running off "of the Malt, whence it must come that a great many feculencies "remain in the blood." Therefore it is very wisely provided by the magistrates, that near every great town there should be a public officer, who, amongst other things, should take the solemn affirmation of passengers, upon a pair of Rams Horns, "That "they will never drink *small Beer* when they can get *strong* <sup>b</sup>."

"The heat of the air exhausting the spirits, no wonder if some "of the edge of mankind to Venery be taken off. It is thought "by some men they are bewitched, or charmed by the air: but "by what I could find this appetite is the same as in other places; "neither are men more bewitched or charmed here than in Europe," p. 31.

This is a very bad country for Chimney-sweepers; the best inhabitants having "no chimneys or fire-places in their houses, "but in their Cook-room," p. 47. "which word is used for a "Kitchen, and is a sea word, as many others of that country," p. 52: so here they cry, "All hands to work," as at sea they cry, "All hands to prayers" when they are in great extremity.

<sup>b</sup> Alluding to the ancient custom at Highgate (now almost obsolete); where it was usual for every public house to have a large pair of horns placed over the sign; and, when travellers stopt for refreshment, a pair of large horns fixed to the end of a staff was brought to them, and a kind of burlesque oath to the above purpose, and abundance of other things of the same kind, with the salvo of "Except I like the other "better."—This ludicrous ceremony was principally practised at the Gatehouse, erected there in the fourteenth century, to receive toll for the Bishop of London; occasioned by an old miry road from Grays Inn Lane to Barnet being turned through a park belonging to that bishoprick.

"The



"The Negroes, who lie on the floor, and not in beds, are not said to go to bed, but *to go and sleep*; and this phrase has generally obtained all over the Plantations. Upon their going to sleep, they untie their breeches, and loosen their girdles, finding by experience this custom healthy, because they were the cooler for so doing," p. 31. "But they did not know a better reason, that by such means the circulation of the blood is not interrupted, and so consequently humours are not deposited in the several parts of the body, which ever follows such interruptions," p. 77. I have, in my practice, ordered the unbuttoning of collars when too strait, unbuckling the shoes upon the case of corns, unlacing of stays in fits, &c. with very good success.

The better sort of persons "lie as in Europe, though more on Quilts, and with few if any coverings," p. 30. Therefore I found it not proper to bolt into a chamber till notice given, lest there should be more exposed than in the colder climates, where we lie under Feather-beds. Once advising a person to be put to bed in a cold fit of an Ague; I prescribed a Warming-pan. They told me, they had no such utensil; and that there had never been but one cargo of Warming-pans sent over since Cajamal was a Dutch Plantation, and that came from an eminent Merchant in London.

It seems "that Frost and Snow are never seen in this hot climate," p. 32; by which means the youth are deprived of many pastimes, as Sliding, Skating, Foot-ball upon the Ice, and the great diversion of throwing Snow-balls; but indeed "exercises here are not many, because of the heat of the air. Riding in the mornings is the most ordinary, which, by easily moving the Abdomen, and consequently the contents, by that means forwards the depuration of the blood in the several excretories there placed," p. 34. The want of exercise is the cause of several diseases; and suffers "the passions of the mind to have a great power on mankind, especially hysterical women and hypochondriacal men. They who cannot live easily elsewhere have been of bad lives, who have not their wills, minds, or affairs settled, are much worse to cure than those who have sedate minds and quiet consciences; in all which respects the Indians, who are not covetous, nor trouble themselves about many things as we do, have much advantage of us," p. 31; for, excepting their inclination to "Venery, and Bawdry, and Theft," they cannot be said to lead bad lives; they have no Church controver-

trouversies to disturb them, and but few scruples of Conscience, as generally having their Religion to chuse; they having no Estates, "their affairs are soon settled;" and there is little need of a Scribe to frame a Will, when they have no more to dispose of to their Widow and Pigganinnies, but a Calabash, some Potatoes, a Pipkin, their Canvas Doublet and Breeches, and "perpetual Slavery," p. 57. Besides, they are not so inclined to laziness as the Europeans; but "at night, although hard wrought, will sing and dance with great activity." Their Scaramouches, Masques, and Operas, are performed by "tying rattles to their legs and wrists, and cow-tails to their rumps, and adding such other odd things to their bodies, in several places, as gives them a very extraordinary appearance." I got one of their Songs, in which all the words are,

"Ho—Baognion Ho—Baognion,

"Ho—ha Ho—Ba

"O Ognion Ognion.

"Meri Bonbo

"Mich Langa

"Meri wa Langa."

At the base, clap hands, and cry "Alla, Alla," p. 49, 50.

I did not get it interpreted, because I was told "their Songs were all bawdy, or that ways." I design a small Dissertation, concerning the Laplandish, Old Greek, Persian, Turkish, and Indian Musick, of which I have specimens out of divers Authors. If I am not imposed upon by a Negro Physician, I have a Song, that has a great deal of Love and Gallantry in it, composed by a Negro Prince and Princess, who were made captives, and sent hither. I have the Original: but, few I believe understanding it, I have here only set down the Translation, made by himself, as he told me.

## O D E.

DARCO. "Cæsar, possess'd of Ægypt's Queen,  
"And Conqueror of her charms,  
"Would envy, had he Darco seen  
"When lock'd in Zabra's arms.

ZABRA. "Should Memnon that fam'd Black revive,  
"Aurora's darling Son,  
"For Zabra's heart in vain he'd strive,  
"Where Darco reigns alone.

DARCO.

- DARCO. "Fresh Mulberries new-press'd disclose  
 "A blood of purple hue;  
 "And Zabra's lips, like crimson Rose,  
 "Swell with a fragrant dew.
- ZABRA. "The amorous Sun has kiss'd his face;  
 "And, now those beams are set,  
 "A lovely Night assumes the place,  
 "And tinges all with jet.
- DARCO. "Darkness is mystic priest to Love,  
 "And does its rites conceal;  
 "O'erspread with clouds, such joys we'll prove  
 "As Day shall ne'er reveal.
- ZABRA. "In gloom of Night, when Darco's eyes  
 "Are guides, what heart can stray?  
 "Whoever views his teeth, descries  
 "The bright and milky way.
- DARCO. "Though born to rule fierce Libya's sands,  
 "That with gold's lustre shine,  
 "With ease I quit those high commands  
 "Whilst Zabra thus is mine.
- ZABRA. "Should I to that blest world repair,  
 "Where Whites no portion have;  
 "I'd soon, if Darco were not there,  
 "Fly back, and be a Slave."



Of Things common with other Countries; safe  
 Positions, Burying-Places, &c.

"**T**HUNDER is here; and on the several substances it meets  
 "with, either animate or inanimate, the same effects as  
 "follow Thunder in Europe," p. 45. "Lightning for the most  
 "part precedes Thunder in this Island, as elsewhere; especially  
 "in the hottest seasons it lightens almost all the night over," *ibid.*  
 "Falling Stars are here as common as elsewhere, and so are  
 "Rain-bows," *ibid.*

I made

I made some general remarks in my Voyage to Cajamai and stay there, p. 32; which I think may be depended upon, and may be certain rules to persons who go thither.

"Servants who get fuddled with Rum, and so in going home fall off their horses fast asleep, lie sometimes whole nights exposed to the injury of the air," p. 29. "When you are in a neighbouring plain, and it thunders and rains in the mountains, you may see the rain, and hear the thunder," p. 45. "Surveyors do know their different sort of Trees by their Bark," "A Widow, that has a Sugar-work and near Forty Thousand Cattle, may be reputed rich."—"When Sheep come from Guinea to Cajamai, they come in a Ship." Introd. "It is esteemed here the wholesomest way to go to bed early, and rise early," p. 30. "Persons who being sea-sick, if they cannot eat as they use to do at land, they cannot expect the same quantity of Excrements." Voyage, p. 3.

I think it one of the most necessary things in the world, for a Physician, when he sets up in any place, to look out for proper and convenient Burying-places for his Patients; considering that we are all mortal, and it would be too much charge to embalm every person, and therefore the sooner out of sight the better. Cajamai is a most excellent place for this; "the air being so hot as to corrupt and spoil meat in four hours, no wonder if a diseased body must be soon buried; they usually bury twelve hours after death, at all times of the day and night," p. 48; so that the melancholy object of the corpse is soon removed from being a reproach to the Physician; who, if he be prudent enough for so many hours to keep himself from touching the dead body, so as not to make it bleed, may escape well enough without censure; but is not so advantageous to another Faculty, who have little opportunity of composing Funeral Harangues, for want of time; so that I remember not above two, for persons whose thread of life I had lengthened in consumptions, that time might be given for such laudable composures. "The Burial-place is a little out of town. In the Town, or Church, is thought very unhealthy for the Living. Planters are buried in their Garden; and yet I never heard of any of them who walked after their deaths, for being buried out of consecrated ground," *ibid.* This I look upon as a farther happiness, because Spirits in that country



tell no tales, nor how they came to be separated from their body, which leads me to my next head; viz.



### The Method I used to cure DISEASES in CAJAMAI.

“UPON my coming thither, I was very uneasy, lest by ignorance I should kill, instead of curing; and indeed at first the inhabitants would scarce trust me with the management of the least Distemper, till they had made trial of what I could do with some of the meaner sort,” p. 90. But time gave me boldness in my practice, and then assurance of success. I remembered the story of a young Scholar, who afterwards came to great preferment, That he, seeing a good likely woman asking an alms, not only relieved her, but told her the best method she could take for a livelihood was to practice Physick; that she should be a *Stroker*<sup>i</sup>, and so cure all diseases; that her fee should be a penny loaf, and a penny ready money; and that, during the operation, she should pronounce this cabalistical and energetical expression,

“For the Loaf in my lap, and the Penny in my purse,

“If you’re never the better, you’ll be never the worse:”

that, through the strength of her Patients imaginations, she performed incredible cures; and that, many years after, the same Gentleman, being forced to come to London for relief in a distemper, had this famous Lady brought to him by the importunity of friends; and that the sight of her, and the recollection of the former passages, made him fall into such a fit of mirth and laughter, as contributed mightily to his cure, and made the Doctress in some measure able to recompense her Benefactor. So I found that “my medicines had the better operation, when I had brought people to a belief that I could help them; so that they would take the remedies in the order they were prescribed, without altering the method, or judging harshly in case the person died,” p. 90. Now this I take to be the perfection of a Physician, to bring people “not to judge harshly in case the person dies.” And indeed it should be considered how uncertain the art is, and that all persons do not think or practise alike; and that, as a Night-cap and Pepper-posset are not always infallible remedies in

<sup>i</sup> A banter on the advocates for Greatrax; see above, p. 45.

the country, so neither are "Liquid Laudanum, Decoctum "Album, Spirit of Harts-horn, or the Cortex," in your great Cities. It is with much difficulty that we bridle the tongues of Nurses, Midwives, and Chamber-maids, unless oftentimes we give them higher fees than we and our servants get from the Undertakers. I find the generality of men to be easily quieted; and that, upon the death of their Fathers who held plentiful Estates, Grandmothers and Mothers that had large jointures, Wives either expensive or disagreeable, they have great resignation, in duly submitting to whatever is dispensed to them by the means of the Physicians; but Parents parting with their only Children, Clergymen and Custom-house Officers Widows who lose their maintenance with their husbands, are in such cases the most censorious and uncharitable, not to say unchristian, in their expressions concerning persons of our profession.

I had one patient, named Isaac, who was a dismal instance of infidelity. "He had a vomiting and looseness, which had been "violent upon him, and weakened him considerably. I gave "him Liq. Laud. and Sp. C.C. I thought him very well recovered; but he, on the contrary, thought himself very ill, and "that he should certainly die of this illness. I said, I could FIND "NO DISEASE. He said, he was sure, say WHAT I COULD, "THAT HE WOULD NOT RECOVER. As he said, so he did; "for he died, being very morose; and seemed to have no distemper upon him, but fullness and melancholy," p. 130. So that either there must be *Spiras*<sup>i</sup> in Physick as well as Divinity,

<sup>i</sup> A name become proverbial, from Francis Spira, a learned counsellor of repute at Citadella in Italy, in the middle of the sixteenth century. This wretched man, the father of eleven children, was educated in the Romish faith, and continued in that communion till he was 44 years old. He is said to have acquired a plentiful estate by corrupting justice, and other iniquitous practices; but, meeting with some treatises of Wickliffe, he became sensible of his crimes, and commenced a zealous teacher of that great Reformer's doctrine. At the end of six years, being cited before the Pope's Legate at Venice, he was prevailed upon to sign an instrument of abjuration, and was again received into the Romish church. He survived this recantation but two months, which were passed in the most unhappy despondency imaginable. He appeared a perfect skeleton, was always raging for drink, ever pining, yet fearful to live long; dreading hell, yet coveting

nity, or else there may be diseases which have symptoms that I am not acquainted with; though my opinion is, that his death ought rather to be attributed to his unbelief, than to my want of knowledge.

I had likewise a Mother, that, upon the death of her Child, was very troublesome. I was sent for to a Colonel's Son, taken "with a Fever, and who was then in Convulsions, cold Sweats, &c. I had him cupped and scarified, gave him cordials and "drops: but in some hours, his weakness increasing, he died," p. 95. I had no sooner discharged my duty, in receiving my fees, and making my bows, &c. but, as I was getting on horse-back (for in that town I was forced to ride from door to door to my patients) an out-cry was made, that the Lady of the house was dying. The foolish "Mother, upon the Boy's death, "had fallen into violent Hysterical Fits," p. 96. It seems she had been very lavish of her tongue, That the cursed Dutch Dog and sometimes Doctor had cut her child to pieces, tore out its heart blood, and given it poison; and that she would be the death of him. I considered whether the provocation was not so great as that I might have let her go after him; but compassion made me give her twenty drops of Sal Armoniac, and let her "smell "to my bottle of Volatile Salt, which was only half full, whereby, "there being particles ready to issue out in plenty, the sensories "were irritated, and the fits taken off." Though such language and passion ought to be corrected; yet since they proceed more from ignorance and ill-breeding, and want of conversation with the Learned rather than malice, Death may seem to be too severe a punishment.

I had several Nostrums, that I generally made use of upon such occasions: As, "Liquid Laudanum, Decoctum Album, Rice-milk, Cortex Peruv. Extractum Rudii, Venice Treacle, Lucatellis Balsam, Infus. Croc. Metall. Confect. Alkermes, Cinamon Water, Syrup of Clove-gillyflowers, Elixir Proprietary, Flos Sulphuris, Oxymel. Scill. Vinum Emeticum, Spirit of Castor, Oil of Amber, Spirit of Sal Armoniac, Castile Soap, "and Diacordium," p. 91—96.

coveting death; in a continual torment, yet his own tormentor; till at length, worn out with grief and terror, impatience and despair, he departed this miserable life, an extraordinary example of the justice and power of the Almighty.

Yet, notwithstanding all these Medicines, Art was often forced to yield to the prevalence of the Disease. Death set a period to the Apothecary's Bill; and the Patients found rest, either in the Church-yard or their own Gardens.

The persons I had to deal with happened for the most part to have been jolly companions and hard drinkers. I was sent for to several when they were *drunk*, and left them *dead drunk*.

One of my first Patients was a Gentleman who had "the Gout, and tampered with it; his stomach was always out of order, because of his excessive drinking, especially Brandy and Sugar, by way of Dram, in a morning, to settle, as he thought, his stomach. He fell into a vomiting and looseness, which continued, notwithstanding the Decoctum Album, Easy Opiates, and whatever I could think of, till he died," p. 29.

"The Chevalier Mahoni, given to drinking and sitting up late, much troubled with belchings, died of a Dropsy," p. 98. "I had a Wheelwright died of a Dropsy; another of a Dropsy, Consumption, and Pox," p. 101. "One, by a Salivation ill managed, was choaked, notwithstanding what could be done for him," p. 93. "Mounſieur Homperus had lost his limbs by drinking Rum Punch: I in some measure recovered him; but afterwards he fell into a violent vomiting and looseness, and in a very few days he died," p. 105. "Dr. Hopman had been a great drinker of Rum Punch; I gave him Chicken Broth and Watergruel; he sent for another Physician, fell in Convulsions; and died," p. 112. "James, a Servant Man, though I struggled all I could, died of a Dropsy. A Joiner died of a Consumption, notwithstanding Conſect. de Hyacin. and other things of that nature, given to stop his Looseness," p. 112. "I found several whose brains and senses were disturbed by their excesses: one aged about sixty, from drinking too much wine, for faintness fell into a lethargic distemper, talked incoherently, and died. A Gentleman, much given to venery and intemperance, had a Dropsy; and, although my medicines wrought well, the watery humour overwhelmed his Brain, made him delirious, and also seized his Lungs, so that he had a great Cough, and died," p. 149. "Roger Bran, a Baker, by Wine, Sugar, and Water, from morning till night, fell ill of a Vomiting and Frenzy. I endeavoured what I could to remedy both the one and the other; but he grew more outrageous, and died" in



"in a few hours," p. 144. "Not to mention Simon Stoker, who, after a great debauch, lying on a cold marble floor, fell into a Mania, so that he was observed to speak and act very incoherently, and to get up in the night; nor Snap, the Postilion, who used to grow mad by drinking Rum Punch," *ibid.* "One Skellum's wife fell ill of an intermitting Fever; one of the first ran so high, as that after long and phrenetic discourse, notwithstanding Blistering, &c. she, after falling into cold sweats, died," p. 151.

Here, I confess, may have appeared a large scene of mortality, and sufficient to have depopulated a small Plantation. However, it demonstrates my former proposition, concerning the necessity which a Physician has of looking out for good Churchyards for his Patients.

But now, to come to some of the Cures I have effected, I may be bold to say, that no person has made more use of Water-gruel, Chicken-broth, Betony, Sage<sup>k</sup>, and Rosemary-tea, nor with better effect than myself. I may likewise boast of my improvement of the use of Feathers in the case of Vomiting.

I cured Mrs. Buller, "of troublesome fancies and chimeras in her thoughts, amongst other things, by the Sage and Rosemary-tea which I gave her. A sanguine Major, who had debauched in Brandy for several days and nights, without rest, sent for me. He complained of a giddiness in his head, and a fluttering at his heart: I gave him Betony, Sage, and Rosemary-tea; so his distemper wrought off by degrees of itself, by temperate living," p. 109.

In like manner Mrs. B——, "on drinking too much wine, fell into a vomiting, and going to stool very often. I ordered her a great deal of very thin Chicken Broth, and, after a sufficient evacuation, and a draught in the evening, she was perfectly well," p. 113. "A gentlewoman, Mrs. —, was troubled with the Belly-ach, by drinking Brandy and strong Liquors: I cured her with Broth, Water-gruel, &c." p. 118.

I had several Patients that I called my Pellet-merchants, all which I cured by the fore-mentioned specifics: "Mrs. Buller

<sup>k</sup> The incomparable Tincture of Sage and Elixir of Bardana were then unknown; the discovery of their virtues being reserved for the immortalization of SIR JOHN HILL.

"fell into a constipation of her belly; I ordered her physick, by which she voided some hard round balls, or Pellets, like Sheeps-dung. Then I gave her Sage and Rosemary-tea, then a vomit, which I promoted by thin Water-gruel and a Feather put into her throat," p. 98, as I had done to Sir Henry Mustard and others, p. 93; and afterwards she was perfectly well. "I cured a Turner of his Pellets by much Water-gruel. And a Taylor by the same medicine, though his Pellets were as hard as stones," p. 134.

I had great success with "a Laundry-maid, who was troubled with a Pruritus, or Itch; I cured her with Brimstone:" by which I found a wonderful alteration between her "fingers, which before were uneasy, both by their itching and unseemliness;" it being a disease the most improper that could be for a person of her profession.

"I cured a Cooper, by sending him from his Wife; for, he having a great pain in his Stomach, I doubted whether the Compression *in congressu* might not depress the Sternum, and make him worse; he being worse every morning when at home, and better when at sea absent from his wife," p. 117. I have found the same prescription very prevalent, where married persons have been troubled with *discontents, peevishness, or jealousy*.

I was as fortunate in my applications to "one Bess, a Negro woman, who used to tend children; she grew melancholy, morose, taciturn, and by degrees fell into a perfect mopingness or stupidity; if she was bid to do any thing, she would forget it; for instance, put a broom in her hand to sweep the house, there she stood with it looking on the ground. By cupping, vomiting, and jalap, I made her stir the broom, sweep the house, do as she was bid, and tend the children," p. 114.

I pleased one of my Patients, Mr. Doe, whom I had relieved of the Belly-ach. I wished him to avoid taking away any Blood, or making use of Physick; and that he should take an exact care of his diet, that it were easy of digestion, and pleasant to his palate. To these last prescriptions he readily agreed, and I heard no more of him," p. 129. Whenever I made use of the method before-mentioned, my Patients never died under my hands.

One of my most complete successes was with "a Servant," for whom I had designed "burnt Wine and an Opiate: his Mistress" (for

(for women will be tampering) "had given him a Vomit, which "worked with him till he was seized with a Cramp." Upon this, she was frightened, thought she had killed him; and in this last extremity, as people then usually bethink themselves of a Physician, she sent for me. I ordered him burnt Wine, and designed to have given him an Opiate; "but he was well without it."

I had many extraordinary cases, amongst which I must reckon this as one: "About the month of September, in the year 1708, "Count Dhona's family were taken very ill of continual violent "Fevers, one after another being seized till it went round the "whole house; it usually invaded them without any apparent "cause," p. 31, or at least a very small one. My Lady's Woman, being called in haste, ran with her mantle unpinned, and had it an hour after. The little Page fell into it immediately, because the Housekeeper did not give him Cake for his Breakfast just when he asked for it. Mrs. Bridget took it, because she was ordered to melt the Chocolate when it was Mrs. Christian's business to do it, p. 57. La Roache and Valière, two rival Footmen, were taken ill out of complaisance to Susan the Laundry-maid, who fell sick of it, p. 48. "I myself had it, and could not assign "any cause, if not being a little uncovered in the night by the "sheets falling off." But we all recovered.

I had a remarkable case: I was called "to a Tavern-keeper's "wife." I found her "taken with a Lethargy, inclining to an "Apoplectic Fit; on very violent irritations, she would lift up "her Eye-lids, but would not speak. I ordered her to be bled "and blistered; I gave her Diagridium and Drops of Sal Armo- "niac; then I ordered one to hold a bottle of Volatile Salt to "her nose, and a Snuff to be given her, of Marjoram, Betony, and "White Hellebore. I still proceeded." Now, to see the wonder- "ful operation of these Medicines, the Drops, the Bottle, and the "Snuff! The Gentlewoman was "about forty, fat, and phlegma- "tic," just upon her falling into this "Lethargy and Apoplectic "Fit." During my operations, I was often interrupted by two or three old women; Lord, Sir, do not butcher the poor woman so; she is only a little overtaken with a quart or two of Brandy more than usual; stay but till we have drunk three or four bowls of Punch, and she will come to herself; she has been often so, and no harm came of it. "By the help of what I had given her

"first, she went to stool in the bed; then her blisters rose, and then she sneezed, and was heard to cry, *Ough! Ough!* three or four times." Some of her neighbours asked me, if it were not proper she should be shifted? To which, after due consideration, I agreed, and prescribed some Frankincense to be burnt in the room. By plying her hard for two days, she looked up, nay more, could "say a word or two, as *Dry, Beer, Drink*, and call for the "pot to make water;" afterwards "she grew better, but shut "her eyes; and, being morose, would take nothing, and shut her "eyes. I threatened to get a pan of coals, and burn her with "them on her head; which so alarmed her, that she took things." I heard afterwards, that, as she grew sober, she grew well, and that her moroseness of temper proceeded chiefly from her being ashamed of what she had done. But she perfectly recovered of that drunken fit, by the aforesaid remedies.

I had an instance of the ill effect of not taking remedies in the order they were prescribed, in one Broomfield. "He had a "Vomiting and Looseness, by drinking to a great height in Canny; I gave him *Liq. Laud.* and some other things; but he "being something morose and ill-natured, and at other times "phrenetic, and so not taking his medicines as he ought, in some "time he died," p. 142.

I was more than ordinarily satisfied by the good success I had concerning Hogs Puddings. "A Hog being boiled, the Blood, "kept *something too long*, was made into Black-puddings; several of the persons eating them were taken ill of a Vomiting. "Being called, upon enquiry I concluded the Puddings to be the "cause; and, to follow the motion of Nature, gave them a Vomit, "to discharge the cause, especially considering the Puddings "were scarce out of the stomach; upon Vomiting and a Cordial "Draught, they all recovered," p. 92. I found several things dubious in this case: First, whether they were "surfeited, or poisoned?" Secondly, whether Nature would not have discharged the cause if I had not been called? Thirdly, what should be the reason, "Why some should be violently ill, and others who had "eat of them should not complain at all?" I attribute this last to the aversion that ordinary persons generally bear to Physick, and that they durst not complain, as being more afraid of the Doctor than the Poison. As to the lawfulness of eating Black Puddings, see the Poem of "*Pugna Porcorum*," verses the 90th, &c.

I found



I found an excellent Receipt to cure a melancholy morose Husband. Mrs. Barnevelt "brought me to see her Husband, who "had been very melancholy for several months; he was morose," so that he never pulled off his hat, nor asked me to sit down; "he would scarce speak," except it were "No, or, You shan't," when his Wife asked any thing of him; he was always "drowsy "and sleepy," as well up as a-bed. "I bled him, purged him, "gave him Sp. C.C. then blistered him," p. 151. In a few days he was quite well; and his Wife had a new gown and petticoat, and any thing she would desire, rather than she should bring the Doctor again.

I had great success in affairs concerning Children. In the year 1700, I discovered the secret, "That Children lying in Huts, "exposed to the winds, were taken with Chincoughs; that raw "Fruit will breed Worms, and that Worm-seed is proper for "them," p. 104. "Face-cloaths, or Linnen to be pinned over the "face of new-born Children, are never used in Cajamai," p. 115, it being hot, and thought there very unhealthy; and indeed the true reason is, they would stifle them. Infant children, "that "have not the Breast, are brought up by hand very well," p. 147; and I advised this, rather than having them suckled by Nurses that were very debauched as to drinking. "I always thought "tampering with Physick too much with Children, where the "disease is not plain, not to be safe, they not being able to inform "the Physician of their malady, but by frowardness and crying," p. 148. It were to be wished, therefore, for the help of Physicians in such cases, that women of good sense and ingenuity should be made Nurses for some time; such persons, I mean, as should be chosen according to the method of Quinctilian; that they should study Dr. Wallis's<sup>1</sup> rules for making *dumb* and *deaf* persons

<sup>1</sup> In 1653, in a treatise "*De Loquelâ*," annexed to his "*Grammatica Linguae Anglicanae*," Dr. Wallis tells us, "he has philosophically considered the formation of all sounds used in articulate speech, as well of "our own, as of any other language that he knew; by what organs, and "in what position, each sound was formed; with the nice distinctions of "each, which in some letters of the same organ are very subtle: so that "by such organs, in such position, the breath issuing from the lungs will "form such sounds, whether the person do or do not hear himself "speak." Pursuing these reflections, he was led to think it possible,

persons be understood; that they should have Bp. Wilkins's *m*  
*universal character*, and see by the Picture how every Letter is

that a deaf person might be taught to speak, by being directed so to apply the organs of speech, as the sound of each letter required; which children learn by imitation and frequent attempts, rather than by art. He made a trial or two with success; and particularly on Alexander Popham, son to the famous admiral; which involved him in a controversy with Dr. William Holder, who claimed the merit of the cure (which the latter had performed, it seems, in 1659; but Popham losing what he had been taught by Holder, he was sent to Dr. Wallis, who brought him to his speech again).—Dr. John Wallis was born Nov. 23, 1616, was educated at Emanuel College, Cambridge; and was chosen fellow of Queen's about 1640. He was one of the earliest members of that learned body which gave birth to the Royal Society, and was appointed Savilian professor of geometry at Oxford, in 1649, by the parliamentarians. At the Restoration, he met with great respect from king Charles II, was continued professor, and appointed king's chaplain. His works were collected by the curators of the press at Oxford in 1699, and published in 3 vols. folio. He died Oct. 28, 1703.—Dr. Holder was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; in 1660, proceeded D. D. and was afterward canon of Ely, F. R. S. canon of St. Paul's, sub-dean of the royal chapel, and sub-almoner to his majesty. He published several ingenious works; and died Jan. 24, 1696-7.

*m* Dr. John Wilkins was born in 1614; entered a student of New Inn in 1627, whence he removed to Magdalen Hall. Joining with the parliament, he was made warden of Wadham College, April 13, 1648; in 1656, he married Robina, sister to the Protector, and obtained a dispensation for keeping his wardenship. In 1659, he was made master of Trinity College, Cambridge, by Richard Cromwell; but was ejected, on the Restoration, next year. He then became preacher to Gray's Inn, and rector of St. Lawrence Jury. About this time he became an active member of the Royal Society; was soon after made dean of Ripon; and in 1668, bishop of Chester; which preferment he did not long enjoy, dying Nov. 19, 1672. He published "A Discovery of a new World, &c." at the age of 24; "A Discovery of a new Planet, &c." in 1640; "Mercury, or the secret and swift Messenger, &c." in 1641; "Mathematical Magic, &c." in 1648. These pieces were published entire, in one volume, 8vo, in 1708, under the title of "The Mathematical and Philosophical Works of the Right Reverend John Wilkins, &c." with an account of the Author's Life. To that collection is subjoined an extract of his larger work, printed in 1688, folio, and intituled, "An Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language." He was also the author of several theological works of reputation.

framed

framed by the organs of speech. This would shew us the infancy of Letters, and the first formation of articulate sounds. Hence we should know what children mean by screwing their faces, and clasping their hands; and whether they call for Milk or Panada when they *whimper*, whether they do not ask for Sack when they are *froward*, and whether by their *crying* and *squawling* they do not positively demand something to ease them of the Worms or Colic. But of this I shall treat briefly hereafter, in my Sixth Folio of the Generation of Butterflies.

There was a Reverend Gentleman that I had cured, by prescribing, amongst other things, my old remedy of "Sage and Rosemary made into a drink, after the manner of Tea," p. 146. (I often gave this to my Patients, for I knew, according to my maxim, that by such medicines, if they were "never the better, they would be never the worse," p. 147.) He had fallen into a Consumption, by straining "his lungs in preaching." I advised him "to remove from his parish, to a place where no opportunity should be given of exercising his lungs so much," and to make a Sine-cure of his Living; "by this method he was relieved." But afterwards, I suppose, being troubled with a squeamish conscience, and having no Physician by him, "he returned to his parish, fell into a spitting of blood, turned consumptive, and died; *a fatal instance of not following prescriptions!* I have often observed, that the immoderate straining "of the lungs, by singing, hunting, trumpeting, inviting people to shows, &c. have brought Hoarseness, Coughs, Consumptions, great Pains, Ulcers under the Sternum, and Death." What a number of worthy persons have been lost by this means! Ballad-singers innumerable, who have caught violent colds at the corners of streets and at country markets; Trumpeters to Monsters, High German Artists, and Lotteries; Merry Andrews, Orators, Bullies, Welcomers, and other eloquent persons, who, at the expence of their own lungs, have in a manner extorted money from the audience, by the rhetorick of "Rarest Show in all the Fair, just going to begin; Gentlemen and Ladies, come in and take your places!" But I hear that the British nation have in some measure prevented this evil, by the suppression of Lotteries<sup>n</sup>; and

<sup>n</sup> A species of Gaming which was soon revived, and has within these very few years been extended to an enormous excess.

that May-Fair<sup>a</sup> and Bartholomew-Fair<sup>p</sup> are regulated; and that the Magistrates of London hunt with decent and becoming gravity<sup>q</sup>. I am extremely glad of this, for the sake of my old acquaintance, whose assistance and civilities I acknowledge to have received when I practised there as a Mountebank.

"I saw most of the Diseases in Cajamai which I had met withal<sup>r</sup> in Europe. Among the rest, it is very ordinary there for

<sup>a</sup> So called from the month of May. It has been entirely abolished near forty years. Shepherd's Market, near Curzon Street, was built on the spot where it was held; and the surrounding district is styled "May Fair."

<sup>p</sup> Fitzstephen, in 1174, describes Smithfield (p. 36, ed. 1772) as a plain field, both in reality and name. "Here," says he, "every Friday, unless it should happen to be one of the more solemn festivals, there is a celebrated rendezvous of fine horses brought to be sold. Thither come, either to look or buy, a great number of persons resident in the city, earls, barons, knights, and a swarm of citizens.—In another quarter, and apart from the rest, are placed the vendibles of the peasant, implements of husbandry in all kinds, swine with their deep flanks, and cows with their distended udders." Fitzstephen takes no notice of Bartholomew Fair, though it was granted by Henry II. Neither Maitland nor Strype mentions the date of the grant; so that perhaps it might be posterior to the year 1174. Richard Sandwich, *custos* of the city in 1295, disputed with the prior of St. Bartholomew's concerning the profits arising from the fair; alledging, that, as the city privileges were forfeited to the crown, all the customs and benefits arising within the said city must belong to the king.—The fair is now reduced to a mere shadow of its original consequence; and is, in fact, little more than a mart for toys and gingerbread, and a place of exhibition for jugglers and occasional monsters.

<sup>q</sup> "Many of the citizens take great delight in fowling, with merlins, hawks, &c. as likewise in hunting; and they have a right and privilege of hunting in Middlesex, Hertfordshire, in all the Chiltern country, and in Kent as far as the river Cray." Fitzstephen, p. 52.—It appears from the same writer, p. 26, that Middlesex Forest was then of considerable extent: it was deforested in 1218. Amongst the officers of this great corporation, that of "The Common Hunt" (at present enjoyed by James Chamness, esq.) is not the least distinguished. He has the care of the pack of hounds belonging to the lord mayor and citizens, and attends them in hunting in those grounds to which they are authorized by charter. The Sword-bearer, the Common Cryer, the Common Hunt, and the Water Bailiff, are styled "the Four Esquires of the Lord Mayor's Household."

"servants



"servants to pretend or dissemble sickness of several sorts; but  
 "these by attention may be found out by Physicians, and by pro-  
 "per Questions be discovered as Forgeries, PERJURIES, and  
 "LIES," p. 141. I have found several young Scholars, after the  
 time of breaking up, troubled with great inflammations and sore-  
 nefs in their Eyes, so as not to be able to look on a Book; and  
 sometimes with great pains in their Bowels and Stomach. The  
 former I cured by Blisters behind their Ears, and advising more  
 between their Shoulders and upon their Wrists in case their ill-  
 ness continued; to the second I prescribed *bitter medicines*, as  
 Wormseed, Centaury, or Hiera Picra, to be often repeated, ac-  
 cording to the violence of their distemper; and by these I seldom  
 failed of a cure. I had great difficulty with "a lusty Negro  
 "Footman, who was to go several miles of an errand; about  
 "twelve at night he fell extraordinary sick, lay strait along,  
 "would not speak, groaned, and seemed in a great agony; some  
 "who stood by thought him dead, some bewitched, others that he  
 "was poisoned. I examined matters as nicely as I could, con-  
 "cluded this was a new strange disease, such as I had never seen,  
 "or was not mentioned in any Author I had met with. At last it  
 "came into my head that he counterfeited; whereupon I told the  
 "by-standers, that a Frying-pan with burning coals applied to  
 "his head, and lighted Candles to his hands and feet, was the  
 "only method to awake persons in such cases. Upon giving  
 "him a quarter of an hour's time to consider, he came to his  
 "speech, and went about his business," p. 141. I do not men-  
 tion this as a Receipt, but as a turn of thought, or *coup d'esprit*,  
 which I had, and is very useful for a Physician. But the case  
 which puzzled me most was that of "a Carpenter, a lusty He-  
 "Rogue, who said he had the Belly-ach. He had a blanket about  
 "his middle, made wry faces, and bemoaned himself very much;  
 "he went to stool very well, and did not vomit. I told him, that  
 "I believed he dissembled, and that, if he were well chastized,  
 "it would be his best Physick—he seemed not to be of my mind."  
 This something staggered me; when a young man I had with me  
 desired he might speak. He had been apprentice to an English  
 Mountebank, and could name twenty Diseases, all which, he said,  
 his Master could cure more than any other Orator could pretend  
 to. Sir, says he, the poor man is dangerously ill; and, if you  
 let me examine him, you will find he has the Yawns, the Bones,  
 and

and the Hockle-grockles.—Pray, Friend, says the young man, do not you find in a morning, when you are called to work, that your eye-lids sink down again when just lifted up; that your mouth opens by degrees, and very wide, and your breath comes out leisurely, with a Y—A—W—N at some distance; that your arms stretch beyond your head, and then fall down again by your sides; that you have a sort of listlessness or I-don't-know-how-ishness upon your spirits, when you should rise; and that you had rather turn on the other side, and go to sleep? Oh, Lord, Sir, cries the Carpenter, every morning, indeed, Sir; and often in the afternoon, Sir. Why then, says the young man, you have the Yawns extremely.—But pray, Friend, when you should go of a message, and are bid to do or lift any thing, do not you find that you have a Bone in your Leg, and another Bone in your Arm? Oh Lord, Sir, cries the fellow, Bones, Sir! I feel Bones all over me, from my Fingers ends to my Great-toe. Why then, replies the Youth, it is evident that you are extremely afflicted with the Bones; and I pity you with all my heart.—But again: As to your Stomach; when you are to work, do you find you have any stomach to your work? Truly, cries the Fellow, very little or rather no stomach at all, Sir.—But, supposing you had a Plum-pudding, a Loin of Veal, or Pig, provided for you, do you think you could find a stomach? What should ail me, says he?—But if, a second time, you had a tit-bit, a hollow Bird, or so, do you believe you could find another stomach? I warrant you, cries he, I could a very good one; pray try me.—Then, turning to me, says the Orator, Most noble Doctor, you perceive the honest Man has the Hockle-grockles, a desperate disease; you see he has two stomachs to eat, and never a one to work; this can never be cured, unless he stands the *nointing*, which is a scarification with a Cat-and-nine-tails, and a fomentation, or imbrocation, of the bleeding parts with salt and fair water. His Master promised that the operation should be forthwith performed; but our backs were scarcely turned, when the Patient fled for the same.

Here I intended to begin my Book, and to have shewn what diversity I found in the Leaves of the Weeds growing in the Plains and Woods of Cajamai; how some were smaller, some larger, some whiter, browner, or greener, than others of the same species in Europe, with their Figures curiously delineated; but the En-graver,

graver, who should have described "the various sorts of Ferns that I have collected, the White Bramble, the Busk, the Disciplined Swine, the Negroes Jackets," and several other things of great importance, was so ungrateful as to disappoint me; but I hope speedily to make my Reader some amends.

In the mean time, I shall give an account of the strange variety of Food used in several Nations, either out of necessity or wantonness; which I took occasion to consider of, from some extraordinary sorts of Diet that I found in Cajamai.



### Concerning several sorts of odd DISHES used by the Epicures and nice Eaters throughout the World.

"**B**ESIDES the ordinary provision of Cajamai, the Inhabitants "eat the Raccoon, a small Quadruped; Rats are there sold "by the dozen, being thought delicious when feeding on Sugar- "canes," p. 20. They are much better than tame Rabbits or Kittens, so much esteemed by Gypsies. "The Indians eat "Snakes or Serpents;" which they take not to be so muddy as Pond Eels. "They likewise eat the Cossi, a sort of Worm, "breeding in rotten Timber," with as much eagerness as Fish bite at Caddes or Gentils, and Robin-red-breasts fly at Maggots when we have cracked naughty Filberds.

"It is very happy for mankind that they were not restrained "by nature to any limited kind of food; for otherwise they "should be at a great loss when they came to multiply and "replenish the earth, and live in climates where the difference "of air and soil raises new variety of vegetable and animal pro- "ductions, they would want sustenance, were they not fitted "by nature to make use of what they found ready for that pur- "pose," p. 20: There would not be Beef and Mutton, Barn- door Fowl, Geese, Hogs-puddings, and Apple-pye, enough for the common people, if the Gentlesfolk had not taken a fancy to Herons, Bitterns, Peacocks, Swans, Hares, Cocks-combs, Hogs- ears, Mushrooms, Terrenes, Soups, and Oglions.

"Nature has for this reason given to mankind their Cutting "and Teating, as well as Grinding Teeth," *ibid.*; that tough meat,

meat, paxwax, and gristles, might not be lost, and that hard Biscuit, poor Jack, and Suffolk Cheese, might come to be swallowed; she has likewise given them Cracking Teeth, that so they might receive nourishment from Cracknells, Nuts of all sorts, and Kernels; it suffers infants to have no Teeth for a while, that so Pap and sugared Milk may be consumed; and then permits their Teeth to encrease by degrees, that so white Bread and Butter and Quaking-pudding may have their share in the nutriment of mortals; and afterwards, in old age, it takes away their Teeth again, that so Jelly-broths, Sack-possiet, and many other strengthening things, may have their turn of being useful.

"Some people live very well on Vegetables only, thinking "it inhuman to kill any things to eat;" so do the Brachmans in The Indies, and all that profess the Pythagorean Philosophy: "others on Flesh only; others live on Vegetables and Flesh," p. 21; and in some places the Vegetables are in greater proportion than the Flesh, as in Spain and France: but more care is taken to adjust their equality in the British Dominions; and this puts them upon many inventions, *videlicet*, of roast Mutton and Kidney-beans, Leg of Lamb and Collyflowers, Knuckle of Veal and Spinage, and boiled Pork with Pease, Potatoes, and Turnips.

That which seems the strangest is, "that the greatest part of "mankind have their chief sustenance from grains, Wheat, Rye, "Barley, Oats, Rice, &c. *ibid*. But of these I shall discourse at large, when I treat of Buttered Wheat, Maslin-bread, Barley-broth, Rice-pudding, and Oat-cakes, whether to be fried or roasted. "Kine, Goats, Swine, and Sheeps Flesh, sustains most "Persons in these Parts; so do Camels in Arabia, and Horses in "Tartary." The common Tartars only just warm it under their Saddles; but the great Cham has the Cheeks hashed, and the Brains fried, much after the same manner as we do our Calves-head. See their Countryman Pontakeronskinsi's Treatise of the Tartarian Luxury. "Most in Greenland" (especially where there are none but bearish inhabitants) "feed on large "draughts of Train Oil. In many parts of Lapland, Fish is "their chief subsistence," which they dress with great perfection of Shrimps, Oysters, Anchovy, and Ketchup. The Body is served to the Master; and the dried Heads are food for the Cattle. "In England the poorer sort have their nourishment from "Milk Meats," as Curds and Cream, Whitepot, Furmety, &c."



The longest Livers eat Butter from Suffolk, and Cheese from Cheshire and Warwickshire. Roots affording sustenance are Carrots, Parsnips, Radishes, Onions, and Turnips, p. 21; which last eat very well boiled with Beef, Dumplin, or Bag-pudding, either with or without Plums.

"Though Stalks and Leaves afford no great Nourishment, yet they have sometimes kept many from starving, as Celery, Endive, Sorrel, Lettuce, Spinage, Mushrooms, Artichokes," *ibid.* But the persons who deal in Pickles have introduced a strange variety, such as Cucumbers, Girkins, European Mangoes, Clove Gillyflowers, Berberies, Purslain-stalks, Ashen-keys, and Broom-buds, *ibid.* "Many feed on Pulse, as Garden Pease, Windfor Beans, Kidney Beans," Grey Pease commonly in an evening, &c. "I have known a Woman in Holland feed many months upon Hemp-feed;" she by that means cleared her voice so as to sing like a Linnnet. "Not to speak of Acorns and Beechmast, the food of our forefathers," *ibid.* But that was many ages ago; and now we give them to our Hogs; and so eat them at second-hand, in Spare Ribs, Chines, and Gammons. "Dates are the food of many people in Barbary and Arabia," *ibid.* They are seldom used by us but in old-fashioned Minced-pies and Florentines. "Figs" are very serviceable in Lent. "Pistachias," though dear, are very nourishing. "Chestnuts make an excellent and common Soup in France;" and may be put into Veal-pie with good success.

Joachimus Struppis, in his Book called, "Anchora Famis," speaks of "Bread made of Apples, Citrons, Oranges, Cherries, Almonds, Plumbs, Grapes, Raspberries, &c." p. 22. I suppose he means the several sorts of Pies and Tarts compounded by the Relief Pastry-cooks, and the Marshpanes, Macaroons, Pastes, and Jellies, &c. that are made out of the forementioned Fruits by the Confectioners; which are not only eaten in the case of Famine, but even in the midst of affluence, affording great comfort to Children, and likewise to Gossips and other persons to whom Nature has given Sweet Teeth in their heads, as well as Tearers and Grinders.

"Many strange things have been eaten in sieges, for want of better food, as Skins of Beasts and Leather," *ibid.*; first they began with their *slippers* and *girdles*, then came to their *shields*, which

which were in latter ages, as well as anciently, made of Hides, and those sometimes seven-fold, as was that of Ajax, recorded in Ovid; and at last came to eat their *shoes*, being more afraid of starving, than going barefoot. Upon great occasions, they used to make a strong Broth of Size or Glew, which, with a Starch-pudding, and a brace of "Tallow Candles," *ibid.* for second course, made an extraordinary entertainment.

Mæcenas was an admirer "of Asses flesh," as other persons have been "of Mules," p. 22, 23; the mixture of the Mules flesh, in their opinion, giving that of the Ass a more high and sprightly relish. In places where they are to be had, "powdered Buffaloes" are esteemed more than hung Beef. As "Lions and Panthers" in Libya are very good; so are "Rhinocerots," though their skins are of the toughest. "Foxes flesh" is much esteemed by Politicians; "Bears," grown fat by sucking their paws in winter, make good pasties. "Wolves flesh" is tenderer than Mastiff's, especially when hunted. "Otters and Beavers" are convenient and ready food for Bargemen, when they have not the opportunity to steal Mutton. "Bats" are proper for Constables and Watchmen, "Crocodiles" for hypocrites and persons who desire tears at command. "Blood of Animals" affords Black Pudding. "Frogs" will produce Fricasees; but I have not yet received the Receipt how "large Toads are drest in New England."

"Persons not used to eat Whales; Squirrels, or Elephants, "would think them a strange dish; yet those used to them prefer them to other victuals," p. 25. A person of my acquaintance, being obliged to some Gentlemen for a kindness, invited them to dinner, and gave them two brace of boiled Cats and Onions, and a dish of roast Hedge-hogs. Though the Gentleman had taken great pains for his entertainment, yet his Guests would have been better pleased with other sort of provision.

Were the Northern Nations as exquisite in their tastes as the Romans, they would in their country seats have their separate Parks for their Snails, and another for their Rats; for so I interpret the Latin word *glijres*, though I know the generality of persons take them for Dormice, p. 25; of these they made exquisite dainties, of the latter there are many learned remarks made by the ingenious Author<sup>r</sup> of "The Soups and Sauces of the An-

<sup>r</sup> Apicius Cælius.—See the Letters to Dr. Lister and others, prefixed to the "Art of Cookery," in vol. III.

"cients." But I think a Friend of mine has surpassed them all, by a Park which he made for Spiders; the largest of which was a very sensible creature, knew his master's voice, and answered to the name of Robin. My Friend delighted himself much in Domitian's way of hunting, which was Fly-catching; most of which he flew, and took others alive, which he preserved as food for his Spiders, that he drew out of his Park as the delicacy of his palate from time to time invited him.

This being only a digression from my design, I am afraid I may trespass upon my Reader; but, if it find encouragement, I have materials enough to advance it into a complete Treatise.



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# A VINDICATION

OF THE REVEREND

DR. HENRY SACHEVERELL,

FROM THE

FALSE, SCANDALOUS, AND MALICIOUS ASPERSIONS,

Cast upon Him in a late Infamous Pamphlet,

INTITULED,

*THE MODERN FANATICK,*

Intended chiefly to expose the Iniquity of the Faction in *general*, without taking any *considerable* Notice of their poor mad Tool BISSET in *particular*.

In a DIALOGUE between a TORY and a WHIG.

TOWHICH ARE ADDED,

MR. BISSET'S RECANTATION;

An Answer to a SECOND scandalous Book that Mr. BISSET  
is now writing;

AND

Two other Treatises on the same Subject.

The history of Dr. Sacheverell affords a very striking example of the folly and madness of party, which could exalt an obscure individual, possessed of the lowest talents, to an height of popularity that the present times behold with wonder and astonishment. He was the son of a clergyman at Marlborough, and received part of his education at that place. From thence he was sent to Magdalen College, Oxford, of which he was chosen a fellow; and there became known to Mr. Addison, who addressed to him his poem intituled "An Account of the greatest English Poets," dated Apr. 3, 1694. His first preferment was Cannock, in the county of Stafford. He was afterward appointed chaplain of St. Saviour, Southwark. While in this station, he preached his famous Sermons, at Derby, Aug. 15, 1709; and at St. Paul's, Nov. 5, in the same year; and in one of them was supposed to point at lord Godolphin, under the name of Volpone. It has been suggested that to this circumstance, as much as to the doctrines contained in his Sermons, he was indebted for his prosecution, and eventually his preferment. He was impeached by the house of commons; and his trial began Feb. 27, 1709-10; and continued until the 23d of March, when he was sentenced to a suspension from preaching for three years, and his two Sermons were ordered to be burnt. This ridiculous prosecution overthrew the Ministry, and laid the foundation of his fortune. He very soon after was presented to a living near Shrewsbury; and in the same month that his suspension ended, had the valuable rectory of St. Andrew Holborn given him by the queen. At that time his reputation was so high, that he was enabled to sell the first Sermon preached after his sentence expired for the sum of £. 100. We find by Dean Swift's Letters that he had also interest enough with the Ministry to provide very amply for one of his brothers. After the accession of king George, we hear little of him except by quarrels with his parishioners, although he was much suspected to be concerned in Atterbury's Plot. He died June 5, 1724; and by his will bequeathed to bishop Atterbury, then in exile, who was supposed to have penned his defence for him, the sum of £. 500.

## A LETTER TO MR. BISSET.

MR. BISSET,

**T**HAT there might be something between the Book and the Title-page, as is usual, I was resolved to give myself the honours of writing to you, and to let you into some discoveries, which perhaps have not yet occurred to you. The first is, that Dr. Sacheverell is very much your *friend* (which I believe is more than you knew, and much more than you deserve); for, when I shewed to him those amazing accounts of your scandalous life, which every day flowed in to the Printer's shop, from Iver, from Whiston, from St. Katherine, and your other abodes, he would not suffer me to print them. He thought recrimination a poor defence; and that the Devil could not employ two Clergymen

Mr. William Bisset, eldest brother of the collegiate church of St. Katherine, and Rector of Whiston in Northamptonshire. He published, in 1709, "Remarks on Dr. Sacheverell's Sermon;" and in 1710, "The Modern Fanatick, with a large and true Account of the Life, Actions, Endowments, &c. of the famous Dr. Sacheverell. This was followed by the "Vindication" here re-printed; and by another piece of irony, a pretended "Recantation of Mr. Bisset," dated "St. Katherine's, Jan. 17, 1710-11." Mr. Bisset prepared a reply, which is dated Feb. 21, 1710-11; but did not appear soon enough to prevent the publication of Dr. King's "Answer to a Second scandalous Book that Mr. Bisset is now writing; to be published as soon as possible." The Eldest Brother of St. Katherine's, however, was not disheartened from sending his second book into the world, under the title of "The Modern Fanatick, Part II;" but annexed to it a small postscript, complaining of the "unexampled folly" of his antagonist, in pretending "to foretell what was to be found in the several pages" of his redoubted labours. Mr. Bisset was more seriously replied to, in "A Letter to the Eldest Brother of St. Katherine, in answer to his scurrilous pamphlet;" and also in "A Dialogue between the Eldest Brother of St. Katherine's and a London Curate," both published in 1711.—That, whilst we illustrate our Author we may do justice to Mr. Bisset, his remarks are occasionally annexed to this and the two following treatises, by way of note on the several passages to which they allude. It is obvious that the facts on which the Vindicator formed his arguments were supplied by Dr. Sacheverell himself, to whom the whole pamphlet has by some been attributed.

more to his own service, than in such a task; which is the reason that in the Book I have brought to your remembrance and fight so few of your sins past. I would advise you, in your future controversies, to believe, that in all disputes *ill names* are *bad arguments*; that a cause may be good, though the espouser wants that character; and that passive obedience is a Christian doctrine, though you can prove Dr. Sacheverell "a Rebel, a Gamester, an Ingrate, and whatever else you please."

Another secret I would discover to you is, that the Printer has this *Black List* by him, and was once resolved to print it by itself; but he has a new Edition of "The English Rogue" <sup>b</sup> in the press, and he was afraid that two Books with the same title, and contents much alike, would ruin the sale of each other. But he is determined still to do it, if you persist in this hellish employment of "accusing the brethren:" and I believe the Doctor and I myself, though we "love you so dearly," shall not be able to prevent the publication.

A third secret is, that by your Book you have confirmed me in my notion, that the poor Doctor is in Cicero's circumstance: "Nemo hostis reip. est, qui non eodem tempore illi quoque bellum indicit." And I think I must tell you another secret, which is the sense of that Latin, "That every enemy of our

<sup>b</sup> The famous production of Richard Head, the son of an Irish minister. This unhappy man, who had been educated at Oxford, was bred a book-seller, and twice failed in that business. After many afflictions, he was cast away at sea, in going to the Isle of Wight, in 1678. He was the author of "Hic et ubique, or the Humours of Dublin," a comedy, printed in 1663, by which he acquired much reputation, and of several other pieces; particularly "Nugæ Venales," which would have served for a general title to his works. Roguery, fornication, and cuckoldom, were the standing topics of this author, who was persuaded that his books would sell in proportion to the prevalency of those vices. He was of a lively genius, and had a considerable knowledge in the scenes of low life and debauchery. In the first part of "The English Rogue," he had given scope to so much licentiousness, that he could not get an *Imprimatur* till he had expunged some of the most luscious descriptions. Three more parts were added afterward by Mr. Head, in conjunction with Francis Kirkman, who had also been his partner in trade, and of whom we have made honourable mention in vol. I. p. 180.

- c Cic. Philip. ii.

"confli-



"constitution is an enemy to the Doctor," because he has courage to defend it, and expose those that would destroy it: for this reason the faction declare war with him, batter him with scandal and lies, poison him with deadly stench from De Foe<sup>d</sup>, the Observer<sup>e</sup>, and yourself. But, alas! you only add to his character, and make him the more considerable.

I have room for one discovery more; which is, that I have done with you; that I have no design to enter into a paper war with so weak and trifling an adversary. If you should happen to discover your humble servant, it may be you may think it worth your while to write my Life and Character; and, that you may not be at much trouble to enquire into it, I will give it you in short: Some years ago I gave my friends a little reason to think that I did believe a Whig Ministry would not destroy the

<sup>d</sup> Daniel De Foe, equally famous for politicks and poetry, was author of "The Review." When sentenced to be exalted above his fellows, he cheerfully underwent the punishment, and wrote "A Hymn to the Pillory." He was author of an infinite number of books and pamphlets; but is perhaps at present best known by his History of Robinson Crusoe. He died at Inlington, in easy circumstances, in 1731. A daughter of his was married to the truly philosophical Mr. Baker.

<sup>e</sup> A weekly paper, by George Ridpath and John Tutchin. The first of these was also writer of "The Flying Post," in opposition to "The Post Boy" of Abel Roper; for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so:

"There Ridpath, Roper, cudgel'd might ye view,

"The very worsted still look'd black and blue." Dunciad ii. 149.

Ridpath was committed to Newgate, Sept. 8, 1712; and, what is remarkable, he and Roper both died on the same day.—Tutchin was concerned on the side of Monmouth, in the time of Charles II; and, for a political piece which he wrote in favour of him afterward, was sentenced by Jefferies to be whipped through several towns in the West, and handled so severely, that he petitioned James II. to be hanged. When that king died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the latter end of queen Anne's reign; and was the author of a poem called "Foreigners," which produced the "True-born Englishman" of De Foe. Neither of these writers has escaped the lash of our English Homer, though it does not appear what provocation the latter of them had given him:

"Earless on high stood unabash'd De Foe,

"And Tutchin flagrant from the lash below."

Nation : but I was soon convinced to the contrary, and am now, upon mature deliberation, a *great Tory*, as *high a Churchman* as any in the kingdom. I love to read what the Tories write, and to hear what they speak ; I meet them at home and abroad, and very often Dr. Sacheverell is one of them. I think as they think, and do generally as they do ; and I fancy, if you enquire nicely and very maliciously, you may find, from the day of my birth till now, that I have not kept myself without sin. It may be, I have robbed an Orchard, and disobeyed my Master at School, quarreled with the College Cook, scolded furiously at my Landress, and *taken a Degree too*<sup>f</sup>. If you should in your walks hear any thing of this nature, be so kind as to keep it secret ; for I am related to a great man in the Holy Society for *Reformation of Manners*<sup>g</sup>, who I know in his *will* has left me two of Oliver's Shillings, and a great Silver Calves-head ; with the Works of the *learned* Bunyan<sup>h</sup>, the *devout* Baxter<sup>i</sup>, and that admirable Polemical

<sup>f</sup> This expression of our Author misled Mr. Bisset, who concluded from it his antagonist was a Divine ; and took occasion, on that supposition, to reprimand him in several parts of his second book, for " writing out " of character."

<sup>g</sup> This very useful society, having been treated cavalierly in Dr. Sacheverell's Affize Sermon at Derby, was defended in a little treatise under the title of " The Judgement of Dr. Henry Sacheverell, concerning the " Societies for Reformation of Manners, compared with the Judgement " of many of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Honourable Judges " of this Kingdom, and that of Ireland. With some Reflections there- " upon. By Josiah Woodward, D. D. 1711."

<sup>h</sup> John Bunyan, born in 1628, was the son of a tinker in Bedfordshire, where he for some time followed his father's occupation. According to himself, having a heavenly call, he applied diligently to read the Scriptures, and in a few years became a noted preacher as well as writer. He was long confined in the county gaol, for holding conventicles ; and spent his time there in preaching, writing books, and tagging laces for his support. After his enlargement, he travelled into many parts of the kingdom, " to visit and confirm the brethren." He died Aug. 31, 1688 ; aged sixty ; having written books equal to the number of his years. " His master-piece" (says Mr. Granger) " is his Pilgrim's Progress, one " of the most popular, and, I may add, one of the most ingenious books " in the English language.—Bunyan, who has been mentioned amongst " the least and lowest of our writers, and even ridiculed as a driveller by " those

Polemical Divine Ben Hoadly<sup>k</sup>; all which I shall certainly lose, if he hears from you, whose veracity he very much confides in, that I have been such a profligate liver, egg and bird.

Farewell.

Jan. 11, 1710.

"those who never read him, deserves a much higher rank than is commonly imagined. His *Pilgrim's Progress* gives us a clear and distinct idea of Calvinistical divinity. The allegory is admirably carried on; and the characters justly drawn, and uniformly supported (an observation, however, not to be extended to the Second Part). The author's original and poetic genius shines through the coarseness and vulgarity of his language; and intimates, that, if he had been a master of numbers, he might have composed a poem worthy of Spenser himself." This able Biographer, apprehensive that "his opinion may be deemed paradoxical," has modestly confirmed it by the sentiments of two judicious Poets, Mr. Merrick and Dr. Roberts.

<sup>i</sup> Mr. Richard Baxter was born in Shropshire, Nov. 12, 1615; and died Dec. 8, 1691. He was the author of 145 different treatises; and his practical works have been published in four volumes folio. The most considerable of his writings are his "Catholic Theology," and his "Saints Everlasting Rest."—"A Shove to heavy-arsed Christians," and "Eyes and Hooks for Unbelievers Breeches," with some other tracts under equally ludicrous titles, were fathered on him by L'Estrange.—He was a man famous for weakness of body and strength of mind; for having the strongest sense of religion himself, and exciting a sense of it in the thoughtless and profligate; for preaching more sermons, engaging in more controversies, and writing more books, than any other Non-conformist of his age. He spoke, disputed, and wrote, with ease; and discovered the same intrepidity when he reproved Cromwell and expostulated with Charles II, as when he preached to a congregation of mechanics. His zeal for religion was extraordinary; but it seems never to have prompted him to faction, or carried him to enthusiasm. This champion of the Presbyterians was the common butt of men of every other religion, and of those who were of no religion at all. But this had very little effect upon him; his presence and firmness of mind on no occasion forsook him. He was just the same man before he went into a prison (where he was committed by Jefferies in 1685), while he was in it, and when he came out of it; and maintained an uniformity of character to the last gasp of life.—See more of him in Granger.

<sup>k</sup> See hereafter, the note in p. 190.

## A VINDICATION

OF THE REVEREND

DR. SACHEVERELL.

- "Vir bonus, et prudens, dici delectator ego, ac tu;  
 "Si clamet NEBULO furem, neget esse pudicum,  
 "Contendat laqueo collum pressisse paternum.  
 "Mordeat *opprobriis falsis*, mutemque colores?  
 "Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret  
 "Quem, nisi Mendosum, et Mendacem." HOR. Ep. I. xvi. 22.  
 "As a *madman* who casteth forth fire-brands, arrows, and death:  
 "so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and faith, Am-I  
 "not in sport? Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out: so  
 "where there is no *Tale-bearer*, the strife ceaseth." Prov. xxvi.  
 18, 19, 26.  
 "The *treacherous dealers* have dealt *treacherously*: yea the  
 "treacherous *dealers* have dealt *very* treacherously." Is. xxiv. 16.

TORY. MY old Friend, DESTRUCTION! the only man I wished to see.

WHIG. How is this? What! do you call me Destruction? I am a stranger to that name.

TO. What, a Whig, and a stranger to Destruction! Sure you are but young in that clan! I look upon Whiggism and Destruction to be inseparable: I never see one of you, but desolation, and ruin, and all the ills of human life, stand foremost in my thoughts; my surprized fancy gives me an extempore landkip of all the miseries and calamities of 41. The head of a Whig, unless upon a pole on the City-gate, has upon me in some measure the effects of Medusa's in the days of yore; it brings a coldness upon my blood, stiffens my joints, and for a little while gives me some relation to a statue.

WH. Hey-day! the old verbose high-flying rant! and yet, for all this, "I am the only man you wished to see." How does the compliment and the character consist?

TO. It is really true; I never saw a Whig with satisfaction before, unless it was Daniel De Foe in the pillory. I am glad

<sup>1</sup> See an account of him, above, p. 180.



to see thee, because I would chastise thee; *non quod amem*, not because I love thee, *sed quod odio habeam*, but because I hate thee. I intend to roast thee, old Ruin; to spread thy face with confusion, as it is with brags. I will give thee such a lively *portraiture* of the *faction* thou espoudest, as shall impress thy conscience, though it be as hard as adamant; the detestable picture shall give you loathing and abhorrence, equal to the love you now seem to bear to some of the odious *originals*. You have found my mind in a posture <sup>is</sup> suited to the enterprize; I will let it loose upon the occasion, and take my fill of roaring at your abominable clan, your nefarious timely-defeated comrades.

WH. Why sure thou art possessed?

TO. I am; not of the Devil though; but of a Book that I believe he dictated, or had a hand in: it is a legitimate son of the Father of Lies, the true offspring of the "Accuser of the Brethren;" it is this Book here, "The Modern Fanatick; or, an Account of Dr. SACHEVERELL's Life, &c." written by that poor Madman Bisset of St. Katherine. The character of the man is so contemptible, that I wonder your party should chuse such a miscreant for their champion; it is a certain sign you are sinking, when you catch at such broken reeds for help and support; I know the abilities of the man to be so despicably weak <sup>is</sup>; his incapacities, even in his most *lucid intervals*, are so known and open, that nothing but infatuation could have driven you to that choice. The Impeachment and this are the first-rate party stupidities of your *Faction*; for every Porter has you in ridicule, and answers the whole Book with this decisive, "It is done by poor Bisset, the plain English mad-man <sup>is</sup>!"

WH. Why truly I have brought the Book along with me, and did intend to make it the subject of our conversation while I staid. You may talk as contemptibly of Mr. Bisset as you please: the Book is admirably well written; he has sufficiently exposed *your Champion* and *your cause*; and I hope it will open

<sup>is</sup> I have heard of bodily postures often, but never of mental, *i. e.* of invisible, postures before; and I fancy it would puzzle even Posture-master Clarke to express them. BISSET.

<sup>n</sup> Weak abilities is like full of emptiness; and he that is most despicably weak has certainly in that respect no abilities at all. BISSET.

<sup>o</sup> Here's language!—This is that wort of fate called *iniquitatis*, or "rejoicing in iniquity." BISSET.

the eyes of those deluded ones, who are industriously blind, and even averse to seeing. I do assure you, it has quickened the Spirits of our friends; it has given *the party* a life we did not expect so soon; and let me tell you, Neighbour Tory, it has sapd your chief buttress.

To. We despise you, and all the efforts you dare presume to make against us; we are built upon a rock, we have weathered out all the storms that you and the Devil could pour out upon us, and are not to be hurt by these little puffs, which give me just such apprehension of danger, as I should have, if I saw a Church-mouse undermining the walls of it. Have we been acquainted with *that faction* two or three and twenty years? have we seen your arts, and known your play? have we learnt, by dear-bought experience, that you have neither honour, conscience, nor loyalty; that forgery, slander, and bare-faced lying, are the chief weapons of your warfare; that you have all along fought with the Church with them only? have we so long heard you acknowledge the advantage of throwing dirt, "that some will surely stick, if plentifully bestowed;" and do you imagine that by this time we have not erected sufficient defences against all such weapons? do you think they are able to make the least impression upon us, though managed by the most dextrous arm? I do assure you, they are not: they have now a quite different effect, and serve only to give us mirth; they administer now to our pleasure, and not to our pain. A Book of Whiggism, to me, is "A Pill to purge Melancholy P;" I sit down to read it, as I do the Histories and Memoirs of Dean Kennet<sup>1</sup>, with full assurance, that the whole is one long *premeditated lie*. This is a true and a short character of this Book of Bisset's; there is in it such a visible aversion to truth, that one would think the Author believed the nature of Virtue and Vice to be changed; that a lie would *save*, and truth *condemn*. I have been with Dr. Sacheverell, and he has furnished me with such materials as, I think, will convince the most implicit Whig, that every story in that Book relating to him is a malicious slander; that there is not the least grounds for any of them; that every one of them are entirely the children of that fertile womb of forgery and lies, of malice and

P A title of one of D'Urfey's performances; see above, p. 10.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 37, of our third volume.

revenge, the head of an enraged disappointed Whig. If you will have patience, I will make my Remarks to you upon the most material parts of the Book, and confute them as I go along; and leave you to interpose and object, in what manner, and as often as, you please. In the Book, he charges the Tories in general, and the Doctor in particular; and the poor inconsiderable wretch does it with an air, as if he had spoken *ex cathedra*; he makes himself a man of strange importance, that one would imagine the whole kingdom was to stand or fall with him: a stupid creature, never fixed in any principle, halting between the Church and Conventicle; a pretended zealot for both, and, to the great dishonour of God and the Church, and the Bishop that ordained him, an Attendant upon both. In his Study, as I said before, he is ignorant to the last degree; in the Desk, he is irregular, indevout, and, by an industrious whine, ridicules the Liturgy; in the Pulpit, he is tedious, nonsensical, rampant, enthusiastic; his Conversation is impudent, reviling, unhandisomely reproving; "the poison of asps is under his tongue, and he shoots out his arrows, even "bitter words," which he learnt from the Sailors in St. Katherine, his chief companions; in his Morals, he is lewd, sensual, devilish, even to assaulking women<sup>r</sup> at noon day, and in his gown. This, I assure you, is a true account of the man, and I can make it good by *undeniable testimony*; but I think I am not obliged to bring my vouchers against him, till he thinks fit to produce any but Hearsay against the Doctor.

WH. I shall be very glad to lay out the time I have to spend with you in the manner you propose; but I must beg of you to observe some moderation, and bridle your tongue: you give it a very unchristian liberty, and seem to revile us with pleasure. I have heard a quite different account of Mr. Bisset, and he stands very fair in the esteem of our people; I protest, we always cried

<sup>r</sup> Why don't they or their relations bring their action? I once more declare, before God and the world, that I never committed fornications, much less adultery; never offered to pick up any woman in my life, nor entertained a thought or purpose of so doing. My wife and children are in Northamptonshire; and I have had for these two years a widow gentlewoman, younger than myself, with a maiden daughter about 16, living with me in the house. And is it likely she would venture her person, daughter, and reputation, with so lewd a miscreant? BISSET.

him up as a very able man, and some amongst us are not a little proud of him, especially since this Book. I shall be very much surprized if you can clear the Doctor and his friends, and wipe off the aspersions in that Book, which truly I think they are very open to, and which he has very judiciously and fairly fastened upon them.

To. What I have spoken of the man, I again affirm to be true; I do not doubt but *the Faction* is proud of him, and of themselves, too, because he is a Clergyman; to debauch a Parson, is more pleasure to them than ten other converts. The Devil is more pleased with one Christian of his seducing, than ten Heathens.

Wh. Well, pr'ythee hold thy tongue, and go on with your cause; see what he says in the Preface.

To. In the Preface? Nothing but a little High-treason, or so! He wonders that the Whigs can be yet so tame and passive; he thinks that they are all dead, or strangely stupid, that they do not immediately rise, and "dispense the contents of a few Musquetoons" at the Queen and her Ministers. It is a great surprize to him, that they do not prepare their powder and ball, with a few texts of Scripture, and fight for "the kingdom of Christ;" that his Saints may be re-established, and have the rule of the earth: for his part, he is ready, his Musquetoons are charged, and he "thinks it his duty" to fall on; his fingers itch to be dipt in the blood of a Churchman, that "the tongue of his dogs may be red through the same." I never heard a fellow talk of Murder with so little concern in my life; he makes no more of killing a thousand men, only for hollowing for the Church and the Doctor, than if they were so many Wasps in a Honey-pot; it would delight his ears, to hear the Daughters of his Brethren sing, that "Hoadly had killed his thousands, but Bisset his ten thousands."

A Few writers of eminence have been so frequently or so illiberally traduced; yet fewer still have had the felicity of "living till a nation become his converts," and of knowing "that sons have blushed that their fathers had been his foes."—This great divine was born Nov. 4, 1676; educated at Catharine Hall, Cambridge; was elected lecturer of St. Mildred, Poultry, 1701; was rector of St. Peter's Poor in 1704, and of Streatham in 1710; king's chaplain Feb. 16, 1715-16; bishop of Bangor, March 18 following; translated to Hereford in 1721, to Salisbury



"thousands." He swears, he would have made strange havock if the Pretender had landed; he would have sent him home with a flea in his ear; it is a pity he got out of Edinburgh Frith, when Sir George Bing was at dinner, and could not look out, or his whole fleet fast asleep; I believe he thinks he could have managed him at the head of his army with as much ease as his Nurse could when she had him in a Warming-pan. He is a deadly bloody-minded fellow; they tell me, that under his gown he is perfectly hung with loaded pistols, that he looks like one of the figures in the Queen's armoury in the Tower.

WH. Hold, you go on too far indeed. It is true, I do think he talks a little too feelingly of Musketoons and Murder; but I must needs say, that he and all of us are very much in the right to stand upon the defensive. I do assure you, your raising that mob has given us sufficient reason to look about us.

TO. We raise that mob! It is false: your party raised it; and I charge them with it, and God will: and the Government should be avenged of you for all the mischief that ensued. That Riot was adjudged to be High-treason; and I look upon Mr. Hoadly to have as great a share of the guilt as Damaree or Purchase: certainly

in 1723, and to Winchester in 1734, which he held near twenty-seven years; till, on April 17, 1761, at his house at Chelsea, in the same calm he had enjoyed amidst all the storms that blew around him, he died, full of years and honours, beloved and regretted by all good men, in the 85th year of his age.—His useful labours, which will ever be esteemed by all lovers of the natural, civil, and religious rights of Englishmen, were collected into three large volumes in folio, 1773, by his son, Dr. John Hoadly, the present chancellor of Winchester, the only surviving male of a numerous and respectable family; who has prefixed to them a short account of the Bishop's life.

On the 12th of March, 1707-8, late at night, Sir George arrived at Edinburgh Frith, whither the French came but the day before; and firing a gun for the fleet to come to an anchor, the enemy was alarmed, and stood out to sea. They were pursued by the English admiral; who took the Salisbury man of war, and several prisoners of note.

The mob that attended Dr. Sacheverell to his trial attacked Mr. Burgels's Meeting-house, March 1, 1709-10; and, having pulled down the pulpit, pews, &c. made a bonfire of them in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and would have thrown in the preacher if they had found him. A proclamation was issued, next day, offering a reward of one hundred pounds, for

certainly he and his abettors all along intended a tumult, but one of their own kidney. They knew the advantage of it in the trial of poor Strafford<sup>w</sup>, and the execrable attempts upon King Charles the First; and therefore Ben was pitched upon to blow the horn, to hollow the hounds together, to loo them full cry at Monarchy and the Teachers of Non-resistance. He was to tell the people, "that they were the original of government; that kings and "queens were creatures of their making; and when any part of "their government was displeasing to them, it was their DUTY "to rebel; to bind their kings in chains, and their nobles in "links of iron; that the governed part had a right to do them- "selves justice, when they apprehended any grievance or op- "pression from the governing part." Now, when care is taken

for apprehending any of the rioters. The abovementioned persons were all that were discovered. They were afterward tried at the Old Bailey for High Treason; and, being found guilty, received sentence of death; but, as a very able writer, Sir Michael Foster, observes, her Majesty's new advisers did not chuse to have the dawn of their administration stained with the blood of Dr. Sacheverell's *ablest* advocates. They were therefore pardoned; and Damaree, who was one of the Queen's Watermen, was restored to his badge and livery, which he wore until her Majesty's death.

<sup>w</sup> On the 3d of May, 1641, an armed mob, led by Cornelius Burgeess, a Puritan Doctor of Divinity, went to Westminster, crying out "Justice! "Justice!" against the earl of Strafford. They rifled Westminster Abbey, and insulted the king at Whitehall; and when the justices of peace would have committed some of them, they were themselves committed by the commons, who had incited the insurrection.—The earl, who was great from his honours and preferments, but greater in and from himself, pleaded his own cause, with a clearness and strength of reason, that must have cleared him in any court but such as were determined to condemn him. When he saw that the force of argument was not likely to prevail, he had recourse to the pathetic, of which he was a great master. Such were the powers of his eloquence, that many, who sincerely hated the prime minister, as sincerely pitied the man. In the last dreadful scene of his life, he acquitted himself with a greatness of mind, suitable to the dignity of his character. His enemies displayed a malignant joy upon this occasion; but his dismayed and affrighted friends considered his death as a prelude only to more executions. If there was a shade in this great man's character, it was, that some parts of his conduct coincided too much with the arbitrary proceedings of king Charles. See Granger.

to instil such principles as these into the minds of the people; when they are persuaded "that they are to speak, and that none is Lord over them;" is it to be wondered at, that they act in conformity to the doctrine which they have learnt; that they take upon them to express their resentment by such insurrections, when their Governors, by any mal-administration, as they think, become obnoxious to it? Now indeed it happened, that this mob rose with inclinations perfectly different from what was expected from them; and I am confident the *Faction* promised themselves a most profitable harvest from the seed which Ben had so artfully and so industriously sown for them. But though, as I say, it did happen that the sower had reason for this complaint,

"En queis consecimus agros!"

though all he had done proved to the advantage of the enemy,

"Sic vos, non vobis, vellera fertis, oves!"

yet the guilt, the malignity, still rests upon the *Faction*. And I do think every mob for the future, I mean of this nature, that shall rise, may justly be charged upon that doctrine; and he that preaches it, and he that practises it, is a Rebel to God and the King.

WH. How can we be said to raise a mob that appeared in every thing against us? do you think that we intended to stir up so many enemies?

TO. No, but I say that, mobs and rebellion being the natural consequence of that doctrine, they that enforce and teach it are traitors; they are the authors of all state-commotions, and are to be punished as such. It is true, this mob was against you; but they learnt of you to rise: they were taught it at St. Peter's Poor\*, and vengeance should begin there first.

WH. But pray why so much vengeance? I think, if we did raise it for you, you ought to thank us; you need not take it ill. I believe we shall be very careful how we oblige you another time.

TO. All tumultuous assemblies are against my principle; I hate mobs and insurrections, though they favour my side: it is a poor cause, and a poor government too, that must be supported by popular tumults. A Rump, and a Cromwell, and a Whig Ministry only, court the many-headed monster; and therefore I must needs say, I neither thank them, nor justify them. The

\* Alluding to the Discourses of Mr. Hoadly, then Rector there.

transactions of that night, when Daniel Burgess & suffered, were extravagant, illegal, and amounted to high-treason: and yet I think it is to the eternal honour of her Majesty, that in her great clemency she gave her royal pardon to the two unhappy ignorants that were said to appear foremost, and suffered condemnation; they certainly did not know that they were committing treason; they were hurried on by their zeal for a good cause; and I believe in my conscience the men thought that they were acting for, not that they were rebelling against, their Sovereign. Thus you see, Friend Whig, I lay the rising of that mob at your door, upon the account of your *doctrine*. I also charge you with it upon the account of your practice; for I believe it consisted of Whigs and Dissenters, as well as Church-men.

WH. Dissenters! Why, do you think they would pull down their own Meeting-houses?

To. Ay, their very Dwelling-houses, to serve their cause.

WH. What advantage could they propose?

To. I will tell you; just the same that they proposed from Daniel de Foe's "*Shortest Way with the Dissenters* 2." In that Book, in effect, they are all to be confounded, their houses burnt about their ears, and a general massacre to ensue. This the villain in his papers and pamphlets wrote against, as a Book published by the Church-party; alarms the whole world, pleads for the poor Dissenters, prays for the Queen's protection, and hopes she will at last open her eyes, and not suffer this bloody High-church persecution; and much more to this purpose. The Book was written so artificially that a great many well-meaning people began to believe it; from thence to pity them, and from thence to side in some measure with those that had taken upon them the name of *moderate men*: but you may remember, I believe poor De Foe does, that the secret was discovered, and the villain punished. Do you want any application, old Rump?

WH. No, no, I see your drift: you would make me believe that the Dissenters pulled down some of their Meeting-houses, and charged the High-church with it, to make an easier way to

1 See above, p. 191.

2 This work containing reflections against some ecclesiastics in power, for breathing too much a spirit of persecution, De Foe became obnoxious to the ministry, and was under a necessity of explaining himself; which he did very explicitly.



some uncommon instance of her Majesty's favour, and set the High party at a greater distance from her good esteem; and settle the principle and the *men of moderation*, that is, the then Ministry, more firmly in her Court. But, however, I do not think that one Dissenter did appear in that mob.

To. I am sure some of them did appear in it, and in Bridewell too afterwards; but it does not appear by what authority the *two bold unworthy ignorant Justices* dismissed them in the night, and sent them from that place of correction and confinement: but it appears *why* they did do it; the plot would have been all discovered, the villainy laid open, and the *Faction* branded still with more marks of infamy and reproach. I think we need not take any more notice of the Preface: this is the burden of the Song; the rest is only a tedious account of himself, the danger that he is in, the greatness of his family, the goodness of his principles, and the quietness of his conscience; if that be *quiet*, then the sea may be *still* in a storm; then must he be feared and hardened, even to a state of reprobation—to accuse a brother clergyman; to expose him as an incendiary, a shedder of innocent blood, and a public nuisance to church and state; to give an account of a life that he knows nothing of; to charge him with all the wickedness that the most abandoned villain upon earth can be guilty of, without the least proper or necessary testimony; to revile, ridicule, and betray, a Church that gives him his bread; to side with the enemies of that doctrine and discipline, which in the most solemn manner, even at the sacrament, he has sworn to maintain, observe, and obey; to be a public scandal to his order, a very hissing and a reproach to all good men; and this too industriously, with design and pleasure to himself: for a man, I say, to be guilty of all this “malicious wickedness;” and then “call God to witness, and “pray that the lie, if it is one, may be recorded against the day “of judgement, that he never wronged any man, for this last “21 years of his life.” This is such a barefaced defiance of God and judgement, that it seems to me the most consummate reprobation. Human-nature, one would think, in the very lowest degree of corruption, could not be hurried to such a stupendous pitch of iniquity, to a sin so abominable, so heinous, so damnable. But I pray God forgive him, and all those who have any share in that detestable Book, and the hellish principles that urged them to the publication of it.

WH. Come, come, as the Manager<sup>a</sup> said to Dr. Sacheverell at the trial, "Pray for yourself, we don't want your Prayers:" you are plaguy pious on a sudden; make a man a devil, and then pray for him: if Mr. Bisset was here, I do not doubt but he would be able to justify himself, and throw you upon your back in every article. Let us now lay by the Preface, and come to the Book: I want some of the stories; you are mighty unwilling to come to them: I would fain hear you plead for your Doctor. Cleanse him from the sins we charge him with, "et eris mihi magnus Apollo;" wash off that dirt, as you call it, which Mr. Bisset has thrown upon him; and I will swear you can do more than all the water in the Bay of Biscay.

To. Soft and fair, old Noll; let us make our approaches regularly: here are three or four pages more in our way, before we come to the Doctor. I must not step over them, without such remarks as their malignity entitles them to.

The commendable concern, the rightly-managed zeal, which we have lately expressed for the Church, for the Queen, and our native country, against the secret underminings of the *intriguing* moderate, and the open invasions of the *furious* Fanatick, he is pleased to call "enthusiasm," p. 2; "an idea of fanaticism, fiery doctrine," p. 3; and all the red hot names that a *moderate* man, in the burnings of passion and rage, can invent or think of. I appeal to you; give me any instance of our madness or enthusiasm; tell me any one outrage that we have committed. That upon the Meeting-houses I charge you with: it was certainly the work of your own hands; and though you did not perish *in it*, yet, I thank God, your cause perished *by it*: "That which you thought would be for your good, was unto you an occasion of falling;" the certain fate of those that set themselves against God and his vicegerent.

Is it madness, or enthusiasm, for a people to shew themselves a little alarmed upon a public invasion of their liberties, their properties, their sovereign, and their religion? How many years had we been grieved and plagued with you! The Church of England shewed some of the brightest instances of her moderation, in the Apostle's true meaning, "of her bearing afflictions patiently;" she found her doctrines disputed, her discipline not minded, and her supreme head, the Queen, insulted and

<sup>a</sup> Supposed to be Sir Thomas Parker, afterward earl of Macclesfield.

abused: in short, she found that both suffered great abatement of their reputation and grandeur at home and abroad; yet she did not immediately exert herself; she was prevailed upon, by specious pretences of peace, to sit still; "that thus far they would go, and no farther;" that they would soon return entirely into her bosom, and raise her to her primitive lustre and glory, over which at present the "necessity of affairs" forced them to draw some veil and shadow: she acquiesced, she submitted, because she was counseled to it by those whom she thought her best and choicest offspring; and particularly because her principles taught her to be mild and peaceable; to believe solemn protestations and declarations; and to hope that, in the end, "all things would work together for her good." For these reasons, we bore you, we endured you, we suffered you: but when you grew impudent upon concessions; when you hoisted our condescensions into property and right indisputable; when you attempted "to bind the strong man," because he indulged you a place in his territories; it was time for us then to make use of those weapons, with which the government had armed us, and our Religion given us leave to combat: the weapons I speak of are our votes and suffrages in all elections of magistrates and representatives in parliament; by these we quell the factious, crush the seditious, and quench the fire of the Fanaticks' fury; by removing those from power, that intrigue with the two former, and give fuel and strong wind to blow up the latter: and (thanks be to God, that, by his visible help, we have used them so successfully of late) my remembrance does not regale my soul with any thing more agreeable and pleasant, than when it recounts to me what I have seen, heard, and done, within these last three or four months. It was a noble entertainment, to see the sons of the Church of England roused from their lethargy, to see the soporiferous draughts of moderation spued up and useless; it made my heart glad, to behold the becoming spirit of Burgesses, the noble ardor of the Citizens, and the universal zeal of the Freeholders, in all their respective elections. How did every good man exult and triumph! How strangely were our souls enlarged and lifted up, when we saw the proud Whig laid now, and the haughty Fanatick humbled! The young men were exceeding glad at this "rebuilding the temple," and the old men were pleased,

though they feared it would not rise so beautiful as that which the enemy had thrown down; and that which crowned it all was, the decency, the good behaviour, and the peaceable way of our proceedings; "there was no madness, no enthusiasm, no "fiery zeal," but in the enemy's quarters; they indeed were exorbitantly rampant; they had no notion of civility, complaisance, or genteel behaviour; the mouths even of their leaders condescended to echo the lies and slanders which their attending mob belched out behind them.

WH. Indeed, Tory, thou art a brave fellow: thy language and thy impudence will bear down any cause, and give truth itself the lie. Do not I know that the Tories are the rudest order of men upon earth? have not I myself been insulted? are "the roads safe?" as he says, p. 7; are not we of the Low-church affronted upon all occasions? and do not you "drink damnation and confusion to us every day," as Mr. Bisset observes, p. 2.

TO. Some people, they say, in the army, drink a health of that nature; I heard something like it too from Greenwich; I think they say some folks in Hampshire are mightily given to it: but these are Whigs, old Sir Martin Marrall, and you know who it is that they would "confound and damn." What occasion have we to drink your confusion? Alas, poor hearts! you are confounded already: your cause, as we say, is damned; and so will the friends of it too, if you do not repent, and mend your manners. Pr'ythee, honest Noll, do not mention that health any more, as a charge upon the Tories: we have had but three public complaints; I have told you the places from whence they came: the sinners were all Whigs, some of them are, and all should be, punished; and not one Tory, that I know of, has ever been fairly charged with it, convicted of it, or punished for it. No, we have more religion, we have more humanity, than to be guilty of any thing so unbecoming, nay so directly contrary to nature and Christianity. Damnation with us is not so light a subject as to mix it with our cups of merriment; we understand and fear it, and think of it with such awful dread, as would damp the pleasure of the most sparkling glass, and make the vintages of France and Spain tasteless as the white of an egg, and insipid as water. I would no more wish a Whig damned, than I would cut his throat. And though Bisset talks so much  
of



of "dispensing the contents of a Musquetoon or two" at a parcel of poor ignorant boys and striplings, and that it would have delighted him to have sent half a dozen of them headlong into the other world, whether to Hell or Heaven it was all one to him; I must tell him I have a different notion of that sort of dispensation: and I make it a question, being led to it by the opinion of some very learned Divines, whether a good Christian may with safety to his conscience kill a Thief that either assaults him in his house or upon the road. Methinks a man that had any goodness, either of nature or principle, would start, look pale, and lay by the pistol, when he considered, that, if he discharged it, he should immediately dispatch a soul to misery and torment eternal. The money I carry about me is certainly better lost than the vilest soul: the man may live to repent and amend his life; or the justice of the nation may overtake him, and the man have some time given him to make his peace with Heaven, and go into the other world with some necessary preparation. In short, I know not how it is, my blood grows cold and chill when I think of murder and damnation: and I wonder how Bisset can speak of them, as he does, with so little remorse. I profess, he appears to me more like a foraging Hussar, than a sanctified Divine as he pretends to be. In a word, I will not believe any of our party ever drank a glass with that abominable, that accursed, wretch before it; and I would have had as favourable an opinion of *your* friends, though I know you to be exorbitantly wicked, if you had not taken so much pains to convince us that you can do it, if you had not been so publicly and so openly guilty of it, as if you gloried in that excessive defection from all that was kind and human, in that surprizing apostacy from all that was charitable, religious, and Christian. I declare to you, you seem to be as proud of the Eldership among the Sons of Hell, as Bisset of his Eldership among the Brethren of St. Katherine.

WH. Well, well, all this is harangue only; I believe both sides are bad enough in their wishes to one another; where parties run high, there will be something of this nature on both sides. These generals are nothing to my purpose, I want particulars. We are now come to your Doctor: he stands impeached by William Bisset, eldest brother of St. Katherine's, of twelve very high crimes and misdemeanors; what have you to

say that my judgement should not pass against him? that I should not believe that the said William Bisset, Prime Manager, and one of the Commons of Great Britain, has made good the Articles exhibited by him against the said Dr. Henry Sacheverell; and that the said Dr. Henry Sacheverell is guilty of the high crimes and misdemeanors charged upon him in all and every of those Articles? Imprimis, He is charged with casting very "odious and black colours" upon the Dissenters; that he would alienate the affections of all their relations that are of the Church from them; and that "his practice is as he preaches," p. 3; for he was very rude to his Unkle, and would not receive him, though his pockets swelled with contributions, after his Trial, saying, "O! is it you? I will own no relation to any "damned Presbyterian of you all," p. 4. Now I think this is a very unhandsome behaviour to a relation so near, and so needy, from one of the Doctor's character; it gives me such a taste of the man, as will make me abhor him.

To. Have a little patience; I do not doubt but I shall settle the Doctor in your good graces before you and I part. I am of Council for the Doctor: and the answer that we put in to the Articles in general, and to what the Reverend Manager has urged to corroborate and enforce them, shall be very short, and borrowed from a Sermon lately preached by the Reverend Dr. Welton<sup>b</sup> before the Lieutenantcy<sup>c</sup>; "he has impeached the "guiltless, and managed against Heaven" and his own conscience. When I first read this black catalogue of sins which Bisset had enrolled to the world, and declared Dr. Sacheverell guilty of them, and owned at the same time that he received the account from "his own good friends;" which must in consequence be the Doctor's enemies—when I found that he did not so much as pretend to produce any authentic testimony, but referred us to the two letters of the relators names; and yet charged the Doctor as peremptorily with them, as if his own eyes had seen, and his

<sup>b</sup> Richard Welton, D. D. rector of St. Mary, Whitechapel. The Sermon abovementioned was preached before the court of lieutenantcy, from Eccles. viii. 2. and published in 4to, 1710. Several more of his Sermons are in print.

<sup>c</sup> Dr. Welton's sentiments about the Revolution, and Hanover succession, were sufficiently discovered in the last 30th of January; and time may come when he shall be obliged to explain himself. BISSER.

own ears had heard them—the indignation that would naturally rise in any breast that had the least acquaintance with honour and virtue was strangely over-ruled, and even jostled out of my mind, by an immediate reflection upon the state and condition of the Clergy of the Church of England. To what unhappy circumstances are they reduced, when such false brethren are violently obtruded upon them!—when so many Anomala's, so many unaccountable Heteroclitcs, are found in their holy order, which used to be so regular and so consistent! When the Gown is stained with so many indelible spots and blemishes, there must be very great abatements of that honour and esteem, which their high office gives them a peculiar claim to. With what face can they blame the Laity for withholding from them a part of that reverence and respect which is their due, when there are found among them such as “sit and speak against their brethren, and “slander their own mother's sons;” who delight in exposing and aggravating the infirmities and the failings of those of their own order who differ from them in the ways and means of preserving the primitive purity and glory of the Church of England; who will not with them think, that not to preach some doctrines<sup>d</sup> is the way to have the people learn them, and that to preach against others will most effectually persuade the people to believe and practise them; in a word, such as will not be persuaded by their arguments and preferments, that to betray a Church for reasons of state is innocent and blameless, and to pull it down the surest way to preserve it.

How often have I heard many of them enlarge, with much malice, upon the stories of this book! dress up the Doctor in all the frightful colours of Tyranny and Popery, and the blackest habits of wickedness and vice! I have heard them repeat the accounts of this Book here with as much pleasure and deadly hatred as that *Apostate* wrote them; and affirm them to be true, when they knew, and really believed in their own consciences, that they were false. Methinks, if they had any share of that “Christian temper, moderation, and charity,” which they pretend to value themselves upon, it would have prompted them to endeavour to “hide that multitude of sins,” not to have laid them more open, and by their malicious comments given them a deeper die.

<sup>d</sup> Viz. The nature and danger of schism, passive obedience,<sup>1</sup> and *jus divinum*. KING.

WH. Pray leave off your preaching, or else keep closer to your text. Did the Doctor use his Unkle in the barbarous manner we say he did? is he guilty of what is contained in this article, or not guilty?

To. Why truly, old Rump, this story has some foundation, which is more than any of the rest have to boast of: for indeed the Doctor's Presbyterian Unkle did come to see him after his trial; and I think the Doctor treated him in such a manner as became him, and as I myself in such circumstances would have done. By the bye, this man is but the Doctor's Half-unkle, the Son of his Grandfather by a second *venture*\*. The Doctor's Grandfather, being a Non-conformist, disinherited his Father for conforming to, and taking orders in, the Church of England; for which heinous and unpardonable sin, he was always treated by his Family as a Bastard, and no Son; so that there was no correspondence between the two Families: and when he received this visit from him, he did indeed say, but not in the rough manner Bisset mentions, "That he had heard of such a person, but had never seen him, nor was he sure that he was the man.—" "If you are my Unkle," says the Doctor, "you know that you always bore an implacable hatred to my Father and his Family; and we have been considerable sufferers all of us upon your account. I am surprized at a visit from you at this time, when my troubles are in a manner over; since you did not think fit to acquaint yourself with me before, nor to let me see you in my afflictions, and because you know how great a part of my Family lies upon me, I do not think myself obliged to take notice of any Relation that comes so ill recommended, and that I am sure hates me upon principle, as well as an old domestic grudge."

Now this is truly the substance, as the Doctor himself tells me, of what passed between them. There was no such expression as "damned Presbyterian." The Doctor did indeed mention his principles to him, and how far he believed they had stifled that natural affection which he ought to have to his Brother's Son.

I must be plain with you, Neighbour Whig. Considering how barbarously the Dissenters have used the Church; how they have rent and divided it, and brought anguish and distress of heart to the ministers and members of it; considering too how great a

\* See a pleasantry on this word in a future Tract.



share they had in the Doctor's persecution, how they reproached and slandered, how they cursed and damned him—I wonder how the Doctor could see one of them so patiently, when his limbs were yet in pain, and reminded him how long, and for what, they had stood; he shewed a great deal more temper and good-humour than I could have done, if the visitor had been more nearly related to me. Among the many good things that may be said of Dr. Sacheverell, I know of none that appears with more lustre and advantage to his character, than the care that he takes of his Family that wants it; which when I come to recount to you, as one of the twelve articles will oblige me, I believe you will agree with me, that no man ever deserved it less. Where a man has a great number of Relations that expect from him, and his purse is not equal to the charge their necessities would bring upon him, he has a liberty to take as many to himself as he thinks he can provide for, and reject the rest. The Doctor's Family is a little divided as to matters of Religion; and where there is a competition for my charity, between a Relation that is of the Church and another that is of the Conventicle, St. Paul seems to determine, by giving "the household of faith" the pre-eminence upon such occasions, that I am to chuse the Churchman, and refuse the Fanatick. And this method, I believe, the Doctor does observe; and all wise Churchmen should do so too. The Dissenters forsooth are angry if the Church is preferred before them; they must have superiority in all things, if you expect to live peaceably among them. They are a poor despicable handful of aspiring Schismatics, so inconsiderable in respect to the number of Churchmen, that I think they can never be superior to us, till our sins have provoked, and their goodness induced, God to suffer "one to chace a thousand, and ten to put ten thousand to flight." The former, I am sure, is more probable than the latter.

WH. Hold; you are running away from the text again. I think, as you represent the story of the Doctor's Unkle, and you say you had it from himself, I do not see any thing so criminal in it. If the Doctor does so much good to his Family, I cannot blame him for this; but, you know, "do ninety-nine good turns, if you deny me the hundredth, all the rest are forgotten." But he certainly must be an ill-tempered ungrateful man to his Relations

tions and Friends in other respects. Is it not an horrid thing, p. 4, "that he should quarrel with that Family that maintained him a poor Orphan at School, and afterwards at the University; "and abuse the Bishop of Sarum<sup>f</sup> upon his Mother's account, "whom he has put into an Hospital?"

To. If I would stab a man's reputation, if I would sting it to the heart, if the expression may be used, I would do as this viper Bisset has done; I would charge him with want of natural affection to his kindred, and common gratitude to his Benefactors. Where there is an absence of these virtues, there can be no place for any thing that is commendable or praise-worthy; the man is a monster, a creature of another species, and should be treated as such.

But I assure you, upon my own certain knowledge, the Doctor is so far from knowing any want of, that he is very eminent in, these virtues. His affection to his Relations I have mentioned already: as to his gratitude to that good Family, especially to Madam Hearst of Wanbrough, who took upon her the principal part, that is, the *charge*, of his education, I know the Doctor never omits any occasion of expressing it; he never thinks his tongue more happily employed, than when it declares the obligations that he has to that excellent Lady<sup>g</sup> and her Family. I have had the honour to be with them, when Dr. Sacheverell has been

<sup>f</sup> Dr. Gilbert Burnet, the celebrated Historian of his own Times; whose life, and particularly the considerable share he had in effecting the Revolution, is well known from his own writings. He was rewarded with the bishoprick of Salisbury in a few days after king William was on the throne, being consecrated May 31, 1689. He distinguished himself in the house of lords, by declaring for moderate measures with regard to the Clergy who scrupled to take the oaths, and for a toleration of Protestant Dissenters. The last five or six years of his life he grew abstracted from the world. He lived to see a succession take place, and that Family established in whose interests he had been so zealous, and died March 17, 1714-15.—His famous History was published, after his death, by his son, Thomas Burnet, esq. who has been suspected of garbling some characters his father had very freely delineated; a suspicion which seems to be too much countenanced by the original's not being (as was promised) deposited in the Cotton Library. See Swift's Works, vol. XVII. p. 535.

<sup>g</sup> A lofty title for a country apothecary's wife! BISSSET.

amongst

amongst them. I profess, I almost envied the happy way he has of delivering himself to them upon this subject; I have heard him recount to them the long series of favours that they have conferred upon him from his almost childhood till now; and he acknowledges the vast debt to them, with so becoming an address, in a manner so suitable to the occasion, that it was as great a pleasure to me to hear him own his obligations, as it was to his good Benefactors to lay him under them. He always calls Madam Hearst his Mother, and he has her permission so to do; and I believe she was as much concerned for him in his late troubles as if he had been "her Son indeed;" and shewed it in all the several respects that his condition required, and received him with a particular kindness after his troubles were over.

If any thing in this Book did lean hard upon the Doctor's quiet, it was this insufferable slander; it went against his soul, to have it reported, that he had made very ungenerous returns for the mighty favours he had received from Madam Hearst, Mr. C—lain, and other Benefactors: and though I told him I could upon my own certain knowledge set the world right in this matter, that I knew there had been nothing unhandsome said or done, and that there was not the least misunderstanding between them; yet the Doctor was resolved to corroborate my evidence, by putting into my hands this Letter, signed with Madam Hearst's own hand, and drawn up by her order in the most passionate and convincing manner, and will serve to illustrate the truth of some other parts of the Doctor's history, particularly what relates to the Unkle we have been speaking of. I will read it to you.

"DEAR COUSIN,

"HAVING had information of a late scandalous Libel, published against the Reverend Dr. Sacheverell, full of "infamous and groundless aspersions, wherein he is accused "of "turning a bitter enemy to the family which maintained "him a poor orphan at School, and sent him to the University, "&c.;" I think myself obliged, in point of justice, as well as "truth and honour, to vindicate the injured reputation of so "worthy a person, so far as it relates to myself<sup>h</sup>, touching

<sup>h</sup> She should have said, "and my deceased husband, and the rest of "my relations," if she had a mind to have cleared him." BISSAT.

"his

“his education, and his conduct both at School and in the University.

“I cannot but rejoice in this happy opportunity of giving the world a just and impartial character of him, whom either the ignorant or malicious have stigmatized and blackened with the most diabolical and profligate appellations.

“By some he has been represented as a base-born person, as though he had received his extract only from the dunghill. But, that I may do justice to the dead, as well as to the living, it is well known, that his father was a very Reverend and worthy Clergyman, a Minister of St. Peter's Church in Marlborough, of no mean or contemptible family (as the Dedication of one of the Doctor's Sermons lately preached at Derby does modestly suggest).

“In the beginning of those late unhappy times of confusion, the Doctor's Father was sent to the University, not to any College, but to one of the Schismatical Academies there, to be instructed in the principles of Non-conformity and Rebellion: but, because he could not comply with his Father's intentions, which so mightily interfered with his duty to his God, and the inviolable dictates of his own conscience, he was for that reason disinherited (having only the blessing of one single Shilling and the Providence of God for his future subsistence), whilst his paternal estate was settled upon a more *sanctified* younger son.

“He lived many years in Marlborough, with the deserved veneration and esteem of all his Parishioners; and when it pleased God to call him to himself, he left a Widow and a numerous Family, to be supported by her own industrious labours and the overflowing kindnesses of her friends. At that time (by a joint consent) my late Husband, Mr. Edward Hearst, took this his Godson Henry into his paternal care, and adopted him as his own son. He had his first education at the public School in Marlborough, where he made very large improvements in his learning; and I cannot but repeat it with fresh satisfaction and comfort, that I never knew him guilty of any immoral, nay of any childish action; he always retiring to his private devotions before he went to School, and preferring

It follows that she knew very little of him. BISSSET.

“the



"the public prayers of the Church on all occasions before his ordinary recreations.

"After the decease of my beloved Husband, I took him to my own arms; and it is now the pride and glory of my years, to be called Mother by so venerable a Son, and in being instrumental, under God, of raising up so courageous a champion for the defence of his Church.

"As his youth was full of the sweetest modesty, and the most complying dutifulness, so was his behaviour no less full of manly goodness and inviolable respect towards me, from the time of his first admission into Magdalen College, unto this very hour. Neither did I ever request any thing of him, which he did not cheerfully grant and comply with, though it were to his own personal hindrance and disadvantage.

"I urge but one instance more; and I leave God and the whole world to be judge in this matter.

"If he had been guilty of ingratitude (the blackest sin of Hell), and had been such a profligate wretch as the Pamphleteer would represent him to the world, I had never dropt so many sorrowful tears, nor passed away so many restless nights, nor felt those maternal throbs and convulsions of heart, during the time of his late confinement and trial; pangs not unequal to the trembling bowels of his own Mother, who conceived and brought him forth, and whose tender paps he has sucked.

"For the confirmation of these truths, I not only now subscribe my name, but am ready to attest them by a most solemn and religious oath, as well as by the last expiring breath of, Sir,

"Your most obliged kinswoman and servant,

"Wanbrough, New-

"Year's Day, 1710-11.

"KATHERINE HEARST.

"To Mr. Robert Coxe, in Basinghall-

"street, London."

And now pr'ythee, Neighbour, if it be possible, lay by the Party-man a moment, and tell me seriously, can there be a more abominable Lyar upon earth than this Bisset? is there such a daring Knight of the Post alive? can any thing but a Whig be so impudent as to charge a man with such a detestable vice, without any grounds at all for it? But the wretch hugged himself, I do not doubt, when he had loaded him with this charge; when he had sent him out like Cain, with a mark upon him, hoping, I suppose, that "whosoever met him, would kill him."

WH.

WH. I do declare it, you surprize me; if we have no better success with the rest of our Articles, I think verily Bisset shall be enjoined "not to impeach any one again for the space of three whole years." What is this about the Bishop of Sarum? did the Doctor "abuse him for putting his Mother into an Hospital?"

To. You must know, this is intended as a taunt upon the Doctor; this is an unchristian reflection upon the misfortunes of his Family; his Father died, and left a Widow and many Children; and the present Bishop of Sarum, being one of the Trustees, gave his hand for the admission of the Widow into a College erected for that use, and handsomely endowed by a late Bishop of that Diocese<sup>k</sup>. This he calls "putting her into an Hospital." The Founder was resolved to lay a guard against that name, and therefore wrote this inscription over the gate<sup>l</sup>:

D. O. M.

COLLEGIUM HOC MATRONARVM

HVMILLIME DEDICAVIT

SETHVS EPISCOPVS SARVM

ANNO DOMINI MDCLXXXII.

<sup>k</sup> Dr. Seth Ward; of whom, see vol. III. p. 38. This very able man, whose character was exemplary as a prelate, published several books of divinity; but the greatest part of his works are on mathematical subjects. He was a close reasoner and an admirable speaker, having, in the house of lords, been esteemed equal at least to the earl of Shaftesbury. He was polite, hospitable, and generous; and, in his life-time, founded the above-mentioned college at Salisbury, for the reception and support of ten poor clergymens widows; and the sumptuous hospital for ten poor men at Buntingford, the place of his nativity. The vacancies in the College of Matrons are alternately filled up by the Bishop of Salisbury and by the Dean and Chapter; those in the Hospital at Buntingford by the heirs for ever of his friend Ralph Freeman, esq. of Aspendon in Hertfordshire. His intimate friend Dr. Walter Pope, the noted author of "The Old Man's Wish," has given us a just and curious account of his life, interspersed with agreeable anecdotes of his friends. Bishop Burnet tells us, "Ward was a very dextrous man, if not too dextrous; for his sincerity was much questioned."

<sup>l</sup> See Dr. Pope's Life of Bp. Ward (p. 79); who is therein said to have resented such reflections upon his College with the utmost indignation. KING.—"I have often heard him express his dislike, if any one called it an Hospital; for, said he, many of these are well descended, and have lived in good reputation: I would not have it said of them, that they were reduced to an Hospital, but retired to a College, which has a more honourable sound."

And

And it is a very handsome reception for the widows of Clergymen, and I would to God there were more of them: and I wish to God also that this Bisset's Widow may have no occasion to come into them. There is nothing in nature so inhuman, as to throw the unhappiness of a man's house into his teeth; and to make that his reproach, which is his misfortune only. It is true, she was obliged to the Bishop of Sarum for his hand in this affair; and Dr. Sacheverell has had reason, in some controversies, to speak of the Bishop of Sarum, and to confute him, in such a manner as I think every good man would have done in the heat of disputation, and in his zeal for the ancient established doctrines of the Church of England, which, I must needs say, I think that Prelate has been as free with, as his kindred in the North with the Episcopal Ministers of the Church of Scotland<sup>m</sup>; that is, he has almost routed them, and brought them into contempt and disuse<sup>n</sup>. And I must needs say, if my Father that begat me, or my Mother that brought me into the world (which, by the bye, is a greater favour than bringing me into a College), should disown or dispute, depreciate or lessen, forsake or give up, a standing doctrine of Christianity; I should forget my obligations so far, as to warn my Fellow-christians against it; to tell them the danger of adhering to them, and the sad consequences of apostacy and defection from the Church, and of schism and disorder in it. The Doctor has only done this, and in a manner corresponding to the subject of the dispute, and the person on the adverse side.

Suppose a man obliges me in the person of my Mother; and "spares not to cry aloud," that every man is "a King and a Priest;" that every one may baptize, and call his Sovereign to account; that Episcopacy is the tool and creature of Monarchy, holy orders an unnecessary distinction, and no more "a divine institution" than the habits of those that are admitted into them; am I not in this case to forget my Benefactor, and remember my God? am I not to forego the carnal, and hold fast to the spiritual Mother, the Church of Christ? I am surely obliged to

<sup>m</sup> Bp. Burnet was a native of Edinburgh.

<sup>n</sup> These reproaches deserve a severe censure from the Convocation. BISSET.

° See Two Sermons at Salisbury. KING.—They were preached Nov. 5, and Nov. 7, 1710; and printed together in 8vo.

step over a favour done to a particular member of the Church; when I am defending the Church in general from assaults and violence, from injury and affront.

And this is the case of Dr. Sacheverell. He has taken upon him, as almost all Christendom has done, and it may be *servente calamo*, with some asperity of expression, to contradict his Lordship, to play Antiquity against Novelty, and to go farther than Holland or Geneva for the ancient stated doctrines of the Christian Church, and the old established discipline of it.

I have heard the Doctor speak very gratefully of that Bishop, as indeed he does of all to whom he is obliged. But, I must own, when we urge the injury he has done the Church, and continues still to do, the publick has so much the superiority of interest in every generous breast, that it is not possible to keep ourselves within those limits which I know you men of temper and moderation would prescribe to us. Suppose there were but four men in England that were masters of Polemicks, that understood all the controversies in the Church; do you think it reasonable for these men to be silent, if the Bishop of Sarum should preach false doctrine, because he gave a Pig to one, a Vote in some Election to another, a piece of Scotch Cloth to a third, and a Collar of Brawn to the fourth? Do not you think a Letter of this nature from that Bishop to these Polemical Divines would have great influence upon them, dry up all their ink, and spoil their pens?

"Gentlemen, I am going to establish a new sort of Christianity. I would refine a little upon the Author of it, and shew where the Apostles were wrong; and lay a much better scheme of Church-government than they have done. I will new vamp your Articles, and make the world wonderfully easy in matters of faith and conscience. Be pleased to let me have no interruption from you; but remember the Pig, and the Vote, the Cloth, and the Brawn. And do not fly in the face of your Benefactor, who, you know, besides all this, is a Bishop, and consequently has a right to do what he pleases with the Church; and he is an impudent Presbyter that pretends to know more than I."

GILBERT SARUM."

Now do not you think it very reasonable that Religion should be given up; that these men should be silent, and suffer him to make what havock he pleases; because he once did them a com-



mon favour, and the world perhaps thinks they [are obliged to him? Hey! what are you dumb, old Noll? Answer me.

WH. Why, faith, I do not know what to say to you; "the cause was well enough," as the Judge said, "before you puzzled it." I wish I was well out of the house. I believe thou wilt make me turn Tory: I shall run in my zeal and break Bisset's windows in defiance of "the contents of his Musketoons."

Come, I yield the First Article: let us proceed to the Second. Here are eight Pages though between them: what are they for? what does he say in them? But pray be short, I want an end of it; I am afraid you will make us appear no better than we should be.

To. Why they are filled with heavy complaints against the Tories in general; that his person, his goods, and chattels, are in danger daily; that we will not suffer the Dissenters to grow rich; and that, particularly in Wales, "there is a formal persecution begun, not only by a League to have no commerce with them, which is a sort of outlawry, but also by exacting of fines, by what colour of law he knows not."

WH. Do not you think that a very grievous oppression? will you shut them out from all trade with you, and so starve them?

To. I will tell you the truth of this complaint. Some gentlemen in Wales (for which I shall ever commend their wisdom) have agreed among themselves, under such and such penalties, never to trade with them, either for little or much. The penalty sometimes has been incurred; and the law of the Society satisfied, by the payment of the fine. Now this, which they do to one another by agreement, he calls "a formal persecution of the Dissenters, and an illegal exaction of fines from them."

WH. What? This then is only a covenant among some particular gentlemen, and the fines upon breach of it are paid to one another. This sure must be some strange misinformation, or Mr. Bisset is industriously in the wrong. I must own to you, we are too apt to improve upon any story against the High-flyers, and we do not much insist upon testimony and confirmation; if it is but black enough, we desire no more: and truly it is the thing I most dislike in our party; I have complained of it, but I could never see any amendment. I hope, though, you do not pretend to justify the resolution of these gentlemen, "not to trade with

"the Dissenters;" you had as good shut them out of human society.

To. I do not care if they were *so* shut out. I am clearly of the opinion of those gentlemen; I am for withdrawing myself from all sort of commerce with them: they hate you upon principle; and think they do God good service, if they can cheat you; in a word, *fas est et ab hoste doceri*, I will learn to fight of my enemy. Nothing has done the Dissenters more service, than dealing only with one another, where it can possibly be done. I know one that observes this practice so religiously, that he will not touch either food or raiment, that was not bought in the shop of a Fanatick. They will send for the least trifle to the other end of a long street to one of their own crew, when the very next neighbour, a Churchman, has it to sell: nay, I have known one of them almost spue at the sight of an ungodly Mince-pye, and immediately devour it like a Cormorant, when the good woman told him, "Honest Mr. Such-an-one, who comes often to our Meeting, was the maker." If a Tory had had a Finger in the Pye, it would have been superstitious, and forbidden meat; and so powerful is the touch of a Saint in this respect, that superstition and interdiction are taken off by it; and what *that* has sanctified, must not be refused, or esteemed unhallowed. Ask them why they are thus narrow-souled? why they confine their dealings and their charity to one another? They will tell you, that they only "love as brethren;" they must help one another; St. Paul says, "they are worse than Infidels, that do not take care of their own;" and much cant to this purpose: but if the Churchman imitate them in this particular, it is "persecution, inhuman, unchristian," a perfect outlawry, and a deal of such stuff. If people were of my mind, old Noll, they should have more reason to complain than they have: we are so good-natured, or stupidly inadvertent, as to trade with *them*, and suffer them to grow rich by us, when our honest friends of the Church are poor, want business, and stand in their shops as unemployed as an horse in a pound. It is a shame to see them raise estates, who could or would as soon raise the Church if we did not trade among them. When they are got into money, and their stock runs high, like the Bank, they will grow insolent, and exercise dominion over you. "Keep them poor, and they will be quiet," I remember, was a Revolution principle, and the only one, I think, that the Church would reap any benefit by observing.

WH.

WH. Thou art a glorious fellow! You think you may say what you will, the world is all your own; I am sure, none of us presume to talk so boldly.

TO. No? I can give you the lie out of this, p. 5: he charges the Church (and you know who is the Head of it, and that the present Ministers of State are true, and not occasional, Members of it) with Tyranny and Arbitrary Power; that every man's liberty and property is insulted, that no one is sure even of the teeth in his head; that High-church Tyranny, that is, the present Administration, is worse than Nero's or Dioclesian's. This, I think, is a note beyond Elia. I am sure, if a man last winter had dared to say this, with the alteration of Low for High, the Commons of Great Britain would have employed Jacob Tonson's presses a second time <sup>P</sup>. The fellow is conscious to himself, that no man esteems him, that he may say or do what he pleases; for any Jury upon earth will bring him in *Non compos*. But go on to the other page, and there he illustrates his proposition, "High-church Tyranny is worse than Nero's<sup>q</sup> or Dioclesian's;" for he is often affronted as he goes along the streets; a great many people sneer and laugh at him; even strangers, poor man! shew him no respect; and, which is worse than all, even Beaux and Ladies mob him. Now, you know, Nero and Dioclesian never did any thing like this to their poor subjects: they only now and then burnt a city and half the inhabitants for their diversion; murdered by variety of torments a thousand or so for a breakfast; sent out for their subjects heads, as freely as we do for apples; and devoured as many Virgins as St. George's Dragon. But, alas! this is nothing: these people were happy in comparison to poor Bisset; High-church tyrants shew him no respect; he is never invited to dinner by them; he has not drunk a glass of good Ale at their cost, nor had "a Shilling from them, these eleven years," Pref. p. 2. Indeed, poor man, I do own, Nero would have been kinder to him: he would have put him out of his pain, and have stopped all his lamentation: it may be he would have given him a tune at parting; he has been known to play to peo-

<sup>P</sup> Mr. Tonson was authorized to publish the Trial of Sacheverell.

<sup>q</sup> If he had been on Col. Sidney's jury, he would not have gone from the bar; but, upon the first sight of Nero in his closet-papers, have pronounced him guilty. Bisset.

ple at an execution ; but, I believe, that being a time of devotion, Bisset would have entered his protest against Musick.

But above all it is most deplorable, that the Ladies should affront and mob him ; he expresses a vast concern for the irreparable loss of their favour ; he will never forgive the Doctor for engrossing, as it were, all the Ladies ; a sex, I am told, Bisset lived by a great while ; and the little practice he has with them now, I am well assured, is not the " Practice of Piety." I must own, I do not wonder to hear a Fanatick lament the loss of his interest among the Women ; they are as useful to a Conventicle as a Whig Ministry, and, without taking a lease of it, are forced to support, maintain, uphold, and keep it ; shut the women out of the Meetings, and " there will soon be much grass in the place." The seditious Canter will read Wall Lectures by himself, be no more regarded than the Mountebank upon Tower-Hill, the Rat-catcher by Bow Church, or lord Wyngham<sup>r</sup> at an Impeachment.

From himself, he proceeds, p. 7, to enumerate divers grievances of other folks, and particularly laments the untimely death of a Woman in Fleet-street, who lost her life, being in child-bed, " by the stones which the High-church tyrants threw in at her window."

WH. I hope you will allow that to be a little like Nero and Dioclesian : I did hear indeed of that young gentlewoman who was thus barbarously murdered by the mob when the Members for the City were declared.

TO. But suppose now I can prove to you that this Woman died as fairly of a Dropsy as any one in the Bills of Mortality ; that she was seventy years old ; that she had had three Husbands, and never was with child in her life ; that the stones which the mob threw only did the errand they were sent upon ; just reproved the family for not illuminating their windows upon that

<sup>r</sup> The late lord high chancellor. Bisset.—William Cowper, esq. succeeded Sir Nathan Wright, as lord keeper of the great seal, Oct. 11, 1705 ; was created baron Cowper of Wyngham, Nov. 9 ; and appointed lord chancellor May 4, 1707 ; which post he held till Sept. 14, 1710. On the accession of king George I, he was again appointed lord chancellor ; and, on resigning the great seals, was created viscount Fordwich and earl Cowper, March 18, 1717-18. It should be observed, that he nobly refused to accept new years gifts from the counsellors at law, which had long been given to his predecessors ; and, what is still more to his honour, he foresaw and opposed the destructive measures of the South Sea bubble in 1720. He died Oct. 10, 1723.



night of joy and triumph; they hardly went into the room; the Woman in bed was dying, and no more heard or felt them at that time, than she does me now.

WH. If you can prove this, then we are a parcel of sons of Belial; we are Liars, and Rogues, and whatever you will please to call us. Why I tell you, the Woman being a Dissenter, she had a Funeral Sermon in many Meetings, is looked upon as a Martyr for the Conventicle, and is called Stephen's Sister, because she was *stoned* to death.

TO. What I say is literally true: I received this account from a gentleman in that neighbourhood; I have it here in this Letter under his own hand; and I have commission to say that he now lives, and the old woman died, between the Horn and the Leg-Tavern in Fleet-street; that Bisset's whole account is a scandalous lie; and her survivors in the house, though Dissenters, are ready to attest the truth of this account. Now, Noll, what think you of this piece of High-church murder?

WH. I think the villain deserves the death he speaks of, to be stoned into the other world; for it is not fit the fellow should live. Indeed he often complains "that he is in danger, that the streets and roads are not safe;" and truly I do not blame him. I suppose he is conscious of his own iniquity, that he has justly incurred the displeasure of his fellow-subjects, and that it would be meritorious in any of them to chastise him. If a Whig must be such a false knave as this, God bless the High-church! say I.

TO. Here is another full and true account, p. 8, of horrid and barbarous murders, assaults, assassinations, and other High-church outrages. "Tutchin<sup>s</sup> is in his grave, Mr. Samuel Johnson<sup>t</sup> was near it, and king William narrowly escaped."

It is true, indeed, he does own the Sectaries did murder king Charles I. But that is nothing to the murder of St. Tutchin; for the King "had warning, and time to prepare for his change; but the other was hurried out of the world, perhaps with many mangling wounds." The fellow indeed had an honest dry

<sup>s</sup> See above, p. 183.

<sup>t</sup> The celebrated chaplain of lord Russell. His inflexible patriotism involved him in frequent dangers; particularly, in 1692, his life was attempted by seven assassins, who beat him in his bed, and one of them cut his head with a sword. He lived till May, 1703. All his treatises were collected in 1710, in one folio volume, with some memorials of his life.

drubbing, just as much as he deserved, and no more; but he was furiously poked<sup>u</sup>, as the Surgeon who dissected him will witness; or else he would have lived, thrived well, and mended, like a Walnut-tree, after a beating. But it is a lamentable thing that the Sectaries should give king Charles the First so much warning, and we give poor Tutchin no more; for he did not live above six weeks after his basting. Tutchin was sent out of the world by the Tories, with his head broken; the Sectaries only *cut off* the King's head, and sent him into the other world without it<sup>w</sup>. Besides, the Sectaries gave the King "a fair trial, as they had power, the people being lords." But Tutchin had "no trial," and he, being one of the people, was *better* than a King, for he helped to "make Kings;" yet he was murdered at once, without any shew of justice or trial; which plainly shews, that the Sectaries are civiler to Kings than Tories. You laugh now, old Whig: but, I protest, this is the drift of all he says, and is really the sense and opinion of your party.

If *you* cut off a King's head, it is *justice*; if *we* do but kick a fellow, it is murder: if you slice off a Drawer's nose at Greenwich<sup>x</sup>, it is but "a scratch," p. 9; if we do it, it is dismembering, and death by the Statute. There is a deal of difference between *you Saints* and *us*; the nature of good and evil alters wonderfully upon *your* account now and then. I cannot imagine how you came by the privilege. I believe we are got into times now, in which your new charter will be superseded: we shall serve you as we have done Bewdley, reduce you to your old constitution, and set you upon a level with the rest of your species; and therefore I advise you to live as righteously as you can: for, if you rob upon the highway, commit murder or sacrilege, kill a Bishop or a Parson, depend upon it, you will be hanged; which is more than I could have promised you a little while ago.

<sup>u</sup> I have been assured from good hands this is wholly a slander. Why does not the Surgeon attest it? BISSET.

<sup>w</sup> This comes very near the Irishman's bull, that St. Patrick swam to Holyhead with his head in his teeth. Was not king Charles's head buried in the same coffin with his body? BISSET.

<sup>x</sup> Why are not the actors in this tragedy prosecuted upon the Coventry act? BISSET.

From

From railing at the Churchmen, he is come to extol and magnify the Dissenters. "They and their Ministers," he says, "have contributed largely to the Church of England Lecturers, though most bitter against them," p. 11. This is a lie; they contribute to none of those that are *real* Churchmen, who dare tell them the truth; who have courage to defend the Church of England; to explain the nature of schism, and prove it to be a damnable sin. I own indeed they do advance the collections of their Friends, who preach up Comprehension, Moderation, Temper, Occasional Conformity, Resistance, Self-defence, and all the detestable doctrines of Forty-one; Hoadly and Baker<sup>y</sup>, Bradford<sup>z</sup> and Whaley<sup>a</sup>, Harris<sup>b</sup> and Turner<sup>c</sup>, these indeed partake of their liberality as well as their sins; they receive their "thirty pieces of silver," but upon Judas's terms, "to betray their Saviour," to banter the Creed, burlesque Christianity, divide the Church, and "crucify the Son of God afresh." I should be glad to find that they contribute to Smallridge<sup>d</sup>, Mofs<sup>e</sup>,

<sup>y</sup> Dr. William Baker, warden of Wadham College, Oxford; raised to the see of Bangor in August, 1723, and translated to Norwich in December, 1727. He died in 1732.

<sup>z</sup> Dr. Samuel Bradford, prebendary of Westminster; master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. He was made bishop of Carlisle in April, 1718; and translated to Rochester in July, 1723. He died in 1731.

<sup>a</sup> Nathanael Whaley, A. M. rector of Brington, Northamptonshire.

<sup>b</sup> John Harris, D. D. rector of St. Mildred, Breadstreet.

<sup>c</sup> John Turner, D. D. vicar of Greenwich in Kent, and afterward chaplain to king George II, when prince of Wales.

<sup>d</sup> Dr. George Smallridge, born at Lichfield about 1666, was in 1682 elected from Westminster to Christ Church, Oxford; in 1693, made prebendary of Lichfield; and soon after canon of Christ Church, and dean of Carlisle; in 1713, dean of Christ Church, and the year following bishop of Bristol. Upon the accession of king George I, he was appointed lord almoner; but was removed from that post in 1715. He died Sept. 20, 1719. Sixty of his sermons were printed in 1726; which shew him to have been a polite writer. He had published some works of merit in his life-time; particularly "Animadversions on a piece upon Church Government," so early as 1687; and a Latin poem, intituled, "Auctio Davisiana, Oxonii habita per Gul. Cooper & Edw. Millington, Bibliopolas Londinenses," 1689.

<sup>e</sup> Robert Mofs, D. D. dean of Ely.

Adams,

Adams <sup>f</sup>, Snape <sup>z</sup>, Haslewood <sup>h</sup>, Savage <sup>i</sup>, C—le, Sutton <sup>k</sup>, Ramsey <sup>l</sup>, the two S—ds <sup>m</sup>, &c. I would be glad to know how many of these partake of their bounty, who think themselves bound in conscience to expose the Schism, to lay open the intrigues of Moderation, and the flagitious sin of Occasional Communion. Now I am upon this subject, I must take notice of the influence of the Dissenters in every Election of a Lecturer; they, who have nothing to do with it, and contribute nothing, are most zealous, most troublesome, most noisy, and give great disturbance to those who are more particularly concerned in that affair. Their being inhabitants is no plea, unless they will *continue* to contribute; I say, *continue*, for many of them often subscribe only to give a gloss to their vote, and are never known to pay unless their own fanatic lukewarm Son of Moderation chance to be elected.

I have often wondered that the good Citizens should give the enemy this license; they would take it heinously, if any of us should appear in their Meetings, and offer to vote in the election of any of their Pastors. I think the reason is equal on both sides, and should be practised accordingly.

But they know the advantage of intermeddling in our Parochial Elections; they have found fools enough in many Parishes to side with them, to hold up their hands for men of their recommendation, and give them success. This, they hope, will poison their neighbours, spread the contagion, and at last fix the plague of Heresy and Schism among them. By these means, and upon this view, did those Heteroclitcs Hoadly and Baker gain their

<sup>f</sup> John Adams, D. D. rector first of St. Alban, Woodstreet, then of St. Bartholomew, chaplain in ordinary, and provost of King's College, Cambridge.

<sup>z</sup> Andrew Snape, D. D. another provost of King's College. He was the first who entered the lists against Bp. Hoadly in the celebrated Bangorian controversy, and in the course of it published four pamphlets. Three volumes of his Sermons were printed in 1745, 8vo.

<sup>h</sup> John Haslewood, D. D. rector of St. Olave, Southwark.

<sup>i</sup> William Savage, D. D. master of Emanuel College, Cambridge, and rector of St. Andrew Wardrobe and St. Anne Blackfryars.

<sup>k</sup> Gibbon Sutton, A. M. fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and lecturer of St. Benedict, Gracechurch-street.

<sup>l</sup> John Ramsey, rector of Langdon, Kent.

<sup>m</sup> Q. Two Scatter goods, or two Smallwoods?

Elections,



Elections, and write themselves Lecturers. Pardon me, old Noll, for this digression: I thought I had a fair opportunity, and I could not possibly deny myself the pleasure of it. I will make you amends, and come to the Second Article against the Doctor.

In this Second Article, he is extremely incensed at the Doctor and his party, for declaring themselves *high*: and not only so, but "very high; high for Rituals, high for very high steeples, "high for Altars," and "high for Low bows, and would not "condescend to men of low estate," p. 13; that is, would not give up their privileges, part with their rights, and in a manner sacrifice the Church, to their caprice. I remember the lord Wyng-ham<sup>n</sup>, in the House of Peers, when a debate arose, "Whether "that Court was obliged to conform to the laws, the rules, and "usages of the Courts below," urged the *highness* of that Court as an argument to prove that they were not to condescend to Courts below it. "If we are above them," says he, "let us "keep so; if their rules and usages are a standard to us, we are "upon a level with them, and have no claim to the superiority." Now that noble Peer is known to "condescend to men of low "estate as much as any body," where he can "with safety to "his highness or superiority." I know him as humble and con-descending upon some occasions as possible. But if an Hedger, or any Labourer, should come to him, and say, "My Lord, fix "Horses in your Coach are not necessary; pray give me two, "and my neighbour two more"—Another come, and say, "My "Lord, that Turret upon your House is superfluous; it keeps "out neither wind nor weather: pray let me have the Lead, to "make Bullets and Standishes; and the Timber, to make Fire "to warm my poor family"—A third, upon a Washing-day, take notice "that the best Laurel-hedge in his Garden is covered "with my Lady's Shifts<sup>o</sup>, and petition my Lord that he would "not suffer so much Holland in his house; that less would serve "her Ladyship, and your poor neighbours of *low estate* will "not be satisfied without it."—Would not my Lord, notwithstanding his aptitude to gratify men beneath him, immediately reply, "You are to leave me to judge what is decent, proper, "and becoming my station; you are not to reflect upon my "Equipage, my Turret, or my Wife's Shifts. I am the best

<sup>n</sup> See above, p. 214.

• This is a sign what his thoughts were upon. BISSET.

"judge

“judge what is handsome, necessary, or convenient; and you are  
 “a parcel of impudent scoundrels to call it in question. Either  
 “bring your sentiments to mine, and be quiet with me, or else  
 “go farther off; for I will never *condescend* to let you risle me,  
 “to ride away with my Horses, melt down my Turret, and make  
 “Baby-clouts of my Wife’s Shifts.”

This is truly the case between the High-church and Dissenters. They would, if they could, persuade us to resign all to them that they please to demand, make every concession they propose, present them with the Holland Surplices, lift them up to the Lead of the Steeples, and furnish them with Horses to carry away the Altar Plate, give them the possession of our superfluous Abbey Lands, abolish all ceremonies, relax all discipline, and make ourselves fools and beggars; then they will extol our moderation, come heartily in to us, and give us the praise of “*condescending* to men of low estate.”

WH. Indeed, Neighbour, you banter too much. Mr. Bisset is in the right: you have many things too nearly related to Popery; it gives offence, and should be remedied. Here is Dr. Sacheverell “talks of retaining blessed Advocates in Heaven, to plead in their defence, which is Popery undisguised,” p. 13.

TO. It is your ignorance, and his stupidity undisguised. But, because I know the Doctor has been charged with Popery, upon the account of this expression, by some who by their Cloth I am sure ought to understand Religion better, you must give me leave to be a little serious with you, and set this controversy in a plain and true light.

Though the *mediatorial* office strictly speaking peculiarly does belong to the person of Christ in Heaven, exhibiting his meritorious sufferings in our behalf at the right-hand of God the Father, according to that maxim of the Apostle, there is but “one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus P:” yet the office of intercession, which in Scripture is ascribed to the Paraclete, which word is sometimes rendered *Advocate*, sometimes *Comforter*, is promiscuously used, and in common applied to both Christ and the Holy Ghost, who are jointly “our blessed Advocates in Heaven.” The Holy Ghost is by our Saviour styled, by way of eminence, as succeeding into his place, office, and title, here on earth, ὁ παρακλητής, τὸ πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον and, by way of

distinction, ἄλλο παράκλησις, "the Holy Ghost the Comforter," and "another Comforter;" or, as it is translated in both places in the margin, *Advocate*. And what this office of Advocateship is, we learn from St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans: "The Spirit helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. And he that searcheth the hearts, knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the Saints, according to the will of God;" from which *intercession* (especially, I conceive, says that most learned Bishop of our Church Dr. Pearson<sup>1</sup>, in his Exposition of the Creed, p. 328.) he hath the name of the Paraclete given him by Christ, who said, "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you *another Paraclete*." This Advocateship is also in the very same Term attributed to Christ Jesus. "If any man sin," says St. John, παρακλησιν ἔχομεν πρὸς τὸν πατέρα, "we have an Advocate with the Fa-

<sup>1</sup> Our Church Bible, of a late Oxford Edition, has no such word; nor any Bible I have. BISSET.

<sup>2</sup> John xiv. 16, 26.

<sup>3</sup> Chap. viii. 26, 27.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. John Pearson, who was successively master of Jesus and Trinity colleges in Cambridge, and also Margaret professor of divinity in that university, was consecrated bishop of Chester, Feb. 9, 1672. He enjoyed several other very considerable preferments in that reign, which were as much above his ambition, as they were below his merit. He was eminently read in ecclesiastical history and antiquity, and was a most exact chronologist. He applied himself to every kind of learning that he thought essential to his profession; and was in every kind a master. His works are not numerous, but they are all excellent; and some of the least of them shew that he was one of the completest divines of his age. The chief are, his "Exposition of the Creed," in English; and his "Vindication of St. Ignatius's Epistles," in Latin. The former, which has gone through twelve or thirteen editions, is one of the most finished pieces of theology in our language. It is itself *a body of divinity*, but not *a body without a spirit*. The style of it is just; the periods are, for the most part, well turned; the method is very exact; and it is in general free from those errors which are too often found in theological systems. It has been translated into Latin by a foreign divine. Bp. Pearson died in his 74th year, after having entirely lost his memory, July 16, 1686. See Granger.

<sup>5</sup> John xiv. 16.

"ther, Jesus Christ the Righteous<sup>w</sup>," who (as the Author to the Hebrews) ever liveth to make *intercession* for us. From whence it is evident that the office of a Paraclete is in express words equally attributed to both persons of the ever-blessed Trinity, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost, *interceding* to God the Father for us; and I desire to add this one observation to strengthen the argument, that in both passages in these two Epistles the very same word, *ἰκετεύειν*, is made use of to denote the same identical actions in both Persons.

These now are the blessed Advocates the Doctor advises us "to retain, to plead our cause in Heaven," which this ignorant Wretch mistakes for Popery; so well qualified is he to censure *false* doctrine in others, or to preach *true* himself, that he is wholly a stranger to so fundamental an article of Christianity. Had there been no other Advocates in Heaven but the Romish pretended ones of Saints and Angels, or had the Doctor mentioned them, there had been some ground or occasion for this uncharitable and unreasonable charge upon him of being "a barefaced Papist." But, as it is impossible to conceive this passage to refer to any thing but those our *real* Advocates in Heaven; so I leave you to judge, whether this man's gross ignorance and implacable malice do not loudly call for, and stand in need of, both their intercessions, and the Doctor's forgiveness. I shall conclude this matter, in the words of that judicious, and I had almost said *infallible* Prelate \* (had not the charge of Popery lain before my eyes), whose inimitable Treatise I recommend to this ignorant creature to peruse; and, being written in English, it may serve to expel that dark cloud of errors, that benights his poor, mad, intoxicated brain.

Παράκλητος, says that worthy Writer, is five times used in Scripture, and that by St. John alone: four times in his Gospel, attributed to the Holy Ghost; once in his first Epistle, spoken of Christ.

When it relates to the Holy Ghost, we translate it always *Comforter*; when to Christ, we render it *Advocate*: of which di-

<sup>w</sup> 1 Ep. John, ii. 1.

\* Few will think the *Vindicator* the better Protestant for this. BISSET.

† I could, I thank God, read a Greek Author before he was born, or at least before he could speak. BISSET.



verfity there can be no reafon, becaufe Chrift, who is a Paraclete, faid he would fend “another Paraclete,” and therefore the notion muft be the fame in both. And, after an elaborate proof of this matter, he concludes :

“I conceive the notion of *παράκλησις*, common to the Son “and to the Holy Ghoft, to confift efpecially in the office of *interceffion*, which by St. Paul is attributed to both <sup>2</sup>.”

Now this is not Popery, but what true Proteftants have always believed. The Doctor does not bid his audience prostrate themfelves to Images and Pictures ; but, by a good life, a holy converfation, to recommend themfelves to “the bleffed Advocates “above.” Now, a good life being the propereft recommendation, you Whigs cannot bear the thoughts of retaining fuch Advocates. When any thing in Religion is againft you, that you call Popery ; when it is in Government, you call it Tyranny or Perfecution, and think it a fufficient juftification of your averfion to it.

WH. No, no, you are mightily miftaken ; we lead as good lives as the beft of you, and love Religion and Virtue as well as you. I proteft, I love the converfation of the Diffenters : they are full of Scripture Stories ; what they fay is fo edifying, and adapted to the meaneft capacity, always tending to exprefs their moderation in religious matters, and their abhorrence of all perfecution : and befides, there is an air of piety in the very motion and habits of their Paftors ; their looks are fo ferene and upright, that Religion feems to have taken an habitation in the countenance of each of them.

TO. If you love a Diffenter for his Scripture ftories, you may as well love Dutch Tiles <sup>2</sup>, or Tapeftry Hangings. I do not think the Bible is always to be repeated over a Tea-table, and the comfortable accounts of God’s love to good men be given at Back-gammon. I do not think our fins are to be fighed out at Cribbage, and ejaculations thrown up at All-fours ; and yet I have feen and heard all this done, and neverthelefs held my opinion, that they were all Hypocrites. It is an hereditary fhew,

<sup>2</sup> Expoftion of the Creed, p. 329.

<sup>2</sup> It had been well for Dr. Sacheverell if he had met with the ftory of Elisha, though in a tavern chimney. But, I fuppofe, the Doctor and his Champions hate a religious face, though on Tiles and Tapeftry. BISSAT.

or form of piety, and they themselves are no more affected than I am by it; their Fathers teach them to sigh, and turn up the white of their eyes, as Beggars do their Children to cry, only to move your passions, and deceive you. As to their Pastors, I hate a religious face. When Religion, as you say, "has taken an habitation in a man's countenance," it is generally Tenant for life there; I seldom knew it remove lower, and take a place in his heart. I protest, a formal religious face frights me: I clap my hands into my pockets like a Dutch Skipper, and have much ado to forbear hollowing out, "Thieves, Murder<sup>b</sup>, Moderation," and all things that I think will hurt me. Excuse me, Neighbour; if ever I take an uncommon liberty of speech, it is when these people are the subject of discourse; and yet you are always crowding it in upon me. I have always esteemed them, and have every day fresh reason to do it, utter and avowed Enemies to the Crown and to the Mitre. I know their principles are so bad, and their practices so nicely corresponding with them, that I cannot have a favourable thought of those men who do not vigorously oppose them.

WH. Well, but why must they be downright persecuted? why must their birth-right be taken from them? why must they be excluded all offices and places in the Government, which is one of your High-church *postulata*? "Why must you have all, and they have none?" This the Doctor affirms necessary; and it is another charge which Mr. Bisset brings against him, p. 14.

TO. If the Doctor has no more to answer for than this, he is the happiest man alive; I think there is nothing more reasonable, or more profitable, than a strict conformity to that opinion. No wise Government in Europe, but this, suffers men to have a share in the Legislature, whose principles are directly contrary to, and whose interest they think it is to subvert, the Government they live under. Why are they not content with their indulgence? When they sued for that, their pleas all ran upon "tender, scrupulous consciences;" that their only aim was, to live peaceably amongst us, in the enjoyment of "liberty of conscience." We had no sooner warmed the cold Snake with

<sup>b</sup> In the *first* edition of this Tract, it appears that, by a strange mistake, it was printed "Thieves, Tories, Moderation."—Hence Bisset gravely asks, "Did ever the two last (indeed one is *blotted out* after it was printed) meet together before?"

that Act, but it exerted its sting, affected the ascendant, and wanted superiority and government. Of this truth we have daily instances. Do they not push at us upon all occasions? what offices, what places, though never so mean and low, do they not contend for? Nothing is vacant, but your *Faction* propose a candidate of their own complexion, and always appear in opposition to the Church. Now what can the design of this be, but, as I hinted in another place, to steal by degrees into "the strong man's house," that they may first bind, and then destroy him? would not every wise man shut his door against such an enemy? may he not build such mounds and fortresses, as will prevent his making any inroads into his territories? would you have us forget your darling principle, "self-defence?" Our Religion indeed obliges us "to turn the other cheek to the man that strikes one of them:" but it no where forbids us to make such justifiable provisions as will secure us from his striking either. We are commanded to be "as wise as Serpents," and as innocent as Doves;" and from hence we derive a liberty to contrive the methods of our own preservation: which if we should not do, we should not only be as *innocent*, but we should be as *stupid* as Doves; and if any of the Serpent appeared in us, it would be that which our first Parents learnt of him, "to be-tray ourselves and our Posterity."

WH. I protest, you are too severe: such men as you are enough to fire the nation. You misrepresent the Dissenters exceedingly; they have no ill designs upon the present Establishment either in Church or State: they would not willingly, I suppose, be oppressed by either; they readily submit, provided the terms of their subjection be agreeable to the laws of God and the Realm.

TO. I deny that. They always disowned any subjection; they affect an *equality* at least with the Church. This they gave us assurance of, when, in the Metropolis of England, the City Sword was carried by a Fanatick to the Church in the morning, and to the Conventicle in the afternoon<sup>d</sup>. Believe me, this was

c Here is a special Son of the Church! to make it not only a Den of Thieves, but the Devil's Castle! BISSET.

d In 1698, Sir Humphry Edwyn, then lord mayor, went to a conventicle, with the *insignia* of his office; a circumstance which Swift has pleasantly bantered in his "Tale of a Tub." See his Works, vol. I. p. 232. where the procession is represented in a humorous print. This

a bold stroke: it shewed your will, and was a fair caution to the Churchmen to look about them. For these and other considerations, it is very proper and reasonable, that the Churchmen should have all the offices, and places of trust and power; and the Dissenters and all their mercenary abettors excluded, unless with such and such qualifications.

WH. Now that very thing Mr. Bisset and all of us call "Pery and Persecution."

TO. I know it; but it is a lye. The Papists, I know, persecute their adversaries, and handle them with great severity; but this I heartily oppose, and I hope in God I shall never be so wicked as to encourage it. But, my good Friend, I think there is a great deal of difference between throwing a man into a Fire, and out of an Office unless upon such and such terms; the former is murder direct, the latter just and reasonable. And therefore I conclude, that Dr. Sacheverell is not guilty of the high crimes and misdemeanors charged upon him in this Article by William Bisset, &c.

WH. Well, pray proceed. I would fain drop anchor; I begin to desire an end of the conference. Here is something pretty notable upon your Doctor, two or three pages together; here is "pride, vain-glory, envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitable blenefs to his Mother," p. 15—19, charged upon him by wholesale. Pray begin; and, "Good Lord, deliver him!"

TO. He does so, it is true; and that the Doctor is not guilty, is as true. The accusation is pretty extraordinary, and is indeed a notable instance, that Bisset "has no manner of grudge or envy against him, which he professes solemnly before God he has not," p. 14. It puts me in mind of two fellows upon their nearest approaches to boxing. "Come, Sir," says the pertest of them, "there is no malice!" and next moment beats his teeth down his throat. So says Bisset: "Look you, Dr. Sacheverell, you are one of the vilest Rascals in nature, you are a malicious Incendiary, you deserve hanging, murder, and damnation; and I will take care, if possible, that such a scandalous High-

transaction probably occasioned the proviso in the Stat. 5 Geo. I. c. 4. which declares, That any Mayor, Bailiff, or other Magistrate, being present at any place of Public Worship, other than the Church of England, in the peculiar habit of his office, or attended with the ensigns thereof, shall, on conviction, be adjudged incapable to bear any public office or employment whatsoever.

"flying



"flying dog shall have his deserts. But I have no malice or ill-will to you : I love you dearly ; and, as I hope to be saved at the day of judgement, I never did, or intended you, or any man, any ill, or wrong, *these last one and twenty years*," Pref. p. ult.

Bisset is under great astonishment, "that the Doctor should be so impudent and ambitious as to take upon him, though in a regular and academical way, the title of Doctor, and drive a number of young fellows more into that extravagance. It was a shame, particularly, that he should do it, who was "the son of a Pauper, and of a Mother in an Hospital;" to spend a hundred pounds in that manner, did not at all become a person in his circumstances ; none but Noblemen do it so young ; *ergo*, he is *proud, ambitious, and full of vain-glory*."

This fellow Bisset, you must know, was expelled the University before he had been in it three years<sup>e</sup>, for his impudence to his superiors ; and therefore you are not to wonder if he does not understand affairs of this nature. If a man has gone through the several studies, examinations, exercises, and number of years, which the University requires as necessary qualifications for the Doctorate ; and especially when they perform them with applause, and to the general satisfaction of the University, as Dr. Sacheverell did ; it is not usual to feel his *chin* for a *beard*, or look into his *mouth* for the *mark* of his age, but into the Register for his Matriculation, and the performance of those things which by the Statutes are of necessity antecedent to it. When this is done, the youngest man need not *blush* to take up the Scarlet ; for it is not esteemed pert or forward in those that do it, because the University values itself upon the *number* of Doctors. The Doctor's College especially does ; and the Founder has left encouragement to prompt the Fellows of Magdalen to increase the number annually. A *long beard* is no more essential to a Doctor in Oxford or Cambridge, than it was to a Philosopher in Athens or Rome of old ; and therefore Bisset is a coxcomb and a block-head, for objecting this against the Doctor, which is the constant practice of his College, and when some younger men than the Doctor were admitted to the same Degree. As to the extravagant expence, "one hundred pounds<sup>f</sup>," Bisset is as ig-

<sup>e</sup> I never had the least reprimand from any officer of my College, or the University ; and here is my testimonial from the College in my fifth year (1691) : "Quum antiqua sit, &c." BISSET.

<sup>f</sup> I never *beard* it computed at less. BISSET.

norant in this as in the other part of his charge. The Doctor had taken all his other Degrees regularly, performed his Exercises, and staid his time; which makes very great abatements in the expence, and reduces it to less than *half that sum*, especially if any considerable *number* take the Degree together. "But why did he not give his Mother the money?" says Bisset. Because he always provided so well for her, that she did not want it, say I. The number of the Doctor's Pupils, and the income of his Fellowship, and a small Living in the Town, enabled the Doctor to make very handsome presents to his Mother and other Relations, and to take "the ambitious title of "Doctor," as he calls it. I believe no Son upon earth ever did give more signal instances of filial love and dear concern to a Mother and Relations, than Dr. Sacheverell has, and to my knowledge continues still to do. He may say, with good Zachæus, "The half of my goods I give away &c." This he always did when his estate was much less than now it is; and I am well assured that, upon this late enlargement of his income, he has dedicated £100. *per annum* to the pious uses we are now speaking of<sup>h</sup>. The Doctor, in a due sense of the peculiar acceptableness of "charity in secret" before God, did not without the greatest reluctance give me this account; and with much more did he commission me to make it public. But I told him, it was one of the heaviest charges upon him; and he could not take off the impression it had made upon some men's minds, to the great disadvantage of his reputation, any other way. Now this I speak to you here as a certain truth, and you may publish it from me upon the house-top.

WH. I protest, I am strangely staggered in my good opinion of this fellow Bisset. I begin to use him with little ceremony. In the name of God, has the man no notion of a lye? or has he any receipt to take off the malignity and sin of it?

TO. I tell you, he is a hack, a tool, a machine, that must move as the *Faction* bid him; he must say as they say, and do as they command: or do you think that a man who was at any liberty would accuse Dr. Sacheverell publicly, as "ambitious, proud, "vain-glorious, and extravagant," when he himself lies so open to the same indictment? This fellow's income at the most is not

<sup>g</sup> Luke xix. 8.

<sup>h</sup> If he has dedicated £100. to his Relations, he ought to maintain his Mother entirely. BISSET.

£120. *per annum*<sup>i</sup>. He married a woman, that I hear only increased his Family<sup>k</sup>. He immediately set up a Coach<sup>l</sup>, and in a most scandalous manner ran up a shed against that part of St. Katherine's Church where the Altar is placed, and made it a Stable<sup>m</sup>; it gave great offence to all good people, and occasioned much complaint: the smell of his Horses annoyed the Communicants at the Holy Sacrament; it was so offensive, that they seemed, like the Wise Men from the East, "to meet their Saviour in a manger;" and yet this good man refused to remove the nuisance, but spoke very indifferently of the respect due to places set apart for religious worship, and dedicated to God; and seemed to ridicule the people who were concerned at the great indecency of this thing. He learnt, no doubt, the practice from his old Friends in Forty-one: they had taught him to turn Churches into Stables; to defile the Temples of God, and make his worshippers "humble indeed," and "kneel down with the Ox and the Horse." And I must add farther, that he was thus extravagant, while his Sister was starving, and subsisted only by the charity of her acquaintance: he turned her out of doors into this wretched state, because she presumed to tell him, when she found him playing the wanton with his head in a Woman's bosom, "that it was indecent and scandalous<sup>n</sup>." To be short, though,

<sup>i</sup> My Rectory alone is considerably more; and sure my Brotherhood is worth something; I had something allowed me for preaching thrice a week; and I had another considerable income, no way depending on the Church. BISSET.

<sup>k</sup> Implying that she did not increase my income; which is a great falsehood. BISSET.

<sup>l</sup> It was above a year after I married, having then no child, nor appearance of any. I kept it only as a *leathern convenience*, being over-persuaded, after much importunity and many refusals, to preach at a Chapel *above two miles from me*, thrice a week; and in my turns here, being to read prayers and preach (as I constantly did) thrice a day; and let any one judge if I was able to *walk* so far and back again, after such *hard* work; and to have hired constantly would have cost me more than keeping a Coach, for I had two Horses to carry me and my Wife into the country before; which my Chariot would do more completely. BISSET.

<sup>m</sup> There is a Turret with two thick walls between that and the Church; and there was before a Shed with a Copper in it for a Wash-house in the same place. BISSET.

<sup>n</sup> "For your chastity and honesty, I did and do believe and say that

though, the whim of the Coach lasted but a little while\*; the Horses were seized by the man that sold them†; the Carpenter has his Stable again; and poor Bisset walks on foot as impudent and as awkwardly as ever.

WH. Well, I do own, this is a good turn upon him; I wonder how he could lay himself so open. I have two lists in my pocket-book, one of Knaves, the other of Fools: I believe I must give my Master Bisset a place in both of them.

TO. We have now done with the Doctor's "pride:" let us proceed to his "envy, hatred, and malice." It seems, "He shewed a great deal of them all, in his severe reflections upon Mr. G——, a competitor with him for the Chaplainship of St. Mary Overies, and Dr. Tillotson‡, and Dr. Stillingfleet, at the "Mitre Tavern in Fenchurch-street," p. 17.

I myself was in company at that time. The Doctor did mention his several competitors, but not in that unbecoming manner, nor with words in the least like these. I have no remembrance of the expression, of "coming into timber;" it was agreed, that his competitors, many of them I am sure, did over-rate their in-

"you were truly so. As to your maid, you was to *her* a good master, and never pretended courtship to her, and in my very soul believe never touched her lips. ELIZ. BISSET." Drawn up of my Sister's own accord, in her own form. BISSET.

\* I kept the old Chariot above a year and a half, till it was almost worn out; and when hay was near five pounds a load (three times as dear as I gave at first), I sold all together again. BISSET.

† I had a Receipt from William Disher, the very day I bought them, for "38*l.* 18*s.* in full for a pair of Coach-horses, Chariot, and Harness;" and I sold them again within five pounds of what I gave. BISSET.

‡ Dr. John Tillotson, born in 1630, was educated in the principles of Puritanism. His first office in the church was the curacy of Chessington in Hertfordshire, in 1661; whence he passed through several preferments to the deanry of Canterbury in 1672. He was appointed clerk of the closet to the king in March 1689, dean of St. Paul's in December; and was consecrated archbishop of Canterbury May 31, 1691. He published, in 1693, *Four Sermons* "on the Divinity and Incarnation of our Blessed Saviour," to remove the imputation of Socinianism, which had long been unjustly fixed upon him. He died Nov. 24, 1694. His Sermons have been printed in 3 folio volumes; and to the last edition of them, is prefixed a Life most accurately compiled by Dr. Birch.



terest, and spoke of it with a confidence that every body knew had no grounds. This might occasion some of the little sarcasms<sup>r</sup> of conversation, which give a relish to it, and make it agreeable; and besides, I know, Dr. Sacheverell had not the most generous treatment from his competitors and their friends; he had abundance of reason to think himself ill used, and might, it may be, be provoked "to mix a little Bitter with his Wine:" but as for Mr. G——, I have heard him give as handsome a character of him as possible; he speaks of him with abundance of esteem, and thinks the University of Cambridge do him but common justice in setting so great a value upon him as they do.

I do remember also, that some discourse arose concerning the Writings of Dr. Tillotson and Dr. Stillingfleet; and I think the greatest part of the time we staid was spent in settling the different characters of those two great Divines; which, by the bye, is one proof that the Tory Clergy do not meet in their Clubs to talk Politicks, rail at their Governors, and plot against the Crown, as your *Faction* would insinuate.

For conversation only, we resolved to divide; some would commend, others took the contrary side. Now any one that has read the Writings of "those eminent men" will allow, that some of them have "two handles;" that there is room for objections, enough at least to furnish out an innocent debate, and deceive the tediousness of conversation; their most devout admirers must own, that both of them have had their *nods* and *titubations*; that Tillotson himself has tript, and the great Stillingfleet has slumbered; the one found it very difficult to screen himself from the suspicion of Socinianism and some heterodox notions of Hell torments; and the other could not atone for his "*Irenicum*,"<sup>s</sup> but

<sup>r</sup> *Ironia amara*, "bitter jeers," on absent and deceased persons, are the Pickles and Anchovies to give a relish to their Tavern Divinity Lectures; for sometimes they preach over their Bottle. BISSER.

<sup>s</sup> Published in 1659, under the title of "*Irenicum, or a Weapon Salve for the Churches Wounds.*" This work, though it shewed great abilities and learning in a young man of 24, gave much offence to many of the church-party; and indeed the Author himself made no scruple afterward of condemning it. He published his "*Origines Sacre*" in 1662. —After being successively rector of St. Andrew Holborn, lecturer at the Temple, canon residentiary of St. Paul's, prebendary of Canterbury, and dean

but by his indefatigable and inimitable Writings against the Papists. His "*Origines Sacrae*" is one of the foremost of his performances; but whoever affirms, that it is not over-burthened with quotations, and that all of them can be found in the places to which the Reader is directed; whoever believes that that Book has not the failings naturally attending an *universal Scholar*; must have a mighty interest with learned men, to get a place in their good esteem, and secure the reputation of his judgement among them.

In this manner indeed Dr. Sacheverell and all of us did give ourselves leave to talk of those great men. It is true, the Implicits amongst us were a little startled at these common objections, but were at last appeased to our unanimous concluding resolution, that they were both the *greatest* men of their age, in their *different* ways; and that the Church of England could not pay any honour to their memories, which their great services and merits did not entitle them to.

WH. I think you give a fair and handsome account of this matter, and I am pleased to hear that the Clergy are so well employed when they meet together; for, I do assure you, I have heard you scurvily reflected on by some of our Friends, and nothing less than *plotting* laid to your charge in these meetings. Pray how did this Doctor behave himself in his College? Here is a strange account, p. 18, of his disrespectful carriage to the President of his College, his insolence to the Fellows, and his turbulence in the University.

To. The College sent a very handsome Testimonial of his behaviour in Oxford, which was ready to be produced at his Trial, and did him service. This I shall have occasion to produce to you, when I come to clear his notions of the Revolution. In the mean time, I can tell you, I had the honour to be at the University of Oxford in the Doctor's time; his behaviour there was admired by all; and he thought himself happiest, who could most nearly resemble him.

WH. After all, the Doctor cannot be the topping fellow you make him; if he is, he is mightily mended since the Bishop of dean of St. Paul's; he was in 1689 made bishop of Worcester. He died, in his 64th year, March 27, 1699. His works were collected, in 6 vols. folio, in 1710.

† Which I readily own, in *one* sense, to be true. BISSET.

Lichfield and Coventry, now Worcester<sup>u</sup>, denied him Orders, for his ignorance and impudence. Mr. Bisset tells us here, p. 21, that he pretended to understand Latin better than his Bishop; which put his Lordship upon examining him in Divinity; of which he found him so ignorant, that he sent him home, and “set him a time of study to be better prepared.”

To. It is true, the Doctor was ordained by the Bishop you speak of; and when he waited first upon his Lordship with the necessary Testimonials for that purpose, he was pleased to make some objections against the Latin of a particular sentence or two. Dr. Sacheverell, with all imaginable submission, gave his Lordship some reasons, and some grammatical authorities, for thinking the expressions proper. His Lordship, all the world knows, does not pretend to any perfect freedom from that impatience and sudden resentment which contradiction too often raises in a man *grown old in Learning*; and these were a little heightened, when he found no tokens in the Doctor of submission to his judgement. The Doctor thought himself obliged to defend the then Dean<sup>w</sup>, who drew up the Testimonial; and with whom the Bishop had had a dispute, which at that time had made them strangers. This misunderstanding, the Doctor did believe, was the chief occasion of his Lordship's objection, and that therefore he could not in honour, and gratitude to his patron the Dean, join with him in condemning what he had drawn up for his service: upon which the Doctor was dismissed for that time; but there was no examination, no questions in Divinity put to him, and consequently

•<sup>u</sup> Dr. William Lloyd, successively bishop of St. Asaph, of Coventry and Lichfield, and of Worcester, was born Aug. 18, 1627; and died Aug. 30, 1717, in the 91st year of his age, “without losing the use of his understanding,” says the writer of his Article in the “*Biographia Britannica*.” From the following passage of Dr. Swift, however, he does not appear to have had always the entire use of it. “Yesterday the old bishop of Worcester, who pretends to be a prophet, went to the queen, by appointment, to prove to her majesty, out of Daniel and the Revelations, that four years hence there would be a war of religion; that the king of France would be a Protestant, and fight on their side; that the Popedom would be destroyed, &c.” *Journal to Stella*, July 1, 1712.—Bp. Burnet tells us, “he was the most indefatigable in his industry, and the most judicious in his observations, of any he knew, and one of the greatest masters of style then living.”

•<sup>w</sup> Dr. Lancelot Addison; of whom, see the Observations at the end of our Third Volume.

no room for this scandalous story of his ignorance. But when the Doctor waited upon the Bishop a second time, with Letters recommendatory from the Bishop of Oxford \*, his Lordship received him with a great deal of favour: he underwent an examination publicly for three days with the rest of the candidates for Orders; and when he had received them, and his instruments were delivered to him, the Bishop dismissed the Doctor with this compliment, "That he wished it had been to the best Living in "his Diocese." This account I have heard confirmed by the Reverend Mr. Price, Master of the Free School in St. Mary Axe, who was then Amanuensis to his Lordship, and an ear-witness of what passed †. The Bishop retained his good opinion of the Doctor for some time; and there was a correspondence between them, which the Doctor valued himself very much upon, till his Lordship thought himself too freely dealt with in a Book, intituled, "The Character of a Low Churchman," said to be written by the Doctor; but he never yet owned it: it was printed without a Name at first; and this last Edition of it, with his Picture and Name before, was printed without his knowledge or consent, and in his absence from town; and therefore I see no obligations upon me to vindicate Dr. Sacheverell from any charge which that Book lays him open to, till I become assured, or know from the Doctor, that he wrote it.

One word more. He owed no Canonical obedience to the Bishop as his Ordinary; for Cannock ‡, to which he was ordained, was not under his Jurisdiction, but a Peculiar of the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield; and the Doctor did not offer himself to the Bishop to be ordained by him as his Bishop or Ordinary; but, his Lordship being in that neighbourhood, he thought it proper and handsome, as well as convenient for him, to receive ordination from his hands, whose learning he has always spoken of with the utmost veneration.

\* Dr. John Hough, principal of Magdalen Hall. He was nominated to the see of Oxford in April, 1690; and translated to Lichfield and Coventry in August, 1699. He refused Canterbury in 1715, but accepted Worcester in Sept. 1717. He died, in his 93d year, March 8, 1743.

† Mr. Price was discarded by his Lordship, for reasons he very well knows. BISSSET.

‡ In Staffordshire, at no great distance from Lichfield.

A man



A man must have a great deal of patience to enable him to perform the work I have undertaken, to rake over such a dunghill of filth, to stay so long in a place where nothing is to be found but what is grievous and offensive. Nothing but the concern I have to clear up the reputation of the Church in general, and my good Friend Dr. Sacheverell in particular, could encourage, support, and carry me through so unpleasant a task.

WH. Pray what have you to say to this other instance of his malice, "his barbarous insults upon the death of King William; his strange sentiments of the Revolution, and Mr. Eberal's account under his own hand, who lives near Birmingham, that the Doctor declared King William deserved to be De-witted<sup>2</sup>, and that he hoped he should live to see it?" This, with some more of his flights upon "King William's death, the House of Hanover, and his drinking the Pretender's health several times by the name of James the Third," is, I think, the substance of the next two or three pages, and the marrow of the charge contained in them.

TO. I have the good fortune to be very often in company with Dr. Sacheverell, and at times when something of this nature has been our topick. He is too much a Gentleman and a Christian, to be guilty of any thing so directly inconsistent with those characters. In all my conversation, I could give my oath, that I do not remember that I have ever heard him say any thing upon the death of that King, that deserved those hard epithets, of "outrageous, barbarous, and insulting:" and I believe all that have heard the Doctor speak upon that subject are of my mind; or else Bisset would tell us *where, when, and with whom*, he gave this great offence. As to his opinion of "the Revolution, the succession in the illustrious House of Hanover, and his zeal against Popery," I have here by me the original Testimonial from his College, with their seal affixed to it, which I will read to you, and save myself the trouble of vindicating the Doctor upon this head any other way:

"Whereas our Letters Testimonial have been desired by Henry Sacheverell, Doctor of Divinity, and Fellow of St. Mary

<sup>2</sup> The Pensionary John De Witt and his brother Cornelius were massacred by the populace, Aug. 10, 1672, with circumstances of unparalleled inhumanity. A judicious account of this tragic event is given by Mr. Hume, Hist. of England, vol. VII. p. 506.

"Magdalen

“Magdalen College in Oxford; we, the President and Fellows  
 “of the said College, do hereby certify all persons whom it may  
 “concern, that the said Henry Sacheverell is a person of a sober  
 “life and conversation, well-affected to the present Constitution  
 “both in Church and State, to her Majesty’s person and govern-  
 “ment, and to the Protestant Succession as by Law established;  
 “that he hath always expressed a laudable zeal against Popery;  
 “and hath never, in his Discourses, to the best of our know-  
 “ledge, manifested any ungrateful sense of the great blessings,  
 “which the Church and State, the Universities, and particularly  
 “the College of which he is a Member, reaped by the late  
 “happy Revolution. In witness whereof, we the said President  
 “and Fellows have hereto set our Common Seal, the 18th Day  
 “of January, in the 8th year of the reign of our Sovereign Lady  
 “Queen Anne, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France,  
 “and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, *Annoque Domini*  
 “1709.”

Now this was ready to be produced at his Trial, and intended to help forward his vindication from the high crimes and misdemeanors contained in the First Article of his Impeachment. I think I cannot add any thing to it. This is an account under the hand and seal of those with whom he spent the greatest part of his time in Oxford; and I can answer for him since he came to London, as often as I have had the happiness of being one of his companions. This Testimonial also clears him from the charge of “insolence to his President, and great turbulence in “his College,” which we were just now speaking of.

WH. I think it is enough: you take a great deal more pains than you need to do: and I think, though I am a Whig, and do not much love the Doctor, this Testimonial ought to have credit with us all, unless Mr. Bisset had named the time *when*, and the place *where*, he made himself a criminal in this respect. But here is an ugly story, with chapter and verse; this of Mr. Eberal’s, in which he declares, “that Dr. Sacheverell wished “King William De-witted.” I remember something of this in a “Review”<sup>b</sup> formerly. Pray what is it?

To. What is it? A lie, you may depend upon it, if it comes from the Review or Bisset! The former pestered the Doctor

<sup>b</sup> Written by Daniel De Foe; of whom see above, p. 183.

with this story, and charged him home, even to producing the names of those persons who, Mr. Eberal says, were present when the Doctor said those words. His friends began to be a little alarmed at so particular an account, and put him upon making his defence; which he did, by printing this Certificate, with the hands of all those Gentlemen Eberal mentioned, that the whole is a most malicious falsehood, and that they never heard the Doctor say any thing like it. I will read the Certificate to you, for your satisfaction.

“Whereas, in The Review, N<sup>o</sup> CXLIV, p. 575, it is said, that “Mr. Samuel Eberal, at or near Birmingham, has declared, that “he heard Dr. Henry Sacheverell say of the late King William, ““That he deserved to be De-witted, and he hoped he should “live to see it:” And whereas the said Samuel Eberal has often “publicly declared, in the said town of Birmingham, that the “said words were spoken in the presence of the Reverend Mr. “Dagget, Rector of the said Town, Mr. Henry Porter, Mercer, and Father-in-law to the said Samuel Eberal, and Mr. “Isaac Spooner, Ironmonger: We, whose names are hereunto “subscribed, do testify and declare, that we never heard the “said Dr. Henry Sacheverell use any such expression, nor “utter any words tending that way.

“Witness our hands, this 31 day of March, 1710.

“W. DAGGET, HEN. PORTER, ISAAC SPOONER.”

Now this made even De Foe blush, and he forbore to persecute the Doctor any more with this story. But Bisset will revive it; he is sure of the truth of it, and must believe it. I know he has told this story a thousand times; and I believe he may think it true now, it being one of the sad fates of Liars, “to “tell a Lie till they believe it themselves.”

The story of the Doctor’s drinking the Pretender’s health several times is just as true as this. I have a Letter <sup>d</sup> here from Mr. Parker of Oxford, upon whom the whole story is charged, that he never knew the Doctor drink that health in his life, as this Bisset pretends; and any one that will give himself the trou-

c Let the world judge whether this certificate of *three* persons is a balance to the positive oath of *one*. BISSET.

d If so, he would certainly have printed it; for it is an allowed maxim, “De non entibus, et non apparentibus, eadem est ratio.” BISSET.

ble of enquiring at Oxford or at Canterbury<sup>c</sup>, will find this to be as villainous a report, and as scandalous a lie, as any in the Book. I observe, when your *Faction* is at a loss for scandal, when your whole magazine is spent upon the Tories, the Pretender is your *dernier resort*; you play him at us alltogether, and think you do our business effectually. It is my opinion, the Pretender has more *bearty* Friends among the Whigs and Dissenters of Great Britain, than in all Europe besides; and his attempts to land first in Scotland, which is so fully stocked with them, confirms me in this notion. I believe he has more court paid to him now, *since some alterations*, than he has yet ever had.

This, I think, is a fair, clear, and undoubted, testimony of the Doctor's innocence in all that we have been speaking of. In my opinion, it is a thorough vindication of him, from that *marrow* of his charge, as you called it, contained in p. 21—23.

WH. If you go on thus, you will make this man as white as snow, and Mr. Bisset as black as the Devil. For God's sake, plead guilty to something; sure this Book of 63 pages must have some truth in it; I would fain have you knock under a little. This Book will be a terrible satire upon my Friends, if we can *prove* nothing in it. What say you to this story about Sir Charles Holt? It is a swinger, if it be true. "The Doctor was his Curate<sup>f</sup>, and partly Chaplain;" and a Living being vacant in the gift of Sir Charles Holt, somebody recommended the Doctor to him for the succession; but my Lady protested against him; and said, "He is a sorry wretch; he will go into the Kitchen among the Maids, and banter the torments of Hell-fire before them."

TO. That Sir Charles Holt had a Living in his gift void while Dr. Sacheverell was near him, is true; and that he refused to give it him upon the account you speak of, is a lie. But, false as it is, I know it had obtained much, both before and at the Doctor's Trial, which put Mr. Bromley<sup>g</sup> upon writing to Sir Charles Holt to know the truth of it. He received an answer immediately, much in the Doctor's favour and commendation; and declared, that nothing but the Doctor's merit and

<sup>c</sup> Where Mr. Parker's brother (the register of the prerogative court) was said by Bisset to have repeated this story to Dr. Boyse, a physician.

<sup>f</sup> He was Curate to Mr. Piercehouse, the Incumbent of Aston; not to Sir Charles, to whom he was *only* Chaplain. BISSET.

<sup>g</sup> William Bromley, esq; at that time Speaker of the house of commons. growing



growing parts hindered him from being presented to that Living; he thought it would be a pity to bury so *promising* a young Gentleman in such a place. This Letter is now in the hands of Mr. Bromley, and did convince even his Enemies, those that wished and laboured to have the scandal hold good and true<sup>h</sup>; and besides, when the Doctor made his journey to his Living, he was very handsomely and with great respect entertained at Aston near Birmingham, by Sir Charles and his Lady; which, in my opinion, should convince every one that there could not be that aversion and abhorrence of the Doctor in that good family, which this wretch Bisset would persuade the world there is. With this Letter to justify the Doctor, Sir Charles was pleased to send the Certificate I just now mentioned, to vindicate his reputation from the aspersion of Eberal.—What is the matter with you, Noll? I have not thrown you into agitations, have I?

WH. I do not know. I find strange motions within: I believe I am in the “agonies of conversion;” for it is not without great travail and pains that a Whig is delivered of his principles. This Book has made me miscarry; and I perceive thou art an excellent Midwife, to make the best of it.

TO. Pr’ythee keep yourself together a little longer, while I finish; and, my life for yours, I send you home a Tory. Here is the Sixth Article stares me in the face, and accuses the Doctor, p. 26, of “unchristian imprecations, with a mixture of rage and “profaneness<sup>i</sup>.” This puts me in mind of a poor Watchman, who, the other morning, very elegantly gave us to understand, “that it was a dark cloudy morning, with a mixture of Moon-shine.” I was as much at a loss to reconcile the Watchman’s mixture with common sense, as I am Bisset’s. I can no more account for “a dark light morning,” than I can for “unchristian imprecations, mixt with rage and profaneness;” all imprecations are profane, and must have rage in them: so this is just as proper, as, “I had a good Plum-pudding to-day, with a

<sup>h</sup> To invalidate this narration, Mr. Bisset has exhibited a certificate of Mr. William Whiston, to prove a negative—The living was offered to Mr. Whiston, who declined it—it was afterward given to Mr. Hollier—*Ergo*, Dr. Sacheverell could never have had the refusal of it.

<sup>i</sup> This charge he banters with a story of Moonshine and Plum-pudding. Bisset.

“mixture

"mixture of Flour and Raisins." Well, but not a word more of the Pudding; the Doctor not only "damns the Dissenters," "but bids the Devil take them," p. 27. This is barbarous indeed; the Doctor not only damns the Dissenters, but double-damns them; that is, "he wishes them damned, with a mixture of damnation." But where does the Doctor do all this? Why here, p. 26, and p. 27. He does not let us know any other place; somebody told him so, he thinks; but, poor man, he has forgot it, or else he would certainly tell us "the initial letters" of his name; for he sometimes does us that favour, and it is the strongest evidence that he produces. So that here is a long story, without any *mixture* of evidence or truth, which is madness: and, since Bisset is upon his mixtures, I will give him a suitable motto:

"Omne magnum mendacium habet mixturam dementiæ."

Pr'ythee let him know that, when you see him next, and desire him to make the best use of the advertisement.

WH. Hang him, a dog, with a mixture of Hemp<sup>k</sup>! I will never see him again, if I can help it. Here is a story in the Seventh Article, which I think every body allows to be true; that the Doctor courted a young Lady in Staffordshire, and left her very foully, as Bisset says: I know abundance of Women who can hardly forgive him, though they love him well too. Bisset sets off this very passionately and naturally, as if he had been reading "Argalus and Parthenia<sup>l</sup>," or the first Volume of "The Atalantis<sup>m</sup>."

TO. No, no, you mistake; he himself has seen a Woman under a distress of this nature; he has heard her reproaches for such "foul dealing," seen her tears, and felt her passionate clingings, when he barbarously left her, after a courtship of many years, and promises to —

WH. Hold, I think you are in your agitations now: your passion makes you forget yourself; you speak as if Bisset had done all this to a Woman.

TO. I speak truth, and plainly; which is more than he dares or can do. I say, William Bisset, Eldest Brother of St. Kath-

<sup>k</sup> Cursing is with him an allowed *peccadillo*. BISSET.

<sup>l</sup> A well-known romance, of amorous fame.

<sup>m</sup> By Mrs. Manley; of whom see above, p. 134.

tines, was formerly Minister of Iver near Colebrook; and Sarah Green of that place delighted to *hear* him, and, as he thought, to *see* him: upon the strength of which, he became soon acquainted with the young Woman, her Mother, and Grandmother; and promised the Mother, upon her death-bed, that, if she died, he would take care of Sarah. She did die; and the good man took Sarah to himself, brought her to London, courted her for a Wife, gave her suitable raiment and education, took a companion into the house to teach her address and carriage, forced her to attend his Sister, full sore against her will, to the Conventicle, kissed her *daily*, courted her *nightly*, and at last turned her out of his house, placed her in a common service, and cannot endure the sight of her, but, like wicked Amnon<sup>n</sup>, “the hatred wherewith he hateth her, is greater than the love “wherewith he has loved her.”

WH. If this be true, the fellow is surely infatuated, to lay himself so open, and give occasion for such a turn upon him: this is as bad for him as the story of the Coach; but, if you have good authority for it, it does not excuse the Doctor—I hope you do not pretend that.

TO. No, this does not excuse the Doctor; but I shall do it presently. The Doctor behaved himself as honourably in this amour, which, by the bye, began twelve or thirteen years ago, as any man upon earth. It commenced, and was carried on, with a mutual resolution not to marry without the Father’s consent, which, by his civility to the Doctor at that time, they did not despair of obtaining: but, in due time, the Father shewed them their mistake, protested against the match, and declared he would not give them a farthing, living or dying. Upon this, the Doctor was not so frequent in his visits as before; but did all he could to bring the Father to consent, by the intercession of some neighbouring Gentlemen; and, meeting with no success, the young Lady appeared mad, but not, like Bisset, INDEED; she hoped by

<sup>n</sup> 2 Sam. xiii. 15.

<sup>o</sup> To this story there needs no other answer but that of the rough disputant, “Bellarmin, thou liest!”—Is it probable, that, while I was courting her, I should let her do (for I had then no other servant) all the work of the house, as making coal-fires, &c.?—I have met with her, by a strange chance, at a friend’s of mine in town, where she *signed* a certificate “that this account is utterly false.” Bisset.

that *honest cheat* to obtain what she found she could not any other way. But the Father was still obstinate; the match broke off; the Lady returned to her senses, and the Doctor to his College and studies. Now this is a fair account of this whole matter: it was begun, carried on, and ended, with all the honour and fair-dealing that a man can shew: he stands acquitted now even by the neighbouring Ladies who know the story; and the young Lady herself does not condemn him.

WH. No, how should she? the Woman is dead P.

TO. Only as live as you are; nay, she is more lively than ordinary now, for I hear her Father is just dead, and has left her to dispose of herself, with a few transitory goods and chattels, which will tempt any man to take her, as *mad* and as *dead* as she is<sup>q</sup>. I believe verily the poor young Lady must put it into the Papers, as Partridge<sup>r</sup> was forced to do, "that she is alive and well;" and that Bisset, as well as Bickerstaff, gives a falser account of cruel and barbarous murders than all the Historians of Grubstreet. What I have told you is really fact: the Woman is in her senses, and in good health; the Doctor is under no censure, even in that country where the story is known; and therefore this Fellow Bisset is a vile slanderer; he ought to lose that tongue which can tell such abominable lies, and that hand which can write them.

WH. I really believed this Woman *once* as mad as Oliver's Porter<sup>s</sup>, and now as dead as Oliver himself. What can be said to or for such a Fellow as this? He spreads stories upon *common hearsay* only, and I am afraid from the *commonest* people too.

TO. From this foul-dealing and murder, we come to the Eighth Article, "great immodesty." He has heard, he says, some odd stories about "a Wench at Woodstock," and S—y W—r<sup>t</sup>; but he is not sure enough of them to report them. Now the Doctor protests he does not know any woman in the world, whose name begins and ends with those letters; and that, in his last "solemn progress<sup>u</sup>," as Bisset calls it, he never called  
at

P I find I was misinformed about the gentlewoman's death. BISSET.

q Why does not the Doctor renew his addresses? BISSET.

r In the Works of Dr. Swift. See hereafter, p. 263.

s Of whom an account has been given, vol. I. p. 217.

t Sally Walter.

u In the beginning of May, 1710, Dr. Sacheverell entered upon a triumphant



at Woodstock. But that is nothing : he was very immodest at a Christening in Southwark ; when he asked the good Women, “ if there was not somebody in the company with Child ? If there “ is not, I forfeit my Breeches ; for it is a Proverb in our coun- “ try, That when a Parson christens the Child, if none of the “ good Women are breeding, he forfeits his Breeches,” p. 28. The Doctor does not remember that he ever said this (neither would he be at all concerned if he had said it) ; but, it seems, the malignity arises from his saying it “ at so sacred an Ordinance.” Over the Font, indeed, he could not have said it with innocence ; but over the Ham and cold Fowls, I think, he might. You may here see what notions these four-headed Saints have of society and conversation ; they will not allow the Minister to take any share, or to raise any part, of that innocent mirth, which Religion indulges, and which Nature requires. I remember, at Oxford, I was invited to supper at a Dissenter’s, upon the day when his Child was what *they call* christened ; the good Man in Black sat very furlily pious, and gave us an account of Nicodemus, till a bowl of Punch put a period to his history. At supper, he eat Bacon and Fowls, and preached “ regeneration,” miraculously ; every fresh bit was “ new birth,” and at the second course he took occasion to tell, us we must all “ enter a second time into our “ Mother’s womb.” He took up a whole Fowl, which fell at once into the dish again, and plentifully bestowed the Sauce upon the Womens cloaths ; “ this,” he said, “ naturally suggested to him “ the fall of man, and the many spots our nature received by it.” Observing the Women pretty busy with their Handkerchiefs upon this occasion, he very composedly told them, “ they took more care “ to clean the outward than the inward Woman.” In short, he would hardly suffer any of the company to eat, or speak, but himself ; we had no mirth, but the little his ill-breeding and unfociable temper gave us ; and, being very young folks, we were forced to convince him, “ that there was a time for all things,” in a manner which he did not like.

I do not here pretend to justify or encourage any “ indecent le- “ vities” in Clergymen, any more than the stoical morosities and mis-timed preachments of these Lay Baptists ; but only I say, a triumphant progress, to take possession of a living in Wales ; he was magnificently entertained at Oxford by the University, and received in the other great towns he passed through with loud acclamations and joyful congratulations of the people upon his deliverance.

Minister may be "merry," as well as "angry, and [sin not." He may repeat at supper, after baptizing a Child, a whimsical <sup>w</sup> common country saying, without losing "benefit of the Clergy."

WH. I think you should not take notice of these things: they are too trifling, and cannot hurt your Doctor's reputation, if they were really true. Here is a story in the Ninth Article worth your notice; it seems, "he got substantially drunk at Sir "J. Walter's <sup>x</sup> house in Oxfordshire, and was laid flat under the "table, which gave occasion for some of the Wags to say, "There lies the Pillar of the Church!" p. 29.

TO. Some of the Wags! No, some of the Whigs said it; for the whole is a scandalous hellish falsehood, and such a reflection upon the honour and reputation of Sir John Walter, and such a blot upon the Doctor's character, that he was resolved to clear them both, by communicating this Letter, which he received from that very worthy and much-esteemed Gentleman:

"REVEREND SIR,

"I HAVE read that part of the Book you mentioned, and can "by no means think it worth your answering, because, I am "credibly informed, the person that wrote it is a Madman; but, "however, that part that belongs to me, I here testify under my "hand to be an infamous, notorious, impudent lie <sup>y</sup>.

"Westminster, Jan. 4.

"J. WALTER."

Thus you see, Noll, to what a prodigious height of iniquity and impudence your friends can fly, with what zeal they do the works of the Devil; they seem as industrious to earn Hell, as good Christians are to avoid it. I protest, I am afraid they will forget Christianity, return to their old Barbarism, worship as well as work for the Devil, pluck out their eyes in blind devotion to him, and "offer their sons and their daughters," as well as "brethren," in sacrifice at his altars.

<sup>w</sup> As if for the Parson to be the Town Bull were but a *whimsy*. BISSET.

<sup>x</sup> Representative in parliament for the city of Oxford, and one of the clerks comptrollers of the board of green cloth; whom Dr. Swift has represented as "an honest drunken fellow," in his Journal to Stella, Oct. 1, and 5, 1711, and Jan. 13, 1712-13.

<sup>y</sup> He *should* have said, "As to the Doctor's behaviour at my house, to "my certain knowledge he was not disordered with drink." BISSET.

WH.

WH. Now you are beginning to rant: mind what you are about, and proceed to the Tenth Article.

TO. Thou canst not endure truth. In this Tenth Article, the Doctor is charged with being a great *dab*, as the Boys say, for he plays on Sundays; "that he has gamed often with an intimate Friend of Bisset's upon that day," p. 29. Sure it was not Sir Henry [Dutton] Colt, Sir James of the Peak<sup>z</sup>, or black Wheate<sup>a</sup>, that gave the information; no, but it was some "intimate Friend of his." If he could really prove that the Doctor ever kept company with "an intimate of his," I am sure we should have had a Thirteenth Article, "for keeping most scandalous company;" a character which, I am sure, most of his "intimate friends" are open to. Well, but let us look over this leaf, and see where the Doctor and this intimate Friend of his did it: here is no place mentioned; his Intimate could not tell, or undoubtedly this material part of the secret would have been imparted to so near a Friend. Suppose I should give out in print, "That an intimate Friend of mine found him in bed with one of his Parishioners Wives, at Whiston in Northamptonshire." Would not he think himself horridly dealt with, if I did not tell the name of my intimate Friend, and of his "very intimate Friend" the Woman he lay with? and would not he think all the world fools and madmen to believe it? and would not he himself be both, if he was troubled at it till such evidence confirmed it? If he does not mend his manners, *recant*<sup>b</sup>, and beg pardon for his Book, I will get an intimate Friend to tell me such stories of his life and conversation, as shall make his eyes sore to read them, and his ears tingle to hear them<sup>c</sup>.

WH. You would not sure accuse him of any thing that is false?

TO. I would prove all my stories as he does; I would tell the world, This I had from an "intimate friend," this from a very near relation; this I heard at a Coffee-house, and this Mr. A. B. told me; for he thinks two Letters will condemn a

<sup>z</sup> Sir James of the Peak is described by Mrs. Manley, in "The new Atalantis," as a notorious gamester. From his skill in play, he was called "Monsieur le Chevalier," by the fools he had cheated of their estates. His gaming on Sundays is censured in the Examiner, vol. I. No 46.

<sup>a</sup> Sir Thomas Wheate, baronet, was member for New Woodstock.

<sup>b</sup> See the following Tract, p. 257.

<sup>c</sup> I defy him, and all his intimate Friends. BISSET.

man, as well as two Witnesses. His Book is stuffed with A. B. C. D. &c. that it looks to me like Euclid; only with this difference, you certainly find truth and demonstration in Euclid, but not so much as the appearance of it in Bisset.

WH. Indeed, I must own, here is a mighty absence of proper testimony; and I am afraid Mr. Bisset is mistaken, if he thinks his single credit enough to gain the assent and belief of his Readers.

TO. We are come now to *eleventhly*; and I am as glad of it as his Audience when he comes to it, for he seldom exceeds *twelfthly* in his Sermon; and they rejoice to find that he is coming to a full stop. Indeed these *eleventhly's* and *twelfthly's*, these false stories and false English, the malice and uncharitableness, the impudent cant and solemn appeals to God to confirm a lye, put me in mind of the Dissenting Teachers ancient and modern; they can do nothing unless they run twelve divisions, nay some of them can arrive to *sixteenthly* and farther. This fellow can no more accuse than he can preach without *twelfthly*; and he makes very hard shift to compleat his dozen: he is sadly put to it for his *eleventhly*; and it is a discovery of a vast secret, which we knew nothing of, either in city or country, till now. The Doctor, like a Knave as he is, "when a Gentleman offered him a very good Living in Wales, accepted it, though he was one of the Chaplains of St. Mary Overy's in Southwark." Why did he do this? says Bisset. I remember a learned Head of a College in Cambridge, to the surprize of his friends, became a Prebendary of Canterbury; and, being asked why he would take that preferment, being so old and so rich, he gravely replied, "Her Majesty offered it me so kindly, that I could not in civility refuse it." The Doctor could not find any reason to refuse it, till the Bishop of St. Asaph<sup>d</sup> hinted one,  
"That

<sup>d</sup> Dr. William Fleetwood, born in The Tower of London, Jan. 1, 1656, was educated at Eaton, and thence elected to King's College, Cambridge. He entered into holy orders about the time of the Revolution, and was very soon esteemed a celebrated preacher. He was soon made chaplain to king William and queen Mary; was fellow of Eaton College, rector of St. Austin's, London, and lecturer of St. Dunstan's in the West. His curious "Essay on Miracles," on which Bp. Hoadly and others have animadverted, was printed in 1701. The next year he obtained from  
queen



"That he ought not to take it, because he had never learnt Welsh." But this reason fell to the ground, when the Doctor made it appear, "that, if he did preach in that Language, his Parishioners must learn Welsh too."

This unaccountable creature writes himself "Eldest Brother of St. Katherine, and Rector of Whiston in Northamptonshire." Now, you must know, there happens to be threescore miles between the Rector and the Brother; and yet he is very angry with the Doctor, for "taking a Living at so great a distance from Southwark." One would think by this, that Whiston stood upon Little-Tower-Hill, or that Northamptonshire was as near St. Katharine as it is in the Title-page of his Book. "Thou Fool, first cast out the beam that is in thine own eye; then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

WH. Does not the Law allow the Clergy of England to hold two Livings?

TO. Yes, and the Gospel too; and I defy him to shew where it is forbidden. And our greatest Declaimers against Pluralities were, and now are, themselves Pluralists; but even the loudest of these do not condemn the Doctor, because, though he has two preferments, he has but "one Cure of Souls" in the eye of the Law.

WH. And, I believe, Mr. Bisset's is the same case; and I hope he is no more to be condemned than your Doctor.

queen Anne (in opposition to the House of Commons, who recommended their chaplain to it) a canonry of Windsor, to which he had been nominated by king William the week before his death. In 1705, he retired to the little rectory of Wenham, Bucks, to indulge a natural inclination to the study of British history and antiquities: and in 1707 an admirable specimen of his skill appeared, in the "*Chronicon Pretiosum*." He was consecrated bishop of St. Asaph, June 6, 1708; having been nominated by the Queen without solicitation, and not even knowing of his preferment till he saw it in the Gazette. He was translated to Ely, Dec. 18, 1714; and died Aug. 4, 1723. His works were completely collected by archbishop Herring, who had been his chaplain, and published, with a Life of the Author, in one volume folio, in 1737.

c I have but four weeks in a quarter; when these are out, I have nothing to do in the Church. BISSET.

TO. It is true; I would only expose the folly of the man, in this charge; and how stupid he is in making that a crime, which in its own nature is not; and urging it so furiously upon the Doctor, when, if there was any malignity in it, he himself is *equally* guilty.

WH. Come, here is one Article more; and truly I do not well know what he means by it. Run over that; then sum up your Evidence, and adjourn; for I am wonderfully desirous to come to an anchor; thou hast tossed me up and down strangely, and I am afraid I shall be lost in the storm, which I am sure you will raise when you come to sum up and enforce what you have said.

TO. Why, I declare, I do not know what to make of this same *twelfthly*. The Doctor is charged in it with "falsehoods in doctrine and fact," and that "he preached an old Sermon before the Magistrates of London, who he thinks deserved a new one," p. 31. The two first, he says, "the Honourable House of Commons proved against him," as you may see in the printed Trial; and that this was *not* very nicely done, you may see in the printed Trial also, if you look towards the middle of the Book. But, I perceive, the weight of this Twelfth Article lies chiefly in "his preaching an old Sermon before the Magistracy and Companies of London, who deserved the honour of a new one." I believe their Worships the Aldermen, especially the *ACUTE* judges among them, had rather I should present them with an "old fine jewel," than with a *new* one which fell short in lustre and beauty. I believe the Doctor intended them the best he had, and took some time before he determined which of his Discourses he should present to them.

I fancy Bisset, by a *new Sermon*, means a Sermon with "new doctrine; this of the Doctor's was full of "old doctrine," which has lain in the Scriptures, the Homilies, and Articles of the Church, till it is quite out of date, and perfectly out of their mind and remembrance: this is as unwelcome to their Worships, as the falling of Bank-stock, or the New Ministry; they do not understand doctrines that appear in old ruffs. Give them those that *they think* landed with the Revolution, such as are young

The decency of which he proves from the practice of Jockeys and Ship Carpenters. BISSET.

and

and gay, such as give profit as well as pleasure, such as will make them Kings if the commonalty please, hoist them from Directors of the Bank to Directors of their Sovereign; these are the Sermons that will please their Worships, gain thanks for their Excellency, and send Gibson <sup>f</sup> to notify the *egregious honour*.

WH. But pray was not this Sermon of the Doctor's "a common hack at Oxford," as Bisset affirms, p. 31?

TO. I have indeed heard the Doctor preach upon the same subject at Oxford some years before he preached at St. Paul's; but two thirds of the Sermon, at least, were new, and suited to the occasion of the day on which he preached. Bisset is a very happy man if he can appear always *new*, and has no occasion to revise his *old ware*. I do think the Clergy have the same liberty in their Sermons, as the Queen has by law in her Fleet; they may build upon the *old* Keels, and keep themselves within the Statute. A Merchant is satisfied with a good Ship, though he can discover some Timber in it that has been used before, when he finds it is not rotten, but sound and strong. The Jockey does not throw his Racer to the Dogs after he has run *one heat*. The General does not cashier his Soldier after the first Battle; but intends, with Hudibras, that "he shall live to fight another day." And I do believe the Clergy have something of this good husbandry among them; and they are not at all to be blamed for it.

WH. I am satisfied, if you are. Pray have you done? I think you have said enough upon this Article, and I hope our conference is at an end; for he says here, p. 32, "that he has done with the Doctor;" and I am of the Judge's mind, If he has "done with his Text, I have done with *him*." I never was so mistaken in any cause since I was born: I was confident that the whole was true; and that you could not say any more for yourself, than I have been able to say for myself.

TO. It is true, he does say here, p. 32, that he has done with our High Priest, meaning the Doctor: but, at the end of the Book, a Postscript takes him to task again; a word or two about that, and so conclude. Here is a copy of a Letter written to the Doctor by a Non-juror, and the Doctor owns that it is *copiâ vera*; he received the original from an Irish Non-juring Dean, one of the worst of those who bear that character, among whom

<sup>f</sup> James Gibson, esq. was then Town Clerk of London.

I do believe there are many very excellent men. This Dean is peevish, impatient, scurrilous, and always reviling; he has a great share of the worst wit, the *satirical*, and bestows it without distinction upon all; *mad* that he has lost his preferment, and *ashamed*, though willing, to regain it by taking the Oaths. After very great services to a Son of his in Magdalen College, he wrote this insolent Letter to Dr. Sacheverell. Such is the pride of the poor man, that he calls the Doctor plain Henry Sacheverell, because he directed his to the Reverend Mr. Jones, and not to the Reverend Mr. Dean Jones. He has a Son, a Demy of Magdalen College, brought in by the Doctor's interest when he was Dean of that House. But the young Gentleman is not at all careful to observe the Laws and Statutes of that Society; he is so very remiss, that there has been some motions made to cut him out of it: the Doctor interposed, and desired it might not be done immediately; he would see what he could do towards reclaiming the young man; and, if he met with no success, he would give his Father an account of it, and advise him to take his Son away privately, to avoid the scandal of being expelled. This latter the Doctor was forced to do: and, though he did it in the civilest manner he could, he had this insolent, proud, unthankful return from that Non-juror.

WH. I have seen him; he is a fat short man; he goes in a lay habit, with a short cloak and a very diminutive neckcloth; he looks like a primitive Quaker; is troubled with bad lungs, and would be insufferably noisy in company, if his bellows would hold to blow about all the malicious, ill-natured ribaldry he is furnished with.

TO. You have him exactly. I hope now you will allow that the Doctor is not in the interest of the Non-jurors; that the Jacobites do not court him, and place their hopes in his help.

WH. No, truly, this is pretty good evidence to the contrary; I shall begin to think, as you said just now, that "they pay their court somewhere else."

TO. You may depend upon it, I am right in that notion; and I believe you will every day see fresh confirmations of it. I have now done; for this other Letter is trifling, and not worth our notice. As to the debt to Mr. Matthews, the Doctor never owed six pence to one of that name in his life. There was a controversy of this nature between one Powel a Painter and the



Doctor: but the debt was paid; and the whole affair forgotten, except the generous part that the Doctor acted in it, which was the more remarkable because he was then an Undergraduate and very young &c.

Upon the whole then, is not the Doctor to esteem it his greatest happiness, that, when so many malicious as well as piercing eyes are upon him, when the whole herd of his enemies are searching into his life past and present; they can find nothing but such trifles as these to blacken or charge him with? Posterity, if possible, will have a better opinion of his character than we now have, when they find that his most inveterate Adversaries are forced to have recourse to his younger years, and arraign the Doctor in Divinity with the common and almost allowed <sup>h</sup> *peccadillo's* of the Under-graduate. Tell me the man that can undergo (pardon the expression) such "a day of judgment," and preserve his reputation as he has done. The Bishop of St. Asaph had a true sense of this, and very handsomely replied to the Doctor's Patron, who asked his Lordship, upon his deferring the Doctor's institution, "if he had any thing to object against his Morals?"—"No sure, if any thing of that nature could have been objected against Dr. Sacheverell, I should have heard of it at his Trial." His Lordship knew the enemy was gone out, who would certainly gather all they could meet with, and report it to the Doctor's disadvantage. The Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry also, when the Doctor appealed to him at his Trial upon the subject of his morals, was pleased to declare to many noble Lords, "That it was the Doctor's particular good fortune at *this time*, that he could assure them that his life and character at Oxford was had in great esteem, and never, that he knew of, suffered upon the account of any immoralities."

But suppose Dr. Sacheverell was really guilty of all that Bisset charges him with, of all that your whole *Faction* can bring against him; how does this affect the cause? Is not Passive Obedience a Christian Doctrine, because the Doctor resisted the

<sup>g</sup> Let the Irish Dean, Mr. Ryley, and the poor Washerwoman, &c. answer for themselves, and agree the matter with the Doctor as well as they can. BISSET.

<sup>h</sup> I have read of *venial* sins; but never before of *allowed* ones, even in the Church of Rome. BISSET.

Cook of his College, and "chastised him with a Shoulder of Mutton, when he was fifteen years old?" Are the Dissenters righteous, because the Doctor is unrighteous? Are the Whigs innocent, because he is not so? Is the last Ministry not to be blamed for the debts of the Navy, because the Doctor owed Powel the Painter five pounds? Are the Whigs to be justified for insulting their Sovereign, because the Doctor was insolent to the President of his College? Is her Majesty's Uncle<sup>i</sup> to be overlooked, laid aside, and affronted, because "the Doctor's Uncle was not so handsomely received by him as he expected?" Are the Duke and Duchefs of Marlborough, the Lord Sunderland, the Lord Godolphin, to be excused in their ingratitude and ungenerous behaviour to the Queen, because the Doctor "became an enemy to Mrs. Hearst, who brought him up, and made him what he is?"

WH. Hold, my Friend; we do not argue so: you make the Doctor wondrously considerable; all we hope to do, by laying open the sins of his life, is to make some abatement in that *vast esteem* which we see the people have for him.

TO. It is false; you do argue as I say, and look farther than you own: your design is, to depreciate the Doctor's character, lessen his reputation, and with that the *cause*; he is in a great measure the happy instrument, under God and the Queen, that has given us this *new life*<sup>k</sup>, struck a damp upon Whiggism, and laid it in a state of death. The eyes of the nation are upon him: the people love and admire him; and, while they do so, you can have no hopes; and therefore your whole endeavours are bent upon sinking his interest, and bringing the people off from that great esteem they have of his merit. If you can bury this in oblivion, you think it would be a good step to your own *reviviscence*<sup>l</sup>; and I know you will spare no pains, no cost, no

<sup>i</sup> Laurence Hyde, earl of Rochester, the queen's maternal uncle. He had been appointed lord president of the council in September, 1710; and died May 2, 1711. See several curious particulars of this great nobleman, of the duke and duchefs of Marlborough, and of their families, in Dr. Swift's Works, and particularly in his Letters.

<sup>k</sup> A *new life* he has given us, with broken heads, broken limbs, broken windows, and (this Writer hopes) broken hearts. BISSSET.

<sup>l</sup> This new-coined, long-winded crabbed word, and *soporiferous*, are all that the world has got by this learned Treatise. BISSSET.

villainy,

villainy, to effect it; and of this I have sufficient proof. The Doctor has received two Letters from Fuller<sup>m</sup> in the Mint, a man renowned for his sin, and intrigues with Daniel De Foe, in which he acquaints him of great preparations made against him, the good Bishop of London<sup>n</sup>; and other eminent Divines of

<sup>m</sup> This infamous man, who pretended to prove the *warming-pan* story, on which so much stress was laid at the Revolution, was voted by the commons, Jan. 7, 1691-2, "a notorious cheat, impostor, and false accuser." On the 23d of June, 1702, he was convicted, in Westminster Hall, "for being an impostor, and publishing false and scandalous Libels;" and was condemned to stand thrice in the pillory, to be sent to Bridewell, whipt, kept to hard labour, and to be kept in prison till he paid a fine of 1000 marks. He published two different narratives of his own life; and a third, under the title of "Mr. William Fuller's Trip to Bridewell. with a true Account of his barbarous Usage in the Pillory, &c. 1703." —We find him again figuring in the annals of imposture, in 1717; when, being found guilty, Sept. 14, upon two indictments, of defrauding several persons of sums of money on pretence of getting them plates, he was fined fifty pounds, and imprisoned two years.

<sup>n</sup> Dr. Henry Compton. This great Prelate opposed the persecution of Dr. Sacheverell, and protested against several steps taken in that affair. He was the youngest son of Spencer earl of Northampton, and born in 1632. He was entered a nobleman of Queen's College, Oxford, in 1649; and, at the Restoration, became a cornet in a regiment of horse. Quitting that post, he entered into orders, and was made canon-commoner of Christ Church in 1666; master of St. Cross in 1667; canon of Christ Church May 24, 1669; bishop of Oxford in Dec. 1674. He was translated to London Dec. 18, 1675; sworn of the privy council; and appointed tutor to the princesses Mary and Anne, successively queens of England. He strongly expected to be promoted to Canterbury; and was greatly disappointed when it was given to Dr. Sancroft in 1677, but more when Dr. Tillotson was preferred to it in 1691. He was degraded from his episcopal function by king James, Sept. 6, 1686; and restored Sept. 23, 1688. His learning was superficial, but his great diligence in discharging his episcopal duties was truly exemplary. He is said to have been "an humble, modest, generous, and good-natured man; but weak, wilful, much in the power of others, and strangely wedded to a party." He appeared in arms at Nottingham a little before the Revolution, and declared his readiness to fight for the prince of Orange. He was a true son and brave champion of the church, and a most munificent benefactor

of the Church of England. He tells him, "That a Book was ready for the press; that he himself was hired to transcribe it, a part of which task he did perform; but it appeared so detestably wicked, so maliciously false and scandalous, that he refused, though he wanted bread, to go on with it." The poor man thinks himself near his grave, is very ill, and very penitent; and, without any hopes of reward, gave the Doctor this caution, as the only satisfaction he could make him for engaging in it so far as he had done. Some of the Doctor's friends are of opinion, that this Book of Bissler's is the Book he mentions; but, the Doctor only being concerned in this, it must be another. This was intended as the fore-runner of some greater wickedness. They were to see how the world digested this, before they gave us stronger meat; but thanks be to God, that her Majesty put a stop to it; that, by the late alterations, she broke their measures, and their hearts too.

WH. I will be bold to say, for all this, that you Tories do over-rate the Doctor's merit; even some of the Clergy speak against him.

TO. I know they do, and against the Church too; and therefore are to be looked upon as the filth of the earth, as "salt that has lost its flavour, and fit only to be trampled under foot." I have spent many an hour in getting a notion of a Whig Clergyman. I could plead a little in favour of a Lay Whig; ignorance, persuasion, interest, and great temptation, may prevail upon a Layman: but, when I see a man betraying a Church that gives him his bread, into the hands of those men that will certainly starve him when they have got it, is to me the greatest astonishment in nature, something that I shall never be able to reconcile: they must surely have a bribe that will keep them when the Church is lost, or their own interest would make them honest; or else they must be Kirkmen in disguise, and be resolved to sacrifice the Liturgy, burn the Bishops, throw up the ceremonies, and fall in with all the enthusiastic extravagance of the wildest Fanaticism. When the consciences of these men are to it. Whatever imperfection there might be in his character, he was allowed to be much a gentleman, and no less a Christian. He died July 7, 1713, aged 81.—He published several small treatises on religious subjects; and "The Life of Donna Olympia Malachini," translated from the Italian.

• The total change of Ministry.

the



the subjects of my meditation, it is a vast surprize to me, that they do not remind them of oaths, covenants, and the most solemn vows, to adhere firmly to the doctrine of the Church; all which they have shamefully broken, and are perjured before God and man.

I observe those of the Clergy that are most furiously bent against the Church, upon the principles of Whiggism, are those that have been raised from the meanest circumstances to a very elevated condition of life; who have risen gradually from *cleaning* a Gown, to *wearing* one; who began Foot-boys and ended Chaplains to their Dukes, loaded with preferments, and swelled with dignities. Poor abject wretches! hoisted from a Dunghill to a Cathedral, from a Cottage to the Altar, and yet have nothing *raised* but their income; their spirit continues mean and low as their parentage: these, like Bralesford P, are scandalously *covetous* to please his Grace, which is "double idolatry."

When I see these men enemies to a Church that has given them estates which they could not have the impudence to think of in the houses of their Fathers; I own, I have no moderation, no temper, no patience. When I see them cloathed in Scarlet, who were born to "embrace Dunghills;" without merit, without the common necessary abilities; by the pure redundant goodwill of Pharaoh's daughter, taken from the mire, and advanced to some eminence and height, and yet are always plotting against her, ever siding with her enemies, and doing contrary to her inclination, her will, her earnest desire, "when it is their duty "to comply with it:" I can justify some resentment, and I have leave to expose them to the world; shame and confusion of face, it may be; will work upon them, when nothing else will. Good God! will they wound the breast that gives them milk, and bite off the pap that reaches out nourishment to them? will they destroy a Church that feeds them, and pull down the Altar by which they live?

You wonder, I believe, to see me so earnest; but sure, if any time, or if any cause, required more zeal than ordinary, it is surely *this* time, it is certainly *this* cause. When the enemy is

P Humphry Bralesford, M. A. rector of Hawksworth, and prebendary of Southall, Nottinghamshire.

q His father was a Dean, which makes him as proud as if he had been a Duke. BISSET.

got

got within our walls, it is time to exert ourselves, to stand up in our own defence, and to push back the encroaching rebels through the *breach* by which they entered. Though it is my real opinion that the Dissenters are Schismaticks, that "it is ini-  
"quity, even their solemn Assemblies;" yet these men stand fairer in my esteem than a Whig Clergyman: he breaks the most solemn sacramental oaths, he betrays his trust, he gives up the cause of God and the Church, knowingly, designedly, and with premeditation. All your cant of "tender consciences, im-  
"proper time, forbearance, comprehension, and toleration," is chaff and froth; it is a poor thin cobweb, and will not hide this body of sin I am speaking of.

WH. For God's sake, what do you mean by all this heat and passion? Thou art as hot as a Glass-house<sup>r</sup>; I am really *roasted* with standing so near you.

TO. If you remember, I promised you that I would *roast* you; and, if I had time, I would be "seven times hotter than I am<sup>s</sup>:" but I cannot at present proceed to the other part of this Book, in which he describes "the High-church men in general;" neither do I think myself obliged to it, having at this time undertaken to stand in defence of Dr. Sacheverell's cause only; which, in a great measure, is the cause of the Church. What he says in the remainder of this Book is an infamous satire upon the Discipline, the Ceremonies, and the Liturgy, of "the Church of England as by Law established." It shews him an impudent apostate from the communion of it; a schismatical disturber of its peace, and one of the vilest of those "false brethren" the Church has reason to complain of, and arm against.

I shall therefore leave him to the chastisement of our Convocation, to whose consideration and *correction* too her Majesty has earnestly recommended *such men*, and *such books*. We promise ourselves, from Her Majesty's most gracious Letter, and the kind assurances given to that Synod, of all "fitting encourage-  
"ment" from her royal self, that they will *sit*, and transact those affairs which the present state of the Church make it absolutely necessary for them to do; and then this Bisset, *little as he* is, and others, *great as they* are, will find that we have some power,

<sup>r</sup> Let me add, "as foul as a Draught-house." BISSET.

<sup>s</sup> I cannot imagine how that can possibly be, on this side Hell. BISSET.  
some

some discipline, left in the Church still ; and that there are men amongst us, who have courage to put it in execution, “ deliver “ over to Satan” the Apostate, the Heretick, the Schismatick ; and “ cut off all those that trouble us.”

WH. I believe I shall never see any thing of that as long as I live.

To. And if you do not *pray* and *wish* to see it, it is no matter whether you live or no ; and so *adieu*.



Nº II.

MR. BISSET'S RECAPTATION :

I N

A Letter to the Reverend Dr. HENRY SACHEVERELL ;

Occasioned by his reading the Doctor's Vindication, lately Published by HENRY CLEMENTS, at the Half-Moon in St. Paul's Church-yard.

“ Heu quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu !” OVID.

“ I acknowledge my Faults, and my Sin is ever before “ me.” Psal. li. 3.

REVEREND SIR,

I HAVE read your “ Vindication from several Aspersions cast “ upon you in a Book” of my writing ; and I must honestly confess to you, that it has given me the “ confusion of face” it

<sup>t</sup> Gal. v. 12.

<sup>u</sup> This is a downright forgery. It was drawn up by the same hands with the Doctor's Vindication, as I am assured by their intimate acquaintance ; and my Publisher's name put to it, the better to deceive the world : and it did so in great measure. BISSET.—At the bottom of the original title stood, “ London printed, and *may be sold* by A. Baldwin, “ &c.” as in Bisset's title-pages.

promises in the second page: the detestable picture of the Faction "has given me loathing and abhorrence, equal to the "love which I once bore to the odious Originals," p. 2. I am now convinced, that every word in my Book is false and scandalous. But I did really believe, when I wrote those actions of your life, that they were undeniably true; I had many of the accounts, as well as many *encouragements* to publish them, from *very great men*. The authority with which I received them, the temptations I was under, the glittering prospects I had of great preferment, and, I must ingenuously own, some *natural inclination to revile*, hurried me on irresistibly to the crime which I am now lamenting; and these I hope also will in some measure extenuate the guilt, and make my way to forgiveness easy.

It would be too tedious to lay before you all the steps that were taken, the several consultations and cabals, antecedent to the publication of my "Modern Fanatick." Daniel De Foe had then a Book of this nature in hand, which, I find with the utmost surprize, your Vindicator had some knowledge of; but that was leveled at other great men, Bishops and Priests, besides yourself. Our Party unanimously voted, that nothing could so effectually revive and advance their credit with the people, as the death and destruction of *yours*; and it was resolved that I should begin first: my name being great among the mob, for my *plain English* Sermon, they thought what I wrote would be more acceptable, and leave greater impressions upon them. After this, De Foe was to appear, and charge the greatest men in the Church with no less than a constant correspondence with the Pretender; some Letters, by way of vouchers, were *forged* by them, and the ablest men in town at counterfeiting hands were actually in the secret. This, I can assure you, upon my own knowledge, was the project Fuller had a share in, and advertised you of<sup>w</sup>: but you are now in no danger; our party is dispirited beyond expression, our measures are all broken, our designs all laid aside, and poor Fuller plentifully cursed for his *conscientious* discovery of a plot, which the Managers had given up ever since the late alterations at Court.

This is an honest account of the conception and birth of my Book, and what we intended should succeed it; and it is an

<sup>w</sup> See above, p. 253,



unspeakable astonishment to me, that my Friends should furnish me with materials so easily to be confuted and exposed. I must acknowledge, the story of "your gaming on Sundays" was my own; I heartily beg pardon of God and you for it: our business was *accusation*, and we did not think ourselves obliged to precise veracity, any more than in an "Answer to a Bill in Chancery," or in a Speech at an Impeachment. The rest of the stories I received chiefly from Dissenting Preachers; that of "smuggling the wench at Woodstock," from Daniel Burgefs; that of "the Breeches," from Mr. S—re; the little obscene hint about "tickling their loins with her finger," from young R—f—well; and truly, I must confess, neither of us knew at that time that we were giving a *double entendre* to a very serious expression in Isaiah. I am obliged to your Vindicator, that he took no notice of it in his Book; I suppose his abhorrence so shocked him, that he could not engage in it.

This fair confession, and honest acknowledgment of my sin, I hope; will plead successfully for me, and induce you by your Prayers to *retain* those "blessed Advocates in Heaven" in my favour, whose nature and office your Vindicator has with great perspicuity illustrated to me.

To this petition, Reverend Sir, I would be admitted to add my thanks for a favour received. I am extremely touched with the sense of your Christian charity and brotherly affection, in withholding from the Publick that account of my Life, which, your Vindicator's Letter tells me, my Enemies have put into Mr. Clements's hands. It is a noble instance of your generosity, to keep that a secret, after I had given you such provocations as would justify your declaring it in every street and high-way. I do assure you, this generous and Christian act has so much affected me; that I have bundled up all the packets of *fresh scandal*, which your Enemies have sent in to me for a second Book; and, like the Sorcerers in the xix<sup>th</sup> of the Acts, burnt them upon *confession*. I do not doubt but many things will forthwith be published against you, under my name; but you and the world may depend upon it, they are spurious. I do here solemnly declare to you, that I will have no part in any Book or Pamphlet hereafter, that reflects upon your character and conduct, or upon the Vindicator, or the party which you espouse. Therefore I beg of you to accept of this my submission and *recantation*, and to

look upon every thing of this nature, that is ascribed to me, or bears my name, to be without my knowledge or consent; and suffer it not to provoke you to publish the account aforesaid of my life and conversation; because, if you do, I am ruined, and my family must starve.

You cannot imagine how I have been caressed by some of the City Clergy of the *moderate* principle, not so much for *reviling you* (though that is extremely grateful), as for ridiculing the Liturgy, bantering the Ceremonies, and representing the whole Church with circumstances of contempt. I can assure you, I am promised, by some of them, no less a reward than the Living of St. Andrews Holbourn; which, I hear just now, and am heartily glad of it, *you* have a fairer prospect of than any one in town<sup>x</sup>.

I mention this court that is paid to me, and the friendship I receive from my superiors, only as so many arguments to induce you to be propitious to me, and number me with those of your Enemies that you forgive.

“Et quoniam ita naturâ comparati sumus, ut cui *multum* “debeamus, illi *plurimum* debere velimus;” I must end with another address: that you would, Sir, express the continuance of your good-will to me, by interceding for me with those Members of your acquaintance that sit foremost in the House of Convocation: it will be an unspeakable affliction to me to be the first example of Church discipline, and have my name first in the registers of Ecclesiastical censure. Let, I pray, this Letter be communicated to them; I am very willing it should be printed; for, I think, the more open the confession, the more acceptable it is to God and our Governors. Alas! I am *too inconsiderable* to be *begun with*; there are higher objects of their resentment, and such as will become that august Assembly; and such as I will bear testimony against, for intriguing and caballing against the Church, and, let me tell you, the Queen too.

Upon the whole, Reverend Sir, I do here most solemnly assure you, That I will return faithfully to the business of my calling; that I will discharge it as I ought: I will lay aside all Book-writing and Party; I will wear the Surplice, and read *all* the Prayers at Church; I will no more laugh and ridiculously

<sup>x</sup> And which he accordingly obtained.

cant out the Litany; I will bow reverently, and not with a grin, at the name of JESUS; I will not, as formerly, dispense with kneeling at the Sacrament; I will not baptize without the sign of the Cross, and Gossips; I will have a longer Sermon, and a shorter Prayer; I will conform entirely to the Church of England, and wholly abandon the Conventicle; "I will also take heed to my ways, that I offend not with my tongue." In a word, "I will put off the old man, with his deeds, and become a new creature."

Reverend Sir, be pleased to excuse the length of this Epistle; it contains the *breathings* of my soul, and what I could not forbear writing to you. I hope God will bless you, and the Government restore you; that God will open your heart, and the Queen your mouth; that you may again "teach the ways of righteousness unto the wicked, that sinners may be converted unto it;" among which, I confess with shame and confusion of face, there is not a greater than

Your poor, penitent, and most affectionate brother,

St. Katherine,  
Jan. 17, 1710-11.

WILLIAM BISSET.



Nº III.

AN ANSWER to a SECOND SCANDALOUS BOOK, that Mr. BISSET is now writing, to be published as soon as possible.

"And understandest my thoughts long before." Psal. cxxxix. 2.

"And to RE-CANT, is but to CANT again."

Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE, Sat. on Mr. LEE.

GENTLE READER,

I AM sure thou art very much surprized at the Title-page of this Book; and I know that thou art this moment reasoning

Mr. Bisset was living in 1720, and published Verses on the Birthday of the Queen that year. He is called "the plain English Madman," p. 187, from his "Plain English, a Sermon," and "More plain English, in Two Sermons, for Reformation of Manners, 1704."

with thyself, and, with great wonderment of mind, groping for some rational account of my design. Now, methinks, I see you scratch your head, pull your under-lip, and look very studious upon the matter, full of thought, "how it is possible for me to answer a Book before it is published."

Now you must know, Sir, that there are *natural* and there are *moral* impossibilities. The latter of these only suppose the highest degree of *difficulty*: these by men of great enterprising souls have been surmounted: the stupendous march to the glorious victory at Hockstet every one thought *morally* impossible; and yet the duke of Marlborough convinced us that it could be done. Every one esteemed it *morally* impossible, that that certain Curate of Salop<sup>z</sup> could, if he had any conscience, so scandalously interpret St. Paul, and make the xlii<sup>th</sup> of the Romans encourage Rebellion, more than an Ordinance of the Rump Parliament, or Hoadly's "Measures of Obedience." Did any one think it *possible* for Bisset to be so impudently wicked, as to charge Dr. Sacheverell with so many of the worst iniquities, when in his conscience, he knew them all to be malicious and false; that they had no more title to belief, than he has to his Living, or Lumley Lloyd<sup>a</sup> to the epithet of Honourable? And yet, you see, these *moral impossibilities* are got over. And therefore pray, good Sir, stand no more aghast at the seeming *difficulty* of my undertaking. I am a mighty Friend to all great achievements, and scorn to engage in any work that to vulgar minds does not seem to have something in it of the impossible. My natural inclination to great designs and great actions will make me for ever respect a Reverend Divine<sup>b</sup>, for the surprising Apotheosis of a certain Duke; nothing but the most exalted genius could have founded his Grace's title to Heaven

<sup>z</sup> Bp. Fleetwood published, in 1710, without his name, "The Thirteenth Chapter to the Romans, vindicated from the abusive Sense put upon it. Written by a Curate of Salop, and directed to the Clergy of that County, and the neighboring ones of North Wales; to whom the Author wisheth patience, moderation, and a good understanding, for half an hour." See an account of the Bishop, above, p. 246.

<sup>a</sup> A person who claimed the title of lord Lumley in preference to the noble family who still enjoy it with the earldom of Scarborough.

<sup>b</sup> Dr. White Kennet; see vol. III. p. 37.



upon such occult and most indisputable reasons. The world will not exceed this great work, till the man is found that can *square* the Circle and take a Comet by the *tail*.

There is in me a virtuous emulation, a laudable ardour of mind, to signalize myself with these Heroes aforesaid, by something uncommon and unexpected; and therefore I am resolved "to answer a Book which is not yet published." But, before I begin, that I may not lose the good esteem of righteous men, and guard against the malicious aspersions of the wicked, I do declare, that I am no Conjuror; that I have no good understanding, no manner of commerce, with Satan upon this account; and therefore I desire that Flamsteed<sup>c</sup> and Partridge<sup>d</sup> would neither love me as a Brother, nor hate me as a Rival. I do further solemnly protest, that I have no assistance, directly or indirectly, from the Pope; and that the Pretender has no more a hand in it than the Czar of Muscovy; that I have nothing to do with Mahomet's Pigeons; that I have no sort of acquaintance

<sup>c</sup> John Flamsteed, M. A. born Aug. 19, 1646, was appointed astronomer royal, March 4, 1674-5; and in 1684 was presented to the living of Burfrow in Surrey; which were all the preferments this truly great man ever obtained: but he was honoured with the friendship and confidence of Newton, Halley, Molineux, Wallis, Cassini, and other philosophers of the first reputation. He died Dec. 31, 1719. His "*Historia Cœlestis Britannica*," that noble and lasting monument to his memory, was published in 3 volumes, folio, 1725; a great part of it having been printed before his death. He was also author of many other valuable works, and of numberless papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

<sup>d</sup> John Partridge, born Jan. 18, 1644, died June 24, 1714.—As he was the butt of the witty Dean of St. Patrick's, the ridiculous part of his character, or rather the ridicule that was thrown upon him, will be remembered when the rest of his personal history is forgotten. When he had learned to read, *and a little to write*, he was bound apprentice to a shoe-maker. When he was eighteen, he procured a Lily's Grammar, a Gouldman's Dictionary, Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, and a Latin Bible; and, by the help of these books, acquired Latin enough to read the works of astrological authors in that language. He next applied himself to the study of Greek and Hebrew; and also studied physic. He was a shoe-maker in Covent Garden in 1680; yet styled himself "Physician to his Majesty" in 1682. He was one of the sworn physicians, but never attended the court, nor received any salary. His epitaph, and a list of several of his works, are printed by Granger.

with the French Prophets; the bishop of Worcester<sup>e</sup>, or any second-sighted person; and yet, for all this, I know that Mr. Bisset, notwithstanding his solemn promise to the contrary in his late Recantation<sup>f</sup>, is now writing against Dr. Sacheverell and his Vindicator. This Second Book will not be so *big*, but it is resolved by the Party that it shall be as *false*, as the First.

In the three or four first pages, he excuses himself to the world, for not *rejoining* sooner; for detaining from them so long the pleasure and the profit which his Writings always derive to himself and friends; that his affairs unhappily called him to Whiston in Northamptonshire, and detained him there till just now; and none of his Friends were so kind as to let him know how much his *name* was *up* in town, while he lay in *bed* in the country: but, being now returned, his Acquaintance have recounted to him all that has past; and, with an indignation suitable to the affront, he buckles himself to the battle, resolves to cut down all antagonists, and *dispense* amongst us the *poor contents* of that blunderbuss his head, which he does not doubt will convince the world how barbarously he has been abused in a late "Vindication of Dr. Sacheverell," and an infamous half-sheet, intituled, his "Recantation." He declares, p. 4, with a mixture of rage and profaneness, that he knows nothing of that Recantation; and begs earnestly of his friends, the Dissenters and Whigs, "that they would not think it possible for him to repent; that "he is entirely as wicked as they can desire, and does not feel "the least relenting or remorse."

A very pious declaration this, for a Clergyman convicted of the highest crimes, and found guilty of the blackest sins! Bless me! what will become of a sinner, that is ashamed of his repentance, and *cries* at the thoughts of our believing that he *repents*? I am of opinion, that his Printer may be prevailed upon to produce the copy in his own hand-writing: but I am not willing to carry matters to such extremes as yet; I chuse to defer this grand *confutation*, till he favours the Publick with his Book now under my chastisement.

<sup>e</sup> Who pretended to be a Prophet. See above, p. 233.

<sup>f</sup> See the preceding Tract, p. 259.

<sup>g</sup> An infamous falsehood, which he well knows I can confute.

In page 6 of his Book he is extremely incensed, that, in the first page of the "Vindication," the Whig is called **DESTRUCTION**. His words are these: "How dares that pert Incendiary, that rascally scribbler, call a member of the noble order of the Rump, a Destroyer?" Poor man! he has been so long used to call men by *wrong* names, that he cannot bear to hear them called by the right.

He is grieved, p. 9, that Mr. Hoadly has met with such indifferent treatment. He lays himself out very pathetically upon this occasion, and declares, with something little less than an oath, "that he deserves more than all the Writers on this side the Cape." Here, indeed, Mr. Bisset and I shall shake hands; I think I am really of his opinion, and am so far from being Mr. Hoadly's enemy, that I did not care if "he had his deserts to-morrow."

But here ensues a terrible melancholy story, p. 13. He has not slept a wink since he read the account in the "Vindication" of the late tumults; he has tossed and rolled in his bed, like a ship in the Bay of Biscay, ever since he found that the Dissenters are charged with pulling down Daniel's Meeting-house<sup>h</sup>. It will do the Reader good, when his Book is published, to see how he foams. His words, you will find, are these: "In the name of wonder, what does this insignificant blockhead mean? Because I and a few Dissenters were **AMONG** the Mob, only to see what they did, to mark faces, and give our testimony; does the Rascal say we were **IN** it?"

Refined reasoning, indeed! Barefaced Popery! True uncovered Jesuitism! "**AMONG** the Mob, but not **IN** it!" I have seen a flock of Crows, with a mixture of Pigeons, in a field of Pease: these poor innocent Doves destroy more than all the Crows; and yet the Owner, when he finds them shot, is apt to quarrel with the next Gunner, as an unreasonable Murderer: "For these poor creatures only come out for the air; and their curiosity leads them into the fields, and would no more destroy the Pease which he sows on purpose to feed them, than a Dissenter would pull down a Meeting-house which he knows is built on purpose for him."

If this distinction of Mr. Bisset's will hold good, then no Rogue taken out of any gang can be hanged. He will certainly

<sup>h</sup> See above, p. 191.

plead, that he was *among* the Thieves, but not *in* the Robbery. I hope that Mr. Jos. Billers will take effectual care that this man be punished; who has contrived such a wicked distinction, as, "contrary to Her Majesty's crown and dignity," will save half the Robbers in Great Britain. In short, this is so Jesuitical, that I am persuaded Mr. Bisset is in the interest of the Pretender; and I am confident Taunton and Watson, and the rest of a late Jury in Guild-hall, would convict him, and give the Queen 100 *l.* damages.

In the 17th page, you will find him vindicating the reputation of divers Clergymen, who are distinguished by the nick-names of *Anomalas* and *Heteroclitcs*. "By this," says he, "the fool has only a mind to TELL the world that he has learnt his Greek and Latin Grammar; and, notwithstanding his shew of learning, does not know how to spell: for, in the "Vindication," he spells *Venture*, *Venter* <sup>i</sup>. This man was a Son by a second "*Venter*." He is extremely lavish for a page or two, in reproaching and exposing the ignorance of the Vindicator; but it is my humble opinion, that his own ignorance is made more manifest thereby. I have been with Dr. Bentley, that great *star* and mighty *lumen* of the Republick of Letters <sup>k</sup>; and, after long search into numberless proper Books, he does say, that there is one authority for it, in an old Manuscript of Chaucer; and that he thinks it is as well one way as the other.

But pray, Reverend Sir, why all this noise about that word? How do you know but that the man had a mind to shew his Learning here too; and (which I am sure he has authority for) clap a little Latin to his English; and intend, by *second Venter*, a second *Belly*; that this was a Son by a *second Belly*? Now, if you look into the Dictionary, you will find, that *Venter* is Latin for a Belly; and if you ask your Nurse, or Sarah Green <sup>l</sup> of Iwer, they will tell you that Sons usually proceed from *that* part; and therefore, take it which way you will, I think the Vindicator is *rectus in curiâ*; and you are an ignorant ill-tempered Critick, to make so much noise about nothing.

A good Author certainly is the most unhappy creature under the sun: he is exposed to the world, like a fine beauty, as a thing

<sup>i</sup> See above, p. 202.

<sup>k</sup> As he styles himself in the Preface to his Dissertation on Phalaris.

<sup>l</sup> See an account of this Lady above, p. 241.



only to be gazed at and criticised upon : few look without envy ; and all are glad to find some fault : the least trifle is worked up to perfect ugliness, and the most malicious plume and triumph upon the performance ; as if one blot in either, like a little leaven, blotted the whole. Few Readers, though we always give them the compliment of "Gentle, or Christian," have the civility and good nature of Horace<sup>m</sup>,

"— ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis

"Offendar maculis."

This consideration has hitherto kept me from obliging this ill-natured prejudiced world with any of my lucubrations ; and nothing could have prevailed upon me to do it now, but the novelty of this my undertaking. I am so vain as to think that the surprize of it will give the world so much of the agreeable, as will defend me from any forced criticisms or strained censures ; in confidence of which, I proceed to that which will be the 20<sup>th</sup> page of Mr. Bisset's Book. Here he begins to tell us how many good Pamphlets have been published against the Doctor, "particularly one by a Curate of Salop, and another by an inferior Clergyman ; both," he says, "very excellent in their kinds ; and the people ought to be convinced by them, how despicable a wretch the Doctor is ; it is a great scandal to the Church," he says, "that that *clean* Writer should be buried in a poor Curacy in Salop." I have inquired into that matter, and do find that his Curacy is but small ; but he holds the liberty of making Quail-pipes *in commendam*, which is a very considerable addition to his livelihood ; and the superiority of this his *only* excellence has recommended him to other great advantages. The Pamphlet by an inferior Clergyman I have seen ; and truly, I think, the Author will never deserve any other epithet. He is *inferior* to the *lowest* degree ; and he may depend upon it he will never *rise*, till we have another Jeroboam, who will "make the lowest of the people Priests of the High-places ;" which God of his great mercy avert !

In page 28, there is a most horrible noise about "a great Father of the Church." "It is a shame," he says, "that so great a man should be used with so little respect ; that he should be charged with false doctrine, who is the only standard of true :

<sup>m</sup> De Arte Poeticâ, ver. 351.

"but

“but he hopes the late punishment inflicted upon an impudent “highflying reviler of a Bishop, by those great examples of impartial Justice, Taunton and Watfon, and their gang, will “prevent the like for the future.” He is informed, he says, that this “pert Scribbler of the Vindication is a young Sprig “of Divinity, one of last year’s shoot of Lecturers; and he wonders what business such little Sprigs have to lash.”

That “Vindication” is ascribed to so many, that I believe no one but Dr. Sacheverell and the Printer can shew the man; but, if he is a *Sprig*, or a last year’s shoot, no wonder, in my mind, that he becomes a *Rod*, and does lash. This poor man is always giving some material evidence, that he never learned any thing at School. One would think that a pretender to Westminster School, and in Busby’s time too, should not wonder that “young “shoots and last year’s sprigs” *lash*. I am sure, I had such repeated demonstrations in that School that they would *cut*, that the very recollection gives me *smart*. His ignorance of these scholastic tools of correction confirm the truth of what I have often heard, that he was bred in some Fanatic Academy. In these, the Saints use no *rods*; first, because *lashing* the Flesh is a piece of Popery; and because any discovery of the posteriors must be *carnal*; and particularly because the Scripture obliges them “not to look backwards,” by the story of Lot’s Wife; and exhorts them to “heal up *breaches*,” but never to *unbutton* them. To this they add, the Liberty of the Subject, Tyranny, Persecution, Arbitrary Power; and, in short, that *lashing* is directly contrary to all Revolution principles, as Mr. Lechmere<sup>n</sup> will at any time undertake to demonstrate to them.

Thus you see, Reader, the fatality of taking Scripture in the exact letter, without any regard to the context, to the occasion, or to the difference of *spelling*, though there is none in the *sound*; which is the unhappiness of the Dissenters, and such as has led them into many of their gross errors, and confirmed numbers in their obstinacy. It is a prodigious number of converts, which this aversion to *lashing*, upon Scripture and Revolution *principles*, both which they think of equal authority, has made among our School-boys: our Youth is strangely corrupted by it; and the contagion will spread continually, unless our Governors think fit to enact, that all School-masters shall lash

<sup>n</sup> See the Observations at the end of vol. III.

their Disciples, or all in general let it alone. Such an Act I think as reasonable and as necessary as that which forbids Enchantments, and captivating baits in *Pigeon-bouses*, that Pigeons may be left to an unbiassed choice, and every Farmer have neighbours-fare.

This, I hope, is enough to give the world a taste of Mr. Bisset's Second Performance. They know what they are to expect; and I humbly conceive it will be a warning to all Printers, not to be too forward in working for him. If I had time or patience, I would give you an account of some other parts of his *intended present* to the world; but I protest, when I am raking in his works, I envy even the *Gold-finders* of this metropolis: for they, poor Rogues! now and then meet with something that is *good*: but I, poor unhappy I, have one continued *unrewarded stench*; am forced, without all hopes, to turn over and remove the wretched *excrement* of his head, which is worse to me than that of his tail.

But to conclude. When Mr. Bisset publishes his Book, perhaps the Reader will not find the quotations I have here made out of it; and from thence conclude, in the language of the Lord Clarendon<sup>o</sup>, "that I am a person who do not think myself obliged to any precise veracity P." But, good, dear, gentle, Christian Reader, entertain no such severe thought of your poor Author; but, be assured, they are *now* in his Manuscript: and,

° Edward Hyde, born Feb. 16, 1608, was made lord chancellor in 1657; and created baron Hyde, viscount Cornbury, and earl of Clarendon, in November, 1660. He died at Rouen, in France, Dec. 9, 1673.—His celebrated "History of the Rebellion" is a striking proof of his abilities. As Mr. Granger observes, "He had all that knowledge of his subject, that strength of head, as well as integrity of heart, which are essential to a good historian. He has been, in some instances, accused of partiality; but this proceeded from an amiable, perhaps an invincible, cause; *the warmth of his loyalty and friendship*. He particularly excels in characters, which, if drawn with precision and elegance, are as difficult to the *writers*, as they are agreeable to the *readers* of history. —He paints himself, in drawing the portraits of others; and we every where see the clear and exact comprehension, the uncommon learning, the dignity and equity of the lord chancellor, in his character as a writer."

P In his "History of the Rebellion." KING.

if

if they are not found in his printed Book, depend upon it, that, in pure spite to me, he has left them out, only to depreciate my reputation with the Learned World, and sink that exalted character, which such a performance as this; *proprio Marte*, without the least subterraneous assistance, must undoubtedly reward me with; though I know he loves his *own* Works entirely, he will blot out, spoil, and pull them in pieces, as the Dissenters did their Meeting-houses. To injure a Tory, and mischief the Church—oh! he is of a very barbarous temper; the Dutch at Amboyna or the Spaniards in Peru were nothing to him; he often declares, “he could eat the heart of a Tory with pleasure.” I must own, indeed, it is the only way for a Whig to have a good honest heart in his belly. But, thanks be to God and the Queen, “who have not given us over as a prey unto their teeth,” our Church is escaped, as a Bird out of the snare of the Fowler; the snare is broken, and we are delivered.



## No IV.

TWO LETTERS from honest TOM BOGGY,  
to the Rev. Mr. GODDARD, Canon of WINDSOR.

## L E T T E R I.

Occasioned by a Sermon (on Psal. cxxvi, 2. 3.) preached in St. George's Chapel, dedicated to her Grace the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH &c.

REVEREND SIR,

**W**HEN I think of the great intimacy that has been between us, I wonder the Canon should print any thing without consulting honest Tom. It is to be considered, how

\* Printed in 4to, 1710. The title of it was, “On Censure.”—Thomas Goddard, M. A. was installed in a canonry of Windsor, May 26, 1707. He was also rector of St. Bennet Finch, London. He published a 30th of January Sermon, in 4to, 1703; and a Sermon “on the Mercy of God to this Church and Kingdom,” 8vo, 1710; they were all re-printed in 1715, with three others, under the title of “Six Sermons” on several Occasions,” 8vo.

busy



busy the High-flyers are at present, and how some of them of late have been introduced into the very *presence*, and are crept into *offices*; how ambitious the Church is grown; and, since they have dared to speak for themselves, how little they regard what they say of others, who are not of that Faction as by law established.

You say what you please, against "censuring, judging, defaming, detracting, calumniating:" yet people will go on in their own way; they will not suffer you alone to be what you desire, and own yourself to be "one that transgresses his own rules, and exercises the talent he condemns in others." The world is a censorious world, an impertinent world, an inquisitive world; and, if a man print a Sermon in defence of the Administration, and the question be asked, Where he had his Divinity? And if they are told, at Hinksey<sup>r</sup> and at Heddington<sup>q</sup>, at Mother Franklin's<sup>r</sup> and at Mother Shephard's<sup>q</sup>, they will be apt to ask, What sort of Colleges these are? or what sort of Professors the Ladies may be? Supposing, I say, that our principles of government were laid at Rump Hall and Kidney Hall, they will cry, "Pr'ythee, Tom, what persons of quality and distinction live there?" How shall I look, when I tell them, they are Ale-houses? You say, if such things be so, and such things be so, "you will be content to be called a slanderer." You will be content? why, they will call you what they please. You cannot think what they call honest Tom, who never yet did any harm to them. I own, that you are extremely happy in a Patroness. Such an "obliging, peaceable, condescending, and forgiving temper," must captivate mankind. When a person appears so averse to pride, malice, detraction, and censoriousness; so "reserved as to her own interest," but so communicative and diffusive of good to all others; who cannot but wish, as you do, that she may "reap the fruits" of these good qualities? With reason, therefore, you value yourself upon "her Grace's approbation," and think yourself safe under "such a protection." But consider, that her Majesty's approbation could not protect a Sermon preached in her *own* Chapel, from the insults of one Hoadly, who will undoubtedly come to your Canonry, when you, as you have now a very good prospect, shall be advanced to a Bishoprick.

<sup>r</sup> See the "Tragi-comedy of Joan of Heddington," vol. III. p. 3.

<sup>q</sup> Characters in the above Tragi-comedy.

Though

Though I recommend the aptness of the Dedication; yet I must tell you, that your manner of address is clumsy and awkward. You say, in the fifth page, that all you have said so far is "very well known to her Grace already." Then what need had you to trouble her with it? and what a compliment is it to her Grace, to tell her, that she knows as much of a Court as you do! You may remember, before you and I were two, how, one morning about six, a large company was invited to a chamber, by a great picture hung out of the window; and I, being asleep, and dreaming nothing of politicks, was shewn for a celebrated Tiger, who was called Boggy, from whence, and for other reasons, I had that *denomination*; ever since which time, I could never think that Boggy, or a Bear, could become a fit Lap-dog for a Lady.

But now to come to your Divinity; there is one point, that I am doubtful whether you may not be in the wrong, and that is, in *thinking*, or vainly *wishing*, that people "may be happy in the next world, proportionably to the blessings that eminently distinguish them in this." For you do not know what may happen yet: a person may chance to have this distinction a little eclipsed here, without being a loser by it hereafter. And a Lady may possibly get in at the *strait gate*, though she drop her *key* in the broad way.

My dear Friend, I am always afraid, when either you or I meddle with Learning or Scripture. What does the Printer mean, by putting these odd characters *διδάσκαλοι* in the first line of your Sermon? are they to be read? or do they stand there only to fright folks? I thought it proper to send to honest Mac Bush, who, you know, was always esteemed to be a better Divine<sup>t</sup> than you or I were; and he has very kindly sent me this answer:

"SIR,

How came you to send to me for the meaning of a Text? You know, that Chum Goddard and I never cared for meddling with controversy, nor much with Books; we knew how to spend our time better than in our study. But, since he has printed a Greek word, and you ask my opinion about it, why may not I turn

<sup>t</sup> Mr. William Bush printed a Sermon in 1692, and another in 1693.

Critick as well as he? His Text is, James iii. 1. "My brethren, be not many Masters." He begins, "The word διδάσκαλοι, which in my Text is translated *Masters*, properly signifies *Teachers*; and the Apostle means by it, such as assume to themselves a power of censuring and finding fault with every thing that is not just according to their own notion and model of things;" and afterwards, explaining the context, "knowing that we shall receive the greater condemnation," says he, p. 8, "do you not presume to censure or judge one another here, because you are all reserved to a greater judgement hereafter."

The word διδάσκαλοι, in my Lexicon, does not signify *Censurers* and *Judges*; but, in a Book that I borrowed upon this occasion, I found διδάσκαλοι signifies the same as ιεροδιδάσκαλοι, "Teachers of the Law," 1 Titus i. 7. And this Epistle was written to the Jews, amongst whom Rabbi, or *Master*, was a title of great honour; and therefore many were forward to be Doctors and Masters, without ability to instruct the people in the Law, or, perhaps so much as to apprehend the true sense of the Text. Upon this account it is, that the Pharisees are condemned of their affectation of being called Rabbi, Rabbi: and the Disciples are warned, not to be called Masters, Matt. xxiii. which passages, as Chum says, give light to the Text, if he could but have seen it: for it is upon the same account that St. James advises the Jews he writes to, not to affect this title; because it is often great arrogance in a man to set up for a Teacher, especially before he has been a Learner; and he shall, as the Context has it, "receive greater condemnation." That is, not as Chum explains it, p. 8, "Do you not presume to censure, and judge one another here, &c." But do not affect to be called *Rabbi*; have a care how you pretend to set up for Teachers; for you will expose yourselves to "great condemnation," if you teach what you do not practise; and to greater contempt, if you pretend to teach what you do not understand. This I take to be the meaning of the Text; and I leave Chum Goddard to apply it to himself and his present Discourse, both as to the understanding and the practice. I am, yours, &c.

MAC BUSH.

But to proceed: I find, in this Sermon against censuring and defaming, you bestow a great many ill names and reflections  
 VOL. II. T upon

upon one that I suppose to have been your Fellow Collegiate. How he was *bugged* and *caressed*; with what *triumph* and *acclamations* he was "conducted through part of the kingdom;" I know not; nor allow it is a *contradiction* to the Christian Religion, or an affront to the Government, that a Clergyman should be well entertained in a journey taken upon his lawful occasions: but this I dare say, that you have no such antipathy against him, but that, from Banbury to Shrewsbury, you would have been glad to have dined with him.

You have got a very hard word, that you call Administration, which you very often repeat, without seeming to have any clear notion of it: but you join that word with *her*, with *it*, with *them*; so that I see you do not know what *gender* or *number* it is of; whether it belongs to a *person* or a *thing*; to *one*, to *few*, or to *many*. But, whatever it is, you need not be in such a terrible *fear* about it; for it can never *flagger*, when it has got two such supporters as you and Squire Bickerstaff.

I have but one word more to say to you, my good Friend. Let us all *forgive* and *forget*; it will be best for us. We have all our *blind sides*; and therefore, though other people laughed at it, and thought it a *blunder*, yet I always commended you for that Evening Prayer you used one morning before an august Assembly, "Lighten our darkness," &c. for which prayer, I find, we have every day more and more occasion.

Accept of this, as being, with great sincerity, intended to do you service, and set yourself right with yourself.

Yours entirely,

TOM BOGGY.



## L E T T E R II.

Occasioned by the late PANEGYRICK given Him by the  
REVIEW, Thursday, July 13, 1710.

"Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas."

MY GOOD OLD FRIEND!

THE same day my last came to your hand, there was published a Review, which recommends your Sermon to the

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 242.

<sup>2</sup> The name assumed by Mr. Steele, as author of The Tatler.



publick as “an excellent Discourse, and well worth the perusal  
“of every Christian Reader.”

I see now the force of your arguments and eloquence, when such a pen as that of the Review, so used to satire, can be turned to a panegyrick in your favour, and a Dissenter be brought to chime in with a Churchman.

At first, I could not well imagine how you and Mr. Bickerstaff and the Review should ever come to agree, when *they* are daily passing *censure* upon all the world, and *you* are at the same time declaiming against it. But I find you have qualified yourself for their company, by a passage in your Sermon which I observed to you in my last, “That you particularly exercise the talent  
“of *censure* yourself, and transgress the rules you set to others.” So that now it may be said there is a triumvirate of Cato’s in Great Britain.

I find you have all three made yourselves so far Privy Counsellors, as to advise her Majesty how she may best dispose of her Hereditary Right. I shall not concern myself with the other two Gentlemen; but your reasoning upon the point is easily answered: you say, that “a mighty zeal shewn for her Majesty’s  
“Hereditary Right casts a reflection on the act of Settlement,” Ded. p. 4. And is it not as true, that a mighty zeal for the act of Settlement casts a reflection on her Majesty’s Hereditary Right? Perhaps you, that are raw in politicks, may see this argument in a clearer light when it is applied to yourself: no doubt but you have a good right and title to your Canonry, by your learning, eloquence, and other merits; you have likewise what one may call a Parliamentary Right. Now, if you had heard this last right so much insisted upon as I have done lately, you would have been apt to think that people suspected your other titles.

In my last, I meddled with little more than your Dedication, and said a word or two to your Text, which was more than you did. Give me leave now to go a little further, and lay before you some odd points in your main Discourse.

I believe there is scarce any man of figure besides yourself, in Great Britain, that would have dared, in a public Discourse, to have used these words, “the sudden and lamentable Revolution.” Are *sudden* and *lamentable*, at this time of day, fit epithets for a

*Revolution?* I verily believe, in my conscience, that you meant them concerning Job: but, seeing there was no mention of a Revolution in *his* History, as you call it, what occasion was there for it in *your* Sermon? You meant it innocently, or may be meant nothing by it; but what then? If you were not under *such* protection and in *such* company as you are, this would have raised great suspicions against you, and might with good *management* have been improved into a high crime against the Government.

I mention this only as an indiscretion. Now let us see some of your strong reasoning against rebuking in publick. You lay it down, that "it has been seldom known that any good has been done upon a guilty person, by publishing his crimes, and proclaiming his infirmities. Sharp and severe methods will rather harden and confirm him in his wickedness, than reclaim him from it," p. 14.

I am afraid, dear Friend, that, by these general propositions of yours, you seem to encounter all laws, both divine and human, ecclesiastical and civil. I own that I am not very well versed in these Laws, nor yet in the Prophets; but I have heard that some of them, as Isaiah, Jeremiah, Hosea, and Jonah, in particular, were ordered to do something contrary to these propositions; and to *publish* and *proclaim*, both to Prince and People, those sins which were like to bring down God's judgements upon them: and, as I remember, the King of Nineveh and his Nobles (who might probably be as great as ours) proclaimed a Fast, and put on sackcloth, and by their repentance saved that great city, which otherwise in forty days time had been brought to destruction.

Perhaps you may say, these Ninevites were Heathens; but the Jews did not repent because the Prophet Jeremy *published* and *proclaimed* their iniquities; and were rather "hardened and confirmed in their wickedness." It may be so; but I do not remember that, for these reproofs and censures, any scandal or revilings were thrown upon the Prophet Jeremy by any of the other Prophets, except the false ones. Therefore, allowing that people will harden their hearts, yet I do not find that the necessity of leaving off preaching can be inferred from that argument, unless, because it is said we must not "do evil that good may come of it," you conclude from thence, that we must not do good lest evil come of it.

Well!

Well! if reproof must not be in publick, and "throwing general reflections will never do any particular man good," p. 15; how then must the proceeding be? Why we are told, that "a private admonition will be more instrumental to his recovery!"

But, if wickedness may appear barefaced, and truth must come in disguise, or under covert, I should be desirous to know how this may be done to the greatest edification; though at present I hardly believe it practicable.

As, suppose there is a careful and suspicious Usurer in your Parish, and you must not reprove him out of the pulpit for his covetousness; do you think he will let you into his Counting-house to do it?

If it be not so proper, notwithstanding the act of parliament, to preach against the murder of King Charles the First upon the Thirtieth of January, lest some tender-hearted people should take it amiss, and think you meant to scandalize them, or reflect upon their principles, their ancestors, or somebody else, and so you may give offence to weak brethren: do you think, if you went privately to the Calves-head Club, with a design to instruct them; that, upon the sight of your Scarf, Circingle, and Cassock, you would be able to gain admittance? May be *you* might, if you sent in your name.

But, as far as I can find by these new rules, a Minister, upon the Fifth of November, should let alone his Sermon, and at night take up his dark-lantern, go his rounds with the Watchmen, and appear more afraid of doing his duty than Guido Faux was of committing his treason.

After your general argument against "public censure," you come to your chief point, and shew of what ill consequence it is when applied to great men. "When great men are reflected on, what a discouragement is it to them to proceed in their labours for the public good! what a continual trouble and vexation it gives them!" p. 18. Yes, indeed! who knows but they may be so "discouraged in their great labours," that they will no longer be at the pains of receiving five, ten, or twenty thousand pounds a quarter! who knows but they may be so *vexed* at last, that they will resign their places! and "what shall we do then?" Woe be to that preacher that has so *vexed* them!

I was going on with my observations upon some other passages in your Discourse; viz. "How far we may or may not reprove

"by conjecture, and romantically encounter faults that are no  
 "where but in our own brains: how spiteful adversaries may  
 "remove persons from the degree of favour they are in, &c." p. 16. But I was interrupted by the Penny-post-man, who brought me the following verses under cover. I will not rob you of the satisfaction of seeing how much you are honoured by an Author of this character:

"To Windsor Canon, his well-chosen Friend,  
 "The just Review does kindest greeting send.  
 "I've found the man by-nature's gift design'd  
 "To please my ear and captivate my mind,  
 "By sympathy the eager passions move,  
 "And strike my soul with wonder and with love!  
 "Happy that place, where much less care is had  
 "To save the virtuous, than protect the bad;  
 "Where Pastors must their stubborn Flock obey,  
 "Or that be thought a scandal which they say:  
 "For, should a sin, by some grand soul belov'd,  
 "Chance with an awkward zeal to be reprov'd,  
 "And tender conscience meet the fatal curse,  
 "Of hardening<sup>w</sup> by reproof, and growing worse:  
 "When things to such extremities<sup>x</sup> are brought,  
 "'Tis not the Sinner's, but the Teacher's, fault.  
 "With Great Mens' wickedness<sup>y</sup>, then, rest content,  
 "And give them their own leisure to repent;  
 "Whilst their own head-strong will alone must curb them,  
 "And nothing vex<sup>z</sup>, or venture to disturb them,  
 "Lest they should lose their favour<sup>a</sup> in the court,  
 "And no one but themselves be sorry for't.  
 "Were I in panegyrick vers'd like you,  
 "I'd bring whole offerings to your merit due.  
 "You've gain'd the conquest; and I freely own,  
 "Dissenters may by Churchmen be out-done.  
 "Though once we seem'd to be at such a distance:  
 "Yet both concenter in Divine resistance:  
 "Both teach what Kings must do when Subjects fight,  
 "And both disclaim Hereditary Right.

<sup>w</sup> Goddard's Sermon, p. 14.

<sup>x</sup> P. 16.

<sup>y</sup> P. 12. 14.

<sup>z</sup> P. 18.

<sup>a</sup> P. 12.



" By Jove's command, two Eagles took their flight,  
 " One from the East, the source of infant light,  
 " The other from the West, that bed of night :  
 " The birds of thunder both at Delphi meet,  
 " The centre of the world, and Wisdom's feat.  
 " So, by a Power not decent here to name,  
 " To one fixt point our various notions came.  
 " Your thoughts from Oxford and from Windsor flew,  
 " Whilst Shop and Meeting-house brought forth Review.  
 " Your brains fierce Eloquence and Logick tried,  
 " My humbler strain choice Socks and Stockings cried ;  
 " Yet in our common principles we meet,  
 " You sinking from the Head, I rising from the Feet.  
 " Pardon a hasty Muse, ambitious grown,  
 " T' extol a merit far beyond his own.  
 " For, though a moderate Painter can't command  
 " The stroke of Titian's or of Raphael's hand :  
 " Yet their transcendent works his fancy raise,  
 " And there's some skill in knowing *what* to praise."

R. V. W.

July 14, 1710.

Unless I hear of you from the Review or Observer<sup>b</sup>, I shall trouble you no more till you are commanded to print again.

I am,

Yours entirely,

TOM BOGGY.

<sup>b</sup> At that time written entirely by Ridpath, a Scotchman; of whom, see above, p. 183. Tutchin, who was his predecessor, began that work, April 1, 1702; and continued it till his death, Sept. 23, 1707, in the 44th year of his age. In some verses on his death, he is called " Captain Tutchin."

R U F I N U S;  
O R,  
AN HISTORICAL ESSAY  
O N  
THE FAVOURITE MINISTRY;

**I**T is said of Henry IV, of France, great grandfather to her present Majesty of Great Britain, that he was *un grand Roi sans Favori*, a great King without a *Favourite*. And a more glorious character cannot be given of a prince: for it supposes him sufficient to act by his own *counsels*, and to controul his own *passions*; which Machiavel calls “the perfection of human wisdom;” and which only can answer that great end of government, “the impartial distribution of favour and justice.”

But those reigns have ever proved *unfortunate*, to say no worse, where princes have implicitly resigned themselves into the hands of Favourites and Minions, the corrupters of government, and the evil geni of crowns.

The Greek and Roman Historians every where inform us, that they have been found *grievances* in all ages; and that these false friends have sullied the glory of princes more than the rank-est and most inveterate enemies of Monarchy. Some, we read, after being raised from nothing to the greatest honours and riches, have had the brutality, in the midst of favours, to attempt the murder of princes with their own hands<sup>b</sup>. Others have banished them, from their glorious metropolis and the seat of universal empire, into little desert islands. Others have imprisoned them in their own palaces, and produced them only now and then, to serve a particular turn, or, like pageants, to grace a mimic triumph. Others, after deceiving wild emperors into acts of tyranny, have had the insolence to give them opprobrious language, for

<sup>b</sup> Written in 1711, and printed in 1712. It is evidently a severe satire on the Duke of Marlborough and his adherents.

<sup>b</sup> See “Original Papers, containing the Secret History of Great Britain, from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover, by James Macpherson, esq.” vol. I. p. 280.

offering to debate with them, or for shewing any reluctance when they were compelled to sign *sanguinary* and unnatural edicts against their subjects. But of all the *Favourite*s that are branded to posterity by the Ancients, for I meddle not with modern instances, there is none, whose story, some circumstances considered, is better worth our present recollection than that of Rufinus.

It were indeed to be wished that the Writers of his age had delivered down the transactions of it with more certainty: but the short Essay I have here drawn from the most authentic of them, imperfect as it is, will furnish more solid and useful reflections.

Rufinus then was a native of Gaul; but so mean and obscure, that none of the Historians have been able to deduce his pedigree; and we find little mention of him till he was made Captain of the Guards to Theodosius the Great. It is probable, his beginning in the *military service* was much lower, and more suitable to his extraction; but by what ways and means he was advanced from them into this post, we are not told. Perhaps they were too *flagrant* to be named: however that be, he at last became premier Minister and sole Favourite.

He had all the endowments and advantages Nature could give him, except that of birth. His person, according to Nicephorus, was tall and beautiful; his temper composed and sedate; his address smooth and affable; his conversation subtle and insinuating; which fitted him wonderfully for the intrigues of a Court: for his elevation quite turned his head, and, instead of making a right use of it, by behaving himself with gratitude and acknowledgement to his prince, with regard and decency to his superiors, he grew treacherous to the one, and insolent to the other. He began to forget his original; to neglect his old friends; to swell with an opinion of his own sufficiency; to talk loudly of his *services* and *deserts*; to flatter his ambition and avarice with unbounded prospects; and, in the end, to entertain thoughts even of the Sovereign Power: in order to accomplish which, he found it necessary to remove men of resolution, worth, and probity, from the court, and fill their places with such as were of more moderate, obsequious, and ductile principles.

The first attempt he made of this kind was upon Promotus, one of Theodosius's Generals, who, a little before, had defeated  
body

a body of Barbarians, and obtained a signal and wonderful victory, which greatly eclipsed the glory of Rufinus; which, had it been gained by him or any of his *creatures*, would have been distinguished with *grants* and *titles*. But Promotus found very different effects from it: he was not only denied favour at court, but envied and traduced there, for having received the thanks and congratulations of the people on his return to Constantinople. All this merit could not defend a brave and successful officer from the vile insinuations and calumnies of a *jealous* Favourite. He was a man of a fiery enterprising genius, forward in action, and fearless in danger; so far conscious of his own services, as to require justice, and to resent injuries. Zozimus calls him, "Ἀνδρα πλεῖστα μὲν κρείττονα, &c. a man above the temptation of money, who served his country and his prince without mean and fordid views.

Tatianus and Proclus, men in great posts and of a considerable family, were the next eye-sore to him; their just and impartial execution of their offices was a constant reflection on his evil administration. He therefore took care to misrepresent them too to the Emperor; and in a short time, by his false accusations and other perfidious artifices, accomplished their ruin, to the great detriment of the public, which lost a Patriot in the one, and a General in the other.

But his malice was not confined to *single persons*: he knew how to *depopulate* whole cities, and was the adviser of that inhuman and barbarous massacre of Thessalonica, wherein not less than seven thousand persons were sacrificed; for, to promote any design, mens lives were of little consideration with him. It was on this occasion St. Ambrose excommunicated Theodosius, and made him sensible of the enormous crime he had committed, in gratifying an unchristian revenge with the effusion of so much blood. But Rufinus, who had been the cause of all, was hardened in impenitence, and insulted the emperor's devout contrition; which provoked St. Ambrose to rebuke him with the indignation he deserved. This excellent and truly primitive Bishop was not afraid of exerting his authority against the enemies of Religion, though never so great and powerful. And it is much to be lamented, that his glorious example shines at so great a distance as to have lost all *influence* on many of his Successors, who have acted with a nearer view to their *temporal advantages* than



than to their *spiritual trusts*; and have not only given up the ceremonies and discipline of the Church, but, under a more extensive charity, have prostituted her *essential* and *fundamental* rights to *designing* Atheistical Statesmen; and that too, sometimes, in opposition to the pious intentions of Religious Princes. But, notwithstanding all their *pretended meekness* and low submissions to Laymen in authority, they have frequently betrayed their love of dominion over the Clergy, and, to gratify their revenge, have not scrupled to stretch their Visitatorial Power into a more than Papal Tyranny. But what is most wonderful, and worthy our observation, is, Theodosius all along retained a good opinion of Rufinus, and at his death appointed him Governor of his son Arcadius; which, as it is the greatest blemish on his character, so it is a clear demonstration, that no prince can be secure from the poison of such vipers, when once admitted into his bosom: for Theodosius, notwithstanding the *detraction* of the Pagan Historians, who every where traduce Christianity and the professors of it, is justly recommended as a pattern of kingly virtues, and in most things deserving the imitation of all Christian princes, especially in his great regard to the honour and discipline of the Church.

Rufinus, after the death of Theodosius, was in reality emperor of the East, and Arcadius only nominally so, though a prince adorned with every virtue, of a soul truly royal, of an heart entirely Roman. He acted without controul, disposed of all offices, put in and turned out, pardoned and punished, at pleasure. He was, in a word, possessed of unlimited power, and exercised it at large over the nobility and the populace, who were now both miserably degenerated from the virtue and glory of their ancestors. The dignity of the Patrician order was in a great measure extinguished; the Plebeians rights and privileges were grossly invaded; the laws of the Twelve Tables, the Magna Charta of the Romans, were no longer held sacred, but openly and scandalously violated; the constitution, and even the Roman name itself, was in danger of being totally abolished.

The *Senate*, that is, the majority of it, was become little better than a *collection*, or assembly, of Pensioners, Preferment-hunters, Boy-politicians, Sham-patriots, Petty-traitors, and Court-slaves, like the members of the present Parliament of France, being divested of their original Senatorian authority; had lost all sense  
of

of justice, all freedom of voting, all that force of eloquence, that spirit of liberty, which animated the old Romans, and made them the terror of arbitrary and tyrannical power. No proceedings were too violent, no decrees too unjust, no prosecutions too sanguinary, no resolutions too absurd, no actions, no managements, too profligate for them, when they were executing the commands of their great lord and master Rufinus. They were grown odious in the eyes of the people, and contemptible in the opinion of him they served; whose policy was, first, to make men prostitute their characters to his drudgery, that he might afterwards discard them at pleasure, without apprehensions of danger from their interests.

Tiberius had not more reason to laugh at the base compliances of the Senate in his time, when he cried out, *O homines ad servitutem paratos!* "O beasts of burthen!" than Rufinus had at the slavish condescensions of this. But it may be urged, in apology for the former, though Tacitus makes a very severe reflection upon them, *Scilicet etiam illum qui publicam libertatem nollat tam profecta servientium patientia tadebat*, "Such abject contented slaves were nauseous, even to a Tyrant:" and Suetonius gives them no better character; *Precantem senatum, et praeambentem sibi ad genus, ambiguis responsis et callida cunctatione suspendens*, "The Emperor vouchsafed not to answer the flattering addresses of the Senate, meanly begging and prostrate at his feet:" I say, it may be urged, in apology for the former, that what they did was in obedience to their sovereign; whereas the latter acted in vile submission to their fellow-subject.

Nor was the Ecclesiastical polity less corrupt than the Civil: for, though the Church had at this time a St. Ambrose, and some few more Fathers, both in the East and West, who were champions, and ready to be martyrs, for her; yet the greater number of her Pastors began to depart from the purity of her doctrines, to renounce her homilies, to relax her canons, to encourage all sorts of erroneous opinions, to preach up the fierce and unchristian principles of rebellion, instead of the meek and pacific precepts of the Gospel. It is easy to conceive what effect such indulgences had, in an age inclinable to Heresy and Schism. Men grew wanton in matters of faith; every one almost was for forming a *creed* of his own; which, however ridiculous and absurd, blasphemous and prophane, never wanted profelytes.

The

The Free-thinkers, as they styled themselves, treated the Priesthood with the utmost contempt, and denied the sanction and efficacy of their office. They ridiculed the *mysteries* of Christianity, as nothing but mere *conjurat[i]on* and *priestcraft*; and published, without the least censure, their *undigested irreligious* Libels, stolen from old heretical Authors, and penned with more assurance than argument. The inferior revolting Clergy, in defiance of their duty and canonical obedience, reviled and maligned the orthodox Bishops, and were openly rewarded and applauded for it; whilst the true sons of the Church were impeached and persecuted, for detecting *the perils of these false brethren*, and asserting the cause of her with a fearless and primitive zeal. The Arians, and some of the more considerable sects, as Socrates Scholasticus informs us, were become presumptuous enough to demand, not a *toleration* only, but a *public establishment* of their worship, and hoped to raise themselves on the ruins of the Church.

But Arcadius, lest they should have expectations of favour from the throne, took care to publish several edicts, still extant in the codes, against them; and to declare to the world, that as he had been educated in the *true faith*, so he would firmly adhere to it, and countenance only those of his own *persuasion*. However, Rufinus, knowing his wicked administration could not be supported without subverting the Church as well as the State, gave an insolent proof of his power, superseded these promises, and forced the young emperor for a time to retract his royal word. He pretended, that “the Herticks and Schismaticks were too numerous, and consequently too formidable, a body of men, to be disobliged in the present juncture of affairs; that a rigorous enforcement of the laws would be called a persecution; and that a reign of *moderation* was more glorious than a reign of justice.”

Thus Rufinus every where interposed, every where prevailed; and his *ambition* for the present seemed fully satisfied; but his *avarice* knew no bounds. This was his predominant passion, which had for some time lain concealed, and now at length broke out like a flame pent-in. He made his power entirely subservient to it: all preferments, *ecclesiastical, civil, and military,*

c Alluding to the title of Dr. Sacheverell's famous Sermon.

were publicly exposed to sale, and even the determinations of private property were bought and sold. He had informers and evidences in constant pay, who were instructed, on occasion, to *swear any thing, to accuse any body*; to prove this man a Lunatick, and that an Idiot: by which means he had the lives and fortunes of all the subjects of the empire at his command. In a word, his whole administration was one continued act of rapine and plunder; and though it lasted but a few years, he had, by his *grants* from Arcadius, *contributions* from the Provinces, and *extortions* from the People, heaped together so immeasurable a mass of wealth, that he grew too bulky for a subject, and became dangerous to the Crown.

But, notwithstanding his immoderate love of money, he had his extravagances, which appeared chiefly in the magnificence of his buildings: for he erected the most sumptuous and stately fabrick in the whole empire; and so vast was the expence of it, that the world, with some reason, suspected he had recourse to the imperial coffers, whilst works of greater importance stood still for want of money. Historians have left us no particular descriptions of this house; only Sozomen says in general, that it was an immense and costly fabrick, built to perpetuate his name and family. But it happened to him, as it has since done to Wolsey<sup>d</sup> and others in England, that what he designed the monument of his greatness and glory proved one occasion of his disgrace and ruin.

He affected nothing more than a perpetual smoothness and assability in his outward behaviour; but underneath there lurked a persecuting and revengeful soul: I may add also, the trial and impeachment of Lucianus, described by Zosimus and others,

<sup>d</sup> Cardinal Wolsey possessed, for some years, all that power and grandeur which could be enjoyed by the greatest favourite, and most absolute minister, under an arbitrary prince. After he was created cardinal and constituted legate (Sept. 7, 1515), he exercised as absolute a power in the church, as he did before in the state. His abilities were equal to his great offices; but these were by no means equal to his ambition. He was the only man that ever had the ascendant over Henry; but his friendship for him did not "exceed the love of women:" the violence of that passion was not only too strong for the ties of friendship, but of every law human and divine. Had the cardinal not opposed it, he had perhaps been safe. He fell into disgrace soon after the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn; and died, in his 60th year, Nov. 29, 1530.

black



black as any of his cruelties, though it proved fatal to himself; for it raised a general discontent and clamour throughout the empire, which was not, in all his subtlety, ever actually to be composed. The people of Antioch, where Lucianus resided, had him in great esteem and veneration; and when they found to what extremities Rufinus was proceeding, they committed several outrages, demanding justice, and threatening revenge. Rufinus was not a little surprized, to find his old friends the populace turned upon him; and, assuming a spirit of Patriotism, he endeavoured to appease their rage, by pretending that Lucianus should be used with tenderness and humanity, when at the same time he was actually designing his life. Such is the moderation, such the mercy, of Politicians and Statesmen! But Lucianus wanted not an advocate in the midst of his sufferings, which, to his immortal honour, when others meanly *shrunk*, dared undertake the cause of persecuted innocence.

The riot on one hand was condemned, as no less a crime than *treason*; on the other, it was excused, as a just *remonstrance* and a case of *necessity*: however, to pass it over, he had now formed a design to marry his daughter to Arcadius. But Fortune, that had hitherto denied him nothing, forsook him here; and Stilico, by his agents at Constantinople, found means of recommending another lady, and engaged the emperor's affections before Rufinus had the least suspicion of it.

After this, his power began visibly to decline: the people freely arraigned his *mismanagements*, exposed his *corruptions*, and called aloud for *restitution* and *justice*. Some uttered bold speeches in public assemblies; others wrote invectives against him; and even his own slaves defended him with less zeal and vigour than usual.

Stilico was too wise and vigilant a Statesman, not to improve this opportunity to the best advantage. He was of a more extended genius, and better skilled in finesses, the stratagems and mysteries of a deep and intricate policy, than Rufinus himself: he was the man in the world most capable of turning his own weapons upon him, and making the means of his advancement the instrument of his ruin; which he the more easily effected by the assistance of the Lady who by his interest had been so highly preferred, and who now reigned absolute in the heart of Arcadius. She employed her whole influence in favour of him; and

and was abundantly convinced, that her own happiness, as well as his, depended entirely on the suppression of Rufinus and his family: he could expect nothing but revenge and blood from a disgraced and *supplanted* Statesman; nor she any thing less from a female *disappointed* Rival. Such enemies were not to be appeased, but destroyed.

All this while Rufinus observed their motions with a strict and watchful eye: he was so conscious of his own guilt, so jealous in his nature, that he apprehended every thing from a *Party* which was now coming into full power and authority: a *Party*, though hitherto smaller in number than his own, yet always more considerable in esteem, being composed of men of the first rank, the largest properties, and the greatest abilities; whom no motives could induce to acquiesce tamely under the grievances and calamities of their country, who could not without horror reflect on the consequences of an endangered Church, a subverted constitution, an exhausted treasury, and a *perpetual* war; who preserved the principles of religion, honour, and loyalty, in the worst of times, even under his most *detestable* Ministry.

But he was not more mortified with the apprehensions of his own ruin, than with the thoughts of Stilico's grandeur and reputation; and resolved, if possible, not to part from his power, without giving some concussion to the state, which he conceived would most naturally be effected by calling in Foreign Powers; and therefore made a secret league and strict alliance with the Goths, Huns, and Alans. But his chief dependance was on Alaric the Goth, a prince and hero of great renown, who had commanded the Confederate Barbarians inhabiting the Banks of the Danube, in that memorable victory obtained near the Julian Alps over the usurpers of the Western Empire on the death of Valentinian. It was this Alaric who afterwards distinguished his military virtues by many successful triumphs in Italy, and whom the Historians have transmitted down to posterity as a more than second Hannibal, in conquering and demolishing Rome itself.

Matters thus settled abroad, he wanted not instruments enough at home, ready to do their part in any hardy and desperate enterprize. Of these Antiochus was the chief; one more able to disturb and annoy, than to direct and govern; and so naturally bent

bent on sedition and mischief, that he is called Πονηρία βεγαρον, "the engine of iniquity." Rufinus had for ever engaged him to his interest, by making him Proconsul, or what we now call Lord Lieutenant, of Greece; where he ravaged and plundered all before him. There were many, particularly Gerontius, whom he had also obliged, by putting under his care the Streights of Thermopylæ, which, lying on the Gulph of Ziton, gave him the command of the sea. Gerontius was a man of less abilities than Antiochus, but equally zealous to promote all pernicious and treasonable practices.

This attempt not only roused Stilico's indignation, who had constant intelligence of the most minute springs and progresses of it; but, with good reason, gave great offence to those who had any regards to the *common safety*. And what a deplorable circumstance is a nation in, when its chief Ministers fly to Foreigners on every approach of danger; betray their trusts, barter away the constitution of their country, and, in defiance of their natural prince, enter into rash and rebellious treaties!

Here I may, without much digression, observe, that, where Foreigners have been too freely admitted into any settled government, they have seldom failed to alter the manners and religion of the people, and the nature and frame of the constitution; which is the greater argument against *general* naturalizations, when we consider that the scum and dregs, the vagabonds and beggars of other countries generally take the benefit of such laws. Methods that are proper to advance a state in its beginning and infancy are often pernicious to it in its full growth and perfection. Rome owed its rise to the admission of the Sabines, and its ruin to the admission of the Goths.

But Rufinus was now transported with the hopes he entertained of supplanting Stilico, and dreamed of nothing less than a crown: for he was not content to oppose him only, but, according to the usual *gratitude* of Favourites, he had of late endeavoured to lessen Arcadius in the opinion of his people; to represent him as a poor weak prince, unqualified for the business of empire; and, by scattering vast sums of money, had drawn some brave troops and persons of distinction into his Faction, who were to join Alaric, depose Arcadius, and proclaim him emperor: the consequence of which was to be, a military go-

vernment, the constant support of usurpation, and one of the greatest calamities a kingdom can labour under.

Thus the condition of princes is more unhappy than that of private men. Their high station renders them incapable of receiving the returns of friendship, or of knowing the hearts of those that profess it to them. Their power of doing good and conferring benefits excites *ambition* and *envy*, where it should produce *duty* and *gratitude*. Nor are we to account for this, upon the vile notions Hobbes and his admirers have of human nature in general; but rather to impute it to the particular misfortune of kings in the choice of their Favourites, or to the corruptions that are too often contracted in Court-education.

But to return to Rufinus. After he had projected this black treason against the best of masters and most indulgent of princes, he was infatuated into a security of success; insomuch, that he had actually prepared the donative, the purple, and all the ensigns of majesty, for his investiture.

But Gaines, a celebrated general, and a friend to Stilico, resolved to prevent the ruin of his country, by the destruction of Rufinus; and he accordingly accomplished it, on the very day that he had intended to dethrone and murder Arcadius.

After the soldiers, who were his willing executioners, had killed him, there was no vile or contemptuous treatment wanting, to insult his dead body. His head was fixed on the point of a lance, and his mangled carcase lay exposed in the streets to the fury of the multitude. A common foldier cut off his right-hand; and had so contrived it, that, by drawing the sinews which moved the fingers, he could make it grasp any thing at pleasure. With this hand he used to receive bribes; he went about begging alms, and crying at every door, *Δέσπε τοῦ ἀπλήρω*, "Remember a poor insatiable wretch." The people, pleased with any thing that ridiculed and exposed the memory of Rufinus, applauded the fellow for his ingenuity, and bestowed their mock-charity upon him.

Such was the end of this *mighty* Favourite: and it may be of instruction to others, that covetousness can never amass riches sufficient, nor policy form alliances strong enough, to secure them at last from the resentments of an injured and oppressed nation: they may see the fatal effects of ambition and avarice, and the natural instability of *new* and *sudden* greatness: they may



may learn, that the favours of good princes are not longer to be relied on by their ministers, than they give satisfaction and do justice to their subjects.

Arcadius, after he came to reflect fully on the iniquity of Rufinus's actions, expressed an utter detestation of his memory, attainted his blood, seized his house, and confiscated his estate : but he permitted his Wife and Daughter, objects below his royal vengeance, to steal into sanctuary ; where with difficulty they were preserved from the rage of the people, to whom they had made themselves obnoxious and hateful, by their excessive covetousness, pride, and insolence.

Now Stilico directed the councils of the Eastern and Western empire without a rival ; and shewed the good disposition of his Ministry, by endeavouring to compose wars and tumults, and to restore peace and happiness to the Romans.

From this single instance, it would be easy to demonstrate, that a Favourite Ministry is fundamentally destructive of good government, and equally pernicious to the Prince and to the People : to the Prince, in that it endangers his crown, divests him of his sovereignty, betrays him into a neglect of his best friends, 'gives a low idea of his abilities, begets a contempt of his person ; and, in a word, makes him the tool Tacitus describes Claudius Cæsar, *Princeps cui non judicium non odium est, nisi inditum ac jussum*, " a prince that is neither allowed the use of his " reason nor the freedom of his passions, but is taught even to " *love and hate :*" to the People, in that it shuts up all access to the throne, destroys their fundamental rights, delivers them over to the tyranny of their fellow-subjects, renders the whole administration partial, and consequently unjust and oppressive.

Constantine the Great was so convinced of these truths, and so skilled in the policies of government, that, upon the first murmurs and remonstrances of the people against his Ministers and Favourites, for their insatiable avarice and misapplication of the public money, he issued out the following *edict*, which Baronius calls *Sanctio sanctissima, digna sane quæ ad velum cujusque principis præ foribus affigatur, cum sæpe contingat bonos principes aulicorum, ministrorum, et magistratum perperam gestis rebus enormiter infamaria* ; " a most righteous law, and worthy to be " engraven on the gates of all royal palaces ; for it too often " happens, that the best princes suffer grievously in their cha-

“raçters by the mal-administration of their courtiers, ministers,  
“and magistrates.”

“To all our Subjects throughout the Provinces.

“If there be any person, of what place, condition, or quality  
“soever, that can truly and fully prove any of our Judges,  
“Generals, Favourites, or Courtiers, guilty of undue and cor-  
“rupt practices in the execution of their respective trusts; let  
“him with all freedom and security approach the throne, and  
“appeal to us. We ourselves will hear and take care of all;  
“and, if the facts be proved, will do ourselves justice. Let him  
“accuse them with all freedom and security; for, as we said, if  
“he make good his allegations, we will not fail to do ourselves  
“justice on the man that shall be found to have imposed on us  
“with specious but deceitful counsels. And, for his encourage-  
“ment that shall make such discovery, we will amply reward  
“him with honours and riches. So may the divine Providence  
“ever protect our royal person, and make us happy in the  
“flourishing condition of the empire!”

Here, the prerogative of the Prince, and the liberty of the Subject, which some Republican schemes make incompatible, are vindicated in the same breath; and, no doubt, when rightly understood, they will be owned to be the best guardian of each other. Prerogative, if it were not bounded by Liberty, would be apt to grow into Tyranny; and Liberty, if it were not restrained by Prerogative, would as naturally run into Anarchy. *Intrepidus et securus accedat, interpellat me, ipse audiam omnia*, expresses a very tender sense of the *salus populi*, and is what a subject will only ask of his prince. *Ipse me vindicabo de eo, qui me usque ad hoc tempus simulatâ integritate deceperit*, is the voice of majesty, and what a prince ought to say and do, in assertion of himself and his sacred authority.

When this edict was published, the Romans were in no very free state; and yet we see what ample satisfaction they received from an absolute and unlimited prince. Nor did he think it any diminution of his sovereignty, to deliver up his chief Favourites to the just complaints of his people: for they could not, with all their subtlety and influence, impose upon him, “that  
“an inquiry into public mismanagements was affrontive to  
“Majesty.”

"Majesty." On the contrary, he knew such doctrines were advanced by those only who meant their own security more than his service, and who would make princes accountable for the actions of their ministers; which is a state of bondage inconsistent with the principles and nature of Monarchy.

Now, whether this law is a pattern for succeeding ages, less absolute than Constantine; whether, when their Favourites become perfidious and insolent, when their Judges give false and illegal judgements, when their Treasurers squander and misapply the public money, when their Viceroy's plunder the Provinces they should protect, when their Generals for mean and sordid ends protract bloody and expensive wars; whether, in such circumstances, Mercy should not prevail over Justice, is, with deference, submitted to those whose duty and business it is to assist Princes with their counsels, and to redress National grievances.

But to discuss the topics above named at large would require a volume; and that is not intended here. Besides, they might be illustrated with *examples* more modern than this of Rufinus; which, as they are of nearer concernment to us, may hereafter deserve our inquiry and examination<sup>e</sup>.

<sup>e</sup> A Poem, originally annexed to this Treatise, under the title of "Rufinus, or the Favourite," is printed in vol. III. p. 218. In both, the Author professed to render the meaning of his Original with as little variation as possible; and consequently thought himself "not obliged to account for any *applications*, or *parallels*, his Readers might please to make;" which were however too glaringly pointed to be overlooked.

## AN ESSAY ON CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

Inscribed to Sir WILLIAM WITHERS<sup>f</sup>.

**A**S to a Body Politic, it ought to be governed by its charter, whether it be a city or otherwise. Now, if it be a city, wherein there is a mayor and aldermen, a common-council and freemen, there, I say again, every one of them, in their respective capacities, have the right of electing of officers in that city; and though I know the superior governors do usurp a tyrannical power over the poor freemen, as we do in our inferior administrations, where the inhabitants of every little village are forced to submit to the absolute government of the headborough, churchwardens, constables, or tithing-men, of the said villages; I speak of my own knowledge, having had long experience of rule and dominion, as I may so call it, without controul: yet, notwithstanding all this, I must beg leave to say, it is a false step we magistrates make, when we thus endeavour to enslave the liberties of the people committed to our care.

In ancient times, the mayor, aldermen, and community, were all summoned to the electing of such officers as were to govern their respective cities; and the community was then not supposed to be represented by the common-council, but by some select, honest, discreet, and wise men, chosen by the citizens as their representatives, or the whole body of the commons, for these following reasons, which I shall humbly offer to your consideration.

1. That the jurisdiction of a mayor, or aldermen, sheriffs, &c. extends to a local jurisdiction; and therefore ought to be chosen by those who live under their power, free of their city, and none else.

2. Because freemen of the city pay scot and lot, and are bound to assist the chief officers of the city.

3. Because quest-men, jury-men, constables, and scavengers, are all chosen by the community of every ward; and it is as equally necessary and just for the well-government of the city, that the sheriff's officers should be chosen by the same.

<sup>f</sup> Lord Mayor of London in 1703.



4. If there be any mismanagement in government, the citizens living in the city must be taxed, and pay fines for misgovernment; and therefore it is most fit they should have their vote in election. And farther, if any accident happen by fire, or the miscarriage of one or more of the chief officers, if it so fall out that the treasure should be exhausted and misapplied, I would fain know who must be responsible for it; the several societies of the whole city, or the community, and every particular member thereof?

And here give me leave to express with sorrow, what I am sure is the whispering, nay the report of many, and, I fear, too true, that the cry of the widow and the orphans doth solicit for vengeance against some magistrates; but I hope your Worship and I may with safe consciences wash our hands from such guilt and oppression: it is true, they wear *chains of gold*, but they are *chains* as well as *gold*; and though their *gowns* are *honourable*, they are very *burthensome*.

I shall proceed to enforce the argument for the freemen of cities and corporations; and shall consider, once for all, whether the companies of the several misteries, or the freemen of London, for example, have a right to chuse mayors, aldermen, and sheriffs: and I do assert this for a truth, that the freemen only, or their representatives who shall be actually chosen to represent the freemen (excepting the lord-mayor, aldermen, and common-council), have a right to this election. It is plain that the very city and common-council in all things do acknowledge this to be the people's right; for, upon their election of representatives in parliament, the commissions they give them run in the name of the whole commonalty of the city: and it is generally admitted to be the people's right, in all acts of common-council, and other public acts, which run in the name of the commonalty of the city. They are therefore supposed to do those acts themselves, or by their deputies.

But I will waive this, lest your Worship should think I would reduce all government to an uncertainty, by dissolving it into the first principles, and so seem, at last, to run upon that rock of confusion, which some people would have us split ourselves upon. Now I crave leave to inform you, that the first records that should make out the people's right, in most corporations of England, are either embezzled, burnt, or lost: but, the liberties

of London being confirmed by Magna Charta, it is plain that they not only existed before that time, but that those common liberties were grounded upon right reason, so are confirmed by common law, and by consequence are unalterable; and any law made against those liberties of London, either by a power within the city or without the city, is *null* of itself. Now to make it appear, that it was one of the city liberties, before the Great Charter, that the freemen should chuse their chief officers, we can go no farther than their charter granted by king John, which is the first charter the city of London hath extant: and by that charter it is said to be granted to the barons of London, yearly to elect a mayor and sheriffs. The word *barons* doth import no more than the *freemen* of London; for then the *freemen* of every *port* were called *barons*, though at this time it is a title of nobility.

Now every body must allow, that this very charter was not the original of those liberties of London, which are mentioned to be granted; but that it was only declarative, shewing what the liberties of the city were. And here I must infer, that this charter, declaring that the barons of the city, wherein every particular citizen is included, should chuse the mayor, sheriffs, &c.; this, I say, doth but declare what was the common right of all the citizens of London before this charter. Whence we may conclude, that, before the Great Charter, it was the right of the citizens of London, none excluded, that they should chuse the mayor, &c. and such a right as I ask leave to affirm to be unalterable; that is, justly so: for, being a right by the law of Nature, it is superior to all other laws; and other laws are only so far right as they agree with *this*. However, I may more boldly say, that this liberty of the citizens of London, being confirmed by the Great Charter, cannot be *null* by any act of common-council; and, in my poor country opinion; I think it was not in the common-council's power to make an act that might debar all but the liverymen of the several companies to come to the election of mayor and sheriffs; for they could not take away the right of the citizens declared by their charter. And in the first charter, and all others, it is said to be granted to the citizens indefinitely to chuse of themselves a mayor; and the charter ought to be construed in favour of right; and so it is to be taken, that it is granted to *all* the citizens; and this their right is apparently

parently the use of it here mentioned. And in the 20th year of Edward the Third, 1347, there is an act of a common hall recorded, wherein it is said, "That there gathered together, on "Simon and Jude's day, the whole commonalty into Guildhall, "London; so that the whole hall was full with the commonalty."

The words of the act were these: "And it is agreed, that "from henceforth there shall come the mayor, the aldermen, and "also out of every ward of the city of London twelve, eight, or "six, according as the ward shall be great or small, of the richest "and wisest of every ward; and such numbers, with the mayor "and aldermen, shall intermeddle and chuse a mayor and sheriffs "for the year following." This is a sufficient proof, I think, that it is the right of the citizens to elect; for accordingly they did meet together, the whole body of the freemen; and, finding it inconvenient, the commonalty did agree, at a full hall, that such a select number should be chosen by every ward, and sent to the election of a mayor and sheriffs. And it is probable this was not the first time that such an agreement was made; but that this was made after the commonalty had, upon some occasion, re-assumed the power of electing to themselves: for, according to this agreement, it was the practice of the city for some ages before it was put into the hands of the liverymen of each company.

It is apparent, that it was the constant practice for the lord mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, and the whole commonalty, to elect every year: so that the Records make it plainly appear, that the whole commonalty was either by themselves or their deputies, which were selected men of their several wards, wherein is understood the same thing as the commonalty. And, if it were needful to strengthen this, I could prove that parliament-men were chosen by the lord mayor, aldermen, and the representative of the whole commonalty of the city; which admits that they were all there in their persons, or in their deputies, to chuse them, and give them their commissions; else the commonalty is abused, in having their names used in the commissions.

Now I shall conclude from all this evidence, that, it being the liberty of all the freemen of London, by themselves or deputies, to chuse the lord mayor and sheriffs; and this being confirmed to them by Magna Charta, as unalterable; I assert, it was

not

not in the power of the common-council to take away the freemens right; nor to say who should be the peoples deputies, themselves being deputed to another power. So that I conclude it was the ancient undoubted right of the citizens of London, by themselves or their deputies, to make their election of their mayor and sheriffs, and other chief officers of the city; and I conceive the right of the freemen of the city of London, to be the common right of most corporations and freemen of the kingdom of England.

But, from these particular points, relating to ourselves and several corporations, let me pass to the communication of my thoughts concerning the state of the nation, and the present posture of affairs in Europe.

I cannot but tell you, Worshipful Sir, that *some people* are wiser than *some*, though I do not boast of my own wisdom. There is a great deal of discretion in the choice of *men, time, and place*: so that "one man's meat may become another's poison." Some ages ago, our ancestors of Gotham endeavoured "to hedge in the Cuckow," with some effect: about two years ago we made the like attempt to "hedge in a High-flyer;" but our *Managers* were Owls, and he got the better of us. So, about sixty or seventy years since, an honest lad sang a song of "The King shall have his own again;" and every body liked it; but a certain fellow sang the same words the other day, and was carried before the justice for it. This puts me in mind of a \* \* \*

*Cetera desunt.*



The LIFE of WILLIAM Earl of FLANDERS,  
Son to ROBERT <sup>h</sup> Duke of NORMANDY.

ROBERT duke of Normandy, in his return from the Holy Land, in the year eleven hundred, took to wife the lady Sibilla, sister to William earl of Flanders <sup>i</sup>. She was a woman of great virtue and wisdom, as well as beauty; and managed affairs, both public and private, in the absence of her husband, with as much conduct as he could have done if present; and some persons went so far as to give her the preference. But she lived not long in Normandy, being deceived by the envy and faction of some noblemens ladies <sup>k</sup>: however, she had one son there, who was named William.

Duke Robert being defeated in the fight at Tenechebray <sup>l</sup>, 1106, and taken prisoner, and afterwards, upon his endeavouring to escape, having his eyes put out, 1107, and being more closely confined, could not but leave his infant son in a desolate and miserable condition. However, the young prince found safety and protection in the court of France; where, by good education, added to an ingenuous and tractable disposition, he gave extraordinary hopes of his future virtues. It was not only an act of charity and friendship in the French king to breed up this prince; but he had his title to the dukedom of Normandy at least, if not to the crown of England, as a perpetual curb to king Henry, whose power, wisdom, and riches, began to grow formidable to his neighbours.

It was not many years before there was an occasion to make use of it <sup>m</sup>; for, in the year 1116, some discords arising between

<sup>h</sup> Eldest son of William the Conqueror.

<sup>i</sup> Gemiticensis, lib. vii. c. 14. Matthew Paris, p. 56.

<sup>k</sup> Gemit. ibid. "Vixit autem in Normannia parvo tempore, invidia et factione quorundam nobilium fœminarum decepta."

<sup>l</sup> Gemit. lib. vii. c. 13. Matt. Paris, p. 62, calls it *Herchebray*; p. 79, *Tenechebray*. Walsingham, Hist. Neustr. p. 44, *Tenerchebray*. Gemiticensis says, the fight was 20 cal. Oct. Matt. Paris, 8 cal. Maii.

<sup>m</sup> Matt. Paris, p. 66.

the two kings; and Lewis of France, receiving many damages from the subjects of king Henry, called to his assistance the earls of Anjou and Flanders, who both swore that they would take Normandy from king Henry, and give it to William, the son of duke Robert, to whom of right it more justly belonged. But the king of England, being a wise and fore-seeing man, had gathered a great force, and made strong confederacies, and, being thus prepared, waited for his coming. King Lewis, with a numerous army, accompanied with those earls who had threatened such mighty things, came into Normandy, where he scarce staid above a night, before, upon better consideration, fearing the coming of the king of England, he retired into his own territories <sup>a</sup>.

But by this means the battle between these two powerful kings was only delayed for some time; and it seemed to have happened on purpose that prince William might arrive to such an age as he might be able to vindicate his own right, and to such a degree of valour and conduct, that he might be fit to appear at the head of an army <sup>b</sup>: for, in the year 1119, the two kings came to a pitched battle, after this manner: The king of France disposed his men into two armies; the command of the first he gave to prince William; and the second, in which his greatest strength consisted, was led by himself in person. On the other side, king Henry made three divisions; in the first, he placed the nobility of Normandy; in the second, he was himself with the troops of England; in the third were his sons, with the main strength of the infantry. The fight being begun, prince William charged bravely thorough the Norman nobility, and soon dismounted and dispersed them. Then, breaking into the army commanded by king Henry, he with a mighty force disordered them; but the king rallying his troops, and getting time to breathe, there began a most bloody battle; and their spears being broken, they fought hand to hand with their cutlasses. William Crispin earl of Ebroicensis (Evreux), having been some small time before proscribed by king Henry, made up furiously to him, and struck him twice upon the head; but his

<sup>a</sup> Matt. Paris, p. 67. "Cum, in ea vix pernoctasset, Regis Anglorum formidans adventum, imbellis ad propria remeavit."

<sup>b</sup> Matt. Paris, p. 68.

helmet was impenetrable: yet by the force of the blows, it was so bruised and dented, that the blood issued from him in great quantity. This so enraged the king, that, with one blow, he brought both his enemy and his horse to the ground; and the earl was immediately taken from before the king's feet, and made prisoner. Then the foot, with the king's sons, coming up, and being fresh, as not having yet engaged, bore in upon the enemy with their lances, and made so heavy an impression on them, that they forced the French to give back, and afterward to fly with all the speed they could possibly. So the entire victory remained to king Henry, who staid in the field till the chief commanders and nobility (for king Lewis himself had escaped by flight) were taken and presented to the conqueror. Baldwin earl of Flanders was carried off mortally wounded. King Henry returned to Rouen, where he was received with much devotion by the clergy, and great triumph by all his other subjects.

The behaviour of prince William in this battle could not but make his merits valuable in the court of France; and many years did not pass before there was an opportunity given of shewing what esteem they had for him. Charles earl of Flanders, who had succeeded Baldwin his kinsman, was treacherously murdered, in 1126, by some of his nobles, as he was at his devotion in a church at Bruges, and died without leaving any issue. Nothing could seem more proper, than that prince William, who had desert without any honour, and a soul fit for government though without a territory, should succeed in this vacancy. He had not only received much favour, and assistance, and friendship, from the several preceding earls of Flanders; but they had a nearer tie of blood, they being both descended from one stock; that is to say, they sprang from Baldwin with

<sup>p</sup> Gemit. c. 6. Walsingham, Hyp. Neutr. p. 443 —It may not be improper for the curious in history to remark two very gross errors in Walsingham. He seems to divide the battle between king Henry and king Lewis, and to make two of it. He places the death of Baldwin earl of Flanders under the year 1118, and the combat between king Henry and Crispin in the year 1119; and, then, 1129, some years after the death of Charles earl of Flanders, he makes king Henry succeed him. "Anno 1129, Mortuo Flandrensi Comite Carolo, Henricus Rex Angliæ de beneplacito Regis Franciæ successit jure consanguinitatis." KING.

<sup>q</sup> Matt. Paris, p. 70.

the

the Beard, earl of Flanders; and prince William came from his sister queen Maud, who was his grandmother, and wife to William the Conqueror<sup>r</sup>. For this reason, the queen of France thought he might not be unacceptable to the people of Flanders; and, as a more particular favour to him, married him to her sister, by which she might the more earnestly engage her husband king Lewis, not only in his present promotion, but likewise in his future assistance. Lewis soon complied with the request of his queen, and put him in possession of Flanders; where the first act of his justice was, to inflict severe punishments upon the murderers of his predecessor<sup>r</sup>. King Henry was keeping his Christmas at Windsor (Windlesham), 1127, when the news was brought him, that his most beloved friend Charles was murdered, and that he was succeeded by William, who, having received such an increase of strength, threatened not only the recovery of Normandy, but likewise of the crown of England.

The kindness which king Lewis shewed, and the assistance which he gave to the earl of Flanders, became not only very much suspected by king Henry, but made him gather a great force together, and the next year, 1128, invade the kingdom of France, upon pretence that he protected his enemies. He continued eight days at Hespar (Hesparum), with as much security as he might have done in his own country; and till such time as he made king Lewis promise that he would give no succours to the earl of Flanders. King Henry, not content to deprive the earl of a friend, raised him likewise up an enemy of Germany, a certain duke called Theodorick; who entered Flanders in a hostile manner, and joined several of the nobility, who were prepared for a revolt. But earl William came to meet them with a few troops, but well-disciplined. They fought gallantly on both sides; and particularly the earl's soldiers supplied their want of number by their invincible valour; whilst he himself appeared in the most bloody part of the battle, cutting through the thickest ranks of his enemies, and striking such terror into them with his sword and the fierceness of youth and vigour, that they were forced to betake themselves to flight in a most horrid distraction.

<sup>r</sup> Gemit. c. 14, 15, 16.

<sup>s</sup> Matt, Paris, p. 70.



Great part of this victory was owing to the bravery of the commander; but he did not long enjoy the fruits of his conquest, or his dukedom; for, shortly after, as he was besieging the castle of Angi, which belonged to king Henry, and had reduced it to such extremity that it was to be surrendered the day following, he received a small wound with a lance upon his hand, which however proved mortal to him<sup>t</sup>. He was buried in the church of St. Bertin the Confessor, and was succeeded by Terricus de Aufeis, who was a relation to the former earls of Flanders.

Thus died this unfortunate prince, leaving his father blind and in prison, to prolong a miserable life for about six years afterwards. He was certainly worthy of a better fate, according to the character which our Historians give of him: that he was a man of great probity, stoutness, and bravery; and a person whose memory ought to be continued down to all future ages<sup>u</sup>.

<sup>t</sup> 6 cal. Aug. 1128. Matt. Paris, p. 71. Gemit. l. vii. c. 16.—He received a wound in his wrist, which, by the unskilfulness of a surgeon, cost him his life. This one slight inconsiderable accident did, in all probability, put a stop to very great events: for, if that young prince had survived his victory, it is hardly to be doubted but, through the justness of his cause, the reputation of his valour, and the assistance of the king of France, he would in a little time have recovered Normandy, and perhaps his father's liberty, which were the two designs he had in agitation; nor could he well have missed the crown of England after the king's death, who was now in his decline, when he had so fair a title, and no competitors in view but a woman and an infant. SWIFT.

<sup>u</sup> Matt. Paris, Gemiticensis, ubi supra.

## The ANALOGY between PHYSICIANS, COOKS, and PLAYWRIGHTS<sup>a</sup>.

“ When shall we Three meet again ? ”

SHAKESPEARE.

**T**HOUGH I seldom eat out of my own lodgings, I was prevailed on the other day to dine with some friends at the Rummer in Queen-street. A Physician, who was engaged to be of the party, staying somewhat beyond the time, Sam Trusty would needs have me go with him into the kitchen, and see how matters went there. I would have excused myself, fearing lest the heat of the place, and the steam of the several dishes, should have taken away my stomach; but he assured me, that Mr. Brawn<sup>b</sup> had an art (beyond other Cooks) of making his customers more hungry by the sight of his kitchen. I was indeed very much pleased and surprized with the extraordinary splendor and oeconomy I observed there; but, above all, with the great readiness and dexterity of the man himself. His motions were quick, but not precipitate: he in an instant applied himself from one stove to another without the least appearance of a hurry, and in the midst of smoak and fire preserved an incredible serenity of countenance. By this time the Doctor was come, and made a thousand apologies for being so late. He assured us, by the great powers above, that nothing should have kept him but the

<sup>a</sup> First printed in *The Tatler*, vol. V. No 22.—Dr. King's natural fund of humour and ready flow of wit were perpetually exerted to the entertainment of his friends, either in person or by his pen. From modest diffidence, the inseparable companion of real merit, his lucubrations in general appeared without a name; many of them in detached essays were hastened to the press the moment they were written; others were conveyed to the public in various periodical publications. Conjecture might lead us to a few of the latter sort in *The Examiner*; and to many in *The Tatler*. Though no friend to the political character of Mr. Steele, he readily assisted him on occasion as an Essayist; and, when the *fifth* volume of *Tatlers* was begun by Mr. Harrison, Dr. King was a regular associate in that work. The essay we have selected will be a sufficient clue to the Reader who has curiosity to search for more.

<sup>b</sup> Celebrated in “*The Art of Cookery*,” ver. 684.

extrem;

extreme danger of two or three of his patients. We easily believed him, knowing his uncommon tenderness for those under his care, and at the same time the multiplicity of his practice, without the least affectation to make a shew of it<sup>c</sup>. This gentleman, after we had dined, was obliged to give audience to several Apothecaries that came to him, with different cases, from all parts of the town. Having some knowledge of Physick, I took the liberty of looking over his bills as he wrote them, which he did with wonderful quickness and seeming inadvertency, entertaining us all the while with an incoherent but agreeable conversation. Notwithstanding the great number of distempers, the infinite variety of their symptoms, and the ignorance of those who represented them, he entered into them all with an incredible penetration, and, without omitting one drug that was proper, or inserting one that was otherwise, dispatched more prescriptions to the purpose in three quarters of an hour, than Dr. Ebony has done in twenty years of his life.

It being now towards six of the clock, it was proposed that we should go and see "Love for Love," which was to be played that night in Drury Lane. I cannot say but this excellent Comedy was tolerably well performed; but I shall be very cautious for the future how I bestow any commendations on this or that particular Player, since I find by experience they have not judgement enough to support the weight of them: one, whom I allowed to be an admirable Buffoon, having upon that foot set up for a Critick; and another, from being encouraged by me to attempt the part of Othello, having ever since considered himself, and very lately acted, in the capacity of a Hero. I sat with great attention during the whole entertainment; and could not but observe, notwithstanding the great diversity of characters that are blended in it, how exactly the distinctions of each were preserved through the whole; and that no one person, from the beginning to the end, spoke a sentence that could properly have been put into the mouth of any other.

As soon as the Play was over, I wrapped myself warm in my cloak, and walked directly to my lodgings. As I was recollecting how I had spent the day, it came into my head that there was a very great analogy or resemblance between the necessary qualifications of a Physician, a Cook, and those of a Dramatic Writer,

<sup>c</sup> Dr. John Freind. See the observations at the end of vol. III.

For the first of these, if we consider him in the hurry of his business, with his head full of *materia medica*, hard names of distempers, and unspeakable terms of anatomy—in these whimsical circumstances, I say, of what fatal consequence might the least oversight prove ! For instance, should he chance to prescribe *catechu*, *calaminaris*, and *ostiocolla*, instead of *senugreek seed* and *treacle of andromachus*, to one in an *erisipetulous fever* ; instead of *compound bryony water* and *Langius's anti-epileptick*, a *decoction of bistort* or an *eruthropapaverous cataplasm*, in the *paroxysm* of an *apoplexy* ; the patient is lost, and, what is much worse, his reputation ruined for ever.—The province of a Cook is no less difficult and perplexing ; heated as he is, and confounded with the manifold demands of those about him, he must be sure not to mistake his ingredients, or the exact proportion of them. Now he must dip in *pepper*, now in *sliced pippins*, then in *pistaches*, *troufles*, *morelles*, *gooseberries*, *spinage*, or *barberries* : one moment he attends on *olio*, the next on *oysters in staffado*, *eggs à-la-Huguenotte* ; and, in the midst of all these affairs, must be at leisure to give proper and direct answers to fifty questions at once. It is no less necessary that he should have a great command of the terms of his art : he “ breaks a Deer, rears a Goose, untaches a Curlew, “ allays a Pheasant, splays a Bream, sides a Haddock, tusks a “ Barbel, tranches a Sturgeon, bars a Lobster,” &c.—The Poet remains to be considered : he indeed composes at leisure, and is less open to frequent interruptions than either of the former. But then the tastes and constitutions he is to consult are no less difficult, and his work of a more refined and delicate nature. The infinite variety of his own thoughts is to him what a crowd of people are to the others. He finds himself engaged, perhaps, with a dozen or fourteen persons, in a great measure the creatures of his own imagination, each of which he is to furnish with what is exactly proper to their character, and no more ; and to conduct them, in the same figure and station, to the end of his design. This requires a ready genius and a close attention ; otherwise he will fall into gross errors, and often apply his wit and humour in the wrong place. It is for this reason, that I, for my own part, would as soon propose to eat luxuriously in a cellar, or apply myself for a cure to Dr. Ebony in a dangerous illness, as hope to be entertained to my satisfaction by most of our modern dramatic performances.



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